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VIKINGS... of to-day...



NORWAY'S high-prowed ships like this are descendants of the viking vessels.

Little Norway follows a proud tradition of sea

THE tide of war is troubling Norwegian waters where, for a hundred years, there has been the calm of peace. Sea and ships are all-important to the existence of this little kingdom of the north.

"The land is poor, the sea is rich," say the Norwegians. So they farm the sea as well as the land, trading and fishing along the island-dotted coast in their high-powered,

square-sailed boats that are direct descendants of the viking vessels of their ancestors.

Their mercantile marine is the fourth biggest in the world, surpassed only by the British Empire, the U.S.A. and Japan.

Significantly Norway has a higher mortality of males, which is traced in part to the dangers of their seafaring lives.

Between January and April thousands of fishermen come from almost

A LOVELY young Norwegian, typical of the healthy, sport-loving race.



every port of Norway to take part in the hazardous adventure that may bring modest wealth, the poverty of a wrecked craft and lost gear or even death.

Yet when summer comes the Norwegians take a sort of water-busman's holiday on their yachts along the fjords and in and out of the 150,000 islands that dot the coast.

Yachting is a cheap pastime there; a yacht costs about a third the price of a car.

Land of little farms

TAKE from the Norwegians freedom of the seas and they are thrown back on the poverty of their land, 75 per cent. of which is bare, granite mountains, totally unproductive.

Arable lands are not more than 2½ per cent. of the country. There are no elaborate luxury estates. The peasant freeholder has owned his house and piece of land for centuries, handing it down from father to son for a score and more generations. It is the sacred property of the family and is not taxed.

Norway has held firmly to all that is best in its older way of life. Traditional customs and ancient simplicity are combined with modern progress to achieve an amazingly high standard of civilisation.

Bruce Lockhart wrote in "Guns or Butter":

"What impressed me most about the people was the universal interest in things of the mind. Norway spends more money on books per head of population than any other country in the world except Denmark, and authors, artists, and composers are honored above all men."

To the tourist Norway is first the land of the midnight sun and the midday dusk.

Part of the sun's disc is above the horizon at the North Cape continuously from

May 12 to July 29, and even the extreme south of Norway has no real darkness from the end of April to the middle of August.

In the winter there is no more than a pale twilight at midday.

The women of Norway, as of the other Scandinavian countries, are great housewives. The girls are well trained in the home at an early age.

Five-course dinners for parties of friends numbering up to twenty are given in every home, and the mother who has no daughters to lend a hand calls for a "cook visitor."

She has a status far above our "hired help," and makes quite a profession of cooking and cleaning-up other people's dinner parties for about ten shillings an evening.

An advanced social conscience is very evident in Oslo. There the municipality plays fairly godmother to the less fortunate.

It provides decent homes for the unemployed and their families, issues free tickets to the public baths, and sees that every unemployed man has food of good quality to make him fit to work again.

It provides pensions for widows, divorced wives, and unmarried mothers.

A century of peace has not made the Norwegians lazy. They work hard and play hard, have no patience with idlers, and hate wasting time.

They do not want to waste the nation's time and energies in war.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH of Hammerfest, Norway, was taken at midday in winter. From May to August Hammerfest has constant daylight. In winter it has corresponding darkness.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



MR. BERNARD O'REILLY
In the Army now.

HERO of the Stinson plane crash rescue of three years ago, Mr. Bernard O'Reilly is now Trooper O'Reilly, of the Light Horse, in camp with his unit at Beaudesert, Queensland.

Famous bushman, his feats of endurance in rescue work for the crash victims roused world admiration.



MISS CYNTHIA PARSONS
She sells air-mindedness.

"SELLING 'air-mindedness' is fun," says Cynthia Parsons, of Adelaide, air ambassador for Australian National Airways. Vivacious Cynthia created this unusual job for herself when she interested A.N.A. directors in her idea that Australians needed education in air travel.

In her campaign to popularise flying she has flown 30,000 miles and addressed hundreds of clubs and schools.



PROFESSOR PICCARD
Stratosphere.

FIRST to ascend above earth's atmosphere, Professor Auguste Piccard, famous physicist, is now planning first stratosphere flight in Southern Hemisphere, with Buenos Aires as his jumping-off place.

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Their sons battered Sylt air base



PILOT-OFFICER WAWN, of Sydney, flew over Germany before taking part in the Sylt raid.



ARTIST Wynne Davies gives his impression of the sudden appearance of the planes over the island.



"MY SON is laconic," says Mrs. Victor Wawn, of Bronte. "He probably will say very little about the raid."

Parents tell of heroes who took part in raid that shocked Hitler

A manufacturer's son from Sydney, a Premier's son from Hobart, an editor's son from Melbourne, and a tram inspector's son from Adelaide were among the Australian airmen who took part in the raid on the German fortress of Sylt.

For seven hours Hitler's "impregnable" island was battered in the biggest air raid of the war.

THAT'S just to prove how representative are our Australians in the Royal Air Force. Just how casual and laconic they are can be judged by Pilot-Officer Robert David Wawn's message to his mother in Sydney.

"Had a damn quick look at Germany yesterday."

That was when he was on a reconnaissance flight over Germany.

"I don't suppose he will say much more than that about the Sylt raid. He might even mention it at all," said Mrs. Wawn, his attractive, young-looking mother, of Bronte, to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Even allowing for the censor, Bob never says much about his flights, though we sometimes laugh at his typically Australian language.

"Bob, who is 22, has been in England since last August, when he

went over to do a four years' training course with the Royal Air Force. He had his 'A' pilot's licence here," said Mrs. Wawn.

The Wawn family was keenly interested to know that a fellow airman in the raid was Flight-Lieutenant Bob Cosgrove, son of the Premier of Tasmania.

"'Cosy' is a great pal of Bob's, and lately in his letters Bob has been telling us of the marvellous holiday they had together staying in Ireland," said Mrs. Wawn.

"He waxed quite descriptive telling about the ice-skating they did on a lake close to the home of their hostess."

"Bob doesn't go to London much. He said once it was 'too jolly expensive and always left him flat broke,'" said his mother with a smile.

"He always has been very keen on sport and said lately that he is in the football team of the R.A.F. at his station."

The dashing young pilot-officer,



JOHN BULL, of South Australia, was in the thick of it.



PILOT-OFFICER GEORGE TAYLOR, of Melbourne, who took part in the raid on Sylt.

who is noted among his pals for his daring patrol flights over the North Sea and reconnaissance flights over Germany, is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Wawn.

Only a year separates him from his brother Jack, who has just returned from England, where he was a commercial pilot.

A year younger than Bob is his only sister, Mrs. Portus, of Bathurst, who was married when she was nineteen and now has a seven-months-old son, Terence.

Not engaged

TOO busy so far for romance, tall and handsome Bob Wawn is not even engaged.

Youngest member of the family is schoolboy Geoff, thirteen years old and immensely proud of his Air Force brother—not that he would have much to say about it, though.

Bob Wawn went to Glenfield High School and later to the Hawkesbury Agricultural College.

He had a few years on the land, and then took up flying.

Bob Wawn's photographs in profusion are in his parents' lovely home, with its wide view of the Pacific Ocean.

As a lad, when he sat on the spacious verandah with Junior, the large benign-looking fox terrier family pet, young Bob scarcely could have imagined the day when piloting a plane over similar seas he would become a national hero.

He probably would have just said, "Ah, rats," and left it at that.

The Premier of Tasmania (Mr. Robert Cosgrove) and Mrs. Cosgrove spent Easter at Swansea secure in the knowledge that their son Bob had taken part in the spectacular raid, but was safely back in England.

"We are terribly proud of him, but oh so thankful his plane was not the one that did not return, and we

have cabled him congratulations," said Mrs. Cosgrove.

Flight-Lieutenant Bob Cosgrove is

Continued on Page 32



BOB COSGROVE, of Hobart (centre), with his sisters Mary (left) and Gladys, his father, mother, and young brother Henry.



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Australian Grandson for Musical Menuhins

News starts trek from U.S.A. for family reunion here

From our Melbourne Representative

First grandson, born on February 29, of the world-famous musical Menuhin family, Kronrod George Nicholas, son and heir of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Nicholas, of Victoria, is one of Australia's most important leap-year babies.

Kronrod's lovely, golden-haired young mother was Hepzibah Menuhin, sister of the famous violinist, Yehudi Menuhin.

UNCLE YEHUDI, with his lovely wife, the former Nola Nicholas, and their baby girl, Zamira Ruby, are on the way to Australia from the United States.

During his concert tour here, Yehudi and his family will visit the Nicholas' at their station home.

Coming with them is Yehudi's sister Yaltah, and later on the grandparents hope



MR. AND MRS. YEHUDI MENUHIN and their infant daughter, coming to Australia on a concert tour.

to visit Australia, making a grand family reunion to pay court to the young Australian in the Menuhin family.

Kronrod George may well inherit a love of music.

His uncle is first violinist of the world, his mother could have been a world-renowned pianist. She has frequently recorded with her brother.

Lindsay Nicholas is an accomplished organist, and the baby's paternal grandmother, the first Mrs. George Nicholas, was Miss Ruby Campbell, one of the first violins in Alberto Zelman's orchestra.

But Hepzibah Menuhin Nicholas says, "I do not want him to be a celebrity."

Fair, blue-eyed

"HE is very fair, and very blue-eyed, and so far is a little bit like my husband, and a little bit like my brother," she said. "We are calling him Kronrod, which is an old name in my mother's family, and George after my husband's father."

"We are not preparing special nurseries for him at Terinallum, for we want him to live with us as much as possible. When I go home I hope to look after my baby entirely myself, just as our mother always looked after us."

"Yes, he was a leap-year baby, born on February 29, but we intend to see that he gets a good birthday celebration every year."

In 1938 the Menuhin family, always in the limelight, provided the

world with a romantic story when the famous violinist, Yehudi, wedded lovely Nola Nicholas, daughter of Mr. George Nicholas, of Melbourne, in London. A little later Hepzibah Menuhin, seventeen-year-old member of the world's first musical family, married Nola's twenty-two-year-old brother, Lindsay, at Los Gatos, the Menuhins' Californian ranch, and brought her to live in the lovely, new, rambling, white stucco homestead on Terinallum, his twenty-three-thousand-acre sheep station in south-western Victoria.

Hepzibah had never seen sheep before, though she had travelled the world, and now loves Australian country life.

Her most precious possession is a concert grand piano.

Kronrod and his charming young parents are spending a few months with Mr. and Mrs. George Nicholas at Homeden, Toorak.

He is at present sharing the nurseries of his eight-months-old uncle, Michael Nicholas. Homeden, a stately old home skilfully modernised, has a large swimming pool at one side, and boasts famous hot-homes.

A full-sized electric organ and two grand pianos are evidence of the family's interest in music. The organ was installed for Lindsay.

Yehudi and Nola Menuhin have much the same ideas about bringing up their baby as have Lindsay and Hepzibah Nicholas.

They planned no separate nurseries for Zamira, and take her with them on tour. Nola looks after her as much as possible herself.

Lindsay and Nola belong to one of Australia's wealthiest, most philanthropic families.

Frances Thompson RECIPE BOOK

Don't miss your chance of getting the Frances Thompson cookery book!

Its 200 pages of 487 tested recipes will soon be on sale—through The Australian Women's Weekly—and already thousands of inquiries are pouring in for it.

MISS THOMPSON, the famous Canadian cookery expert, has been simply inundated with requests for a book ever since her sensational demonstrations and lectures in Australia last year.

Thousands of you heard Miss Thompson's lectures, and thousands were delighted with the cookery issue last August, in which she co-operated with The Australian Women's Weekly.

In this book, as in all her instructions, she has paid special attention to the beginner by giving full directions in every recipe.

A comprehensive table of weights and measures at the beginning of the book ensures accuracy of quantity.

The book is unrivalled in value at 2/6. Clearly set out, the recipes are printed in large type on good paper. Every one has been specially tested by Miss Thompson, whose

fame as a cookery expert is world wide. In fact, the recipes are absolutely foolproof.

There are 22 sections covering every branch of cookery which could be required by the housewife.

On this page is the second coupon you will need. The first appeared last week. Pin the two together and attach a postal note for 2/6 when sending in your request for a copy.

You will receive the book post free.

Address your letters to The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

COUPON No. 2

Keep this for Frances Thompson's Cookery Book.



MR. LINDSAY NICHOLAS and his wife, former Hepzibah Menuhin. Their son, Kronrod George, was born on February 29.

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The Gamblers

Dreadful dangers were lurking in the heart of tropical Malaya, but two men braved them for the sake of two women

THE sun had not yet risen when Johnson emerged through the swinging doors of the bedroom where his wife lay still sleeping.

The bungalow, built of rough timbers and roofed with woven palm, stood silent and a little shadowy still. A cool dimness awaited the cruel blinding rays of the sun that tear and slash with the coming of the Malayan day.

He moved to the verandah rail, leaned upon it, and looked out with brooding eyes over his small domain.

He could see it all, for the house was built upon a little rise. On three sides stretched an irregular plain. Behind him were the overhanging walls of limestone, bare and white, which rose three hundred feet skyward.

This formed the rampart of a line of hills running north and south; these heights rose gently from the plain to meet the matted jungle.

Johnson was worried. He showed it on his face as he turned from his contemplation of the broken ground before him and ran down the verandah steps. He strode down the slope along a well-worn path to the bank of a shallow watercourse. Here he swung right, northward and upstream.

He travelled perhaps half a mile, veering gradually back towards the cliff, passing on his left a bamboo mining konsl, with fluttering slips of red paper proclaiming it the home of half a hundred Chinese coolies; passed in sight of a placid waterhole that once had been a tin mine alive with sweating bodies; arrived at last at a spot where nature was trying to cover up the litter left by man; here the tumbling stream abruptly ceased.

Primitive gear and scientific mining paraphernalia linked forces with incongruous effect. The switchboard of an electric power unit could be seen through the doorway of a crude open shelter.

Johnson had walked upstream; the sudden disappearance of the watercourse marked, therefore, its visible source. Here the water gushed from a gloomy cavern, a narrow tunnel in the limestone that showed a bare four feet above water level. On either side of the stream were arranged a series of channels, splayed in a herringbone design, where on working days labored the stripped brown bodies of the tin washers. But now the little water gates were closed. The channels were dry with sand and caked closely in the ledges.

This unsightly spot represented Johnson's dilemma.

As he stood by the hissing water, he knew that he stood within a stone's throw of his fortune, "Hidden Stream," the underground water that rose somewhere within the looming hills, nursed within its bosom a hoard of tin.

Millions have been made out of these little pockets of tin. But rich pockets are inaccessible, as he and a dozen forerunners had learned to their sorrow.

Within the cavern, for the space of a chain or so, a man could walk upright. For another chain he might proceed, leaning against the press of icy water and crouching to avoid the ceiling. After that he must just crawl, as the channel widened and the roof sloped sharply down.

Beyond three chains no man had

ever gone. It was the narrowing of the channel at its exit that had brought the wealth of alluvial tin sweeping down the stream. At the bottom it was almost pure ore.

Johnson muttered a curse at his impotence. The stuff was there, but he could not get it out. The reason was very simple. Sudden flashings of the stream, unheralded moments when the water surged down with a mighty pressure, guarded the treasure like some jealously protecting spirit. Men had been swept away, gear destroyed, the whole vomited in a sickening mass at the cave mouth. Only a few piculs of the ore had Johnson been able to snatch from the inner cave.

He stood now gazing at the ruins of the pipes and pumps. He had harnessed the stream itself for electric power to work his gravel pumps. And then, months and months of work, also twenty thousand dollars of his capital had been flicked away by the next outburst of the stream.

He knew that if he had any sense he would leave it. He was down to his last few thousand dollars. He had backed his hand to the reasonable limit; it was time to throw in the cards. But still—he pondered.

Everything pointed to him having to "quit." After the last mishap not a coolie would risk the entrance to that cave. His three years' mining sublease . . . would expire within the next twenty-four hours. And there was Mary his wife, white and overstrung with the ceaseless heat and worry, her heart aching to get home to civilisation and her baby, their son.

He thought of the cool breath of an English spring; of the clean breeze sweeping through the trees, he visioned the color glowing again from her cheeks, long sunbleached.

And yet . . . and yet. He held the option for a renewal of the lease. A few scrawled lines and the prize would be his . . . for the winning. But the price, four thousand dollars, meant the finish of his capital. What was the use?

He turned away, leaving the scene of his years of wasted toil, his eyes still from long habit scanning the cliff, searching for some indication that would solve his problem. Every detail of the hopeless puzzle stood clear in his mind as he retraced his steps towards the bungalow.

His wife met him at the steps. "Four old Bill," she said. "Still fretting over that horrible old mine. Do you know, Billy, I feel glad somehow that we've got to give it up. I feel it will never give in to us. It's just not intended, that's all."

Johnson put his arm around her slender shoulders. "You're a brick to take it that way, Mary."

"It's our venture, isn't it?" This was Mary Johnson's slogan, and she lived up to it, sharing his discomforts like the partner she claimed to be. "Baby's all that worries me. It has been hard without him, hasn't it, Bill?"

Little Johnny was seven years old, and for four years Mary had not seen him. Johnson knew how hard it had been, but this kind of talk did nothing to reconcile him to defeat. He ached to wrest something substantial from the sweltering years. He dropped into his chair; clasped his aching head. "The lease," he said, "this sixty acres, I hold the option to renew."

"What do you mean, Bill?" "You know," he said. "The rest of



"Tin stealers," announced the watchman, as Johnson raised his lantern, scanning the natives who were strewn around.

this block has been unworked for years. While I've been wasting all my time on that infernal hole, it's payable." He spoke the truth, but he knew, and she also knew, that he was seeking an excuse to carry on the hopeless fight.

The woman did not answer but

watched him with a queer indulgent tenderness that took no heed of the yearning in her own breast. Sending taut nerves, she changed the subject . . . The result was unexpected.

"I've had a chit from the McTrevora," she remarked casually, "they

BY . . .
F. Wellesley

Illustrated by KILGOUR

were coming over from Batu Gagah to-day, but they have a visitor." Batu Gagah was a little town about fifteen miles away, where their nearest white neighbors lived.

"Oh," Johnson said absently, "who is it?"

"A Mr. Wade, I believe." He sat up suddenly. "Wade." He thought a moment. "Now what is that man doing here?"

A swift train of thought was fired. Wade, head of the big English mining concern that had made efforts, years ago, to buy him out! Wade's agents had been nosing about "Hidden Stream" several times since then—a pity he had not sold—and now Wade was at Batu Gagah, the District Headquarters of the Government. No doubt he knew of the lease expiring, was waiting even then to snap it up.

If any man could conquer "Hidden Stream," that man was Wade. He had money, men, resources . . . a dozen chances in his favor, but did he still want the place? Was it that or mere coincidence? Time was short. The cards were still in his hands, should he raise the bet or not?

Suddenly he rose, walked into his office, wrote rapidly. The houseboy came at his call and was handed a letter. "Take this and catch the mail car," Johnson had exercised his option.

Sim Lee, rated as an ordinary coolie on Johnson's payroll, carefully tended the fretful wants of his wizened old mother who, dressed in dingy black Chinese coat and trousers, sat with sagging frame against the wall of his hut.

THERE was nothing at all exceptional about Sim Lee; hundreds of his kind toiled and sweated in the countless mines of the Malay Peninsula. His body, thin and hard, was clad in loose blue coat and trousers; such of it as could be seen was burned to a dull red-brown.

An incessant mumbling came from his mother, interspersed with occasional quavering complaints, but Sim Lee went about his work with an air of interested solitude, prepared a bowl of rice soup and savory meats, stirred it together as Chinese women do, and proceeded to feed her like a child with a pair of chopsticks. Occasionally he took a moment himself, encouragingly.

The bowl emptied, as custom demands, he wiped his mother's trembling mouth and brought a water-pipe and paper spills, which he carefully placed in the knotted toil-worn hands. Then he straightened, turning to his own affairs.

The gong had not sounded for work, because the Tuan Johnson had decided to pay off all his men; yet Sim Lee had a task to do, and he went about his preparations in the set, methodical fashion of a man who carries out a pre-arranged job.

Sim Lee, a mere uncounted unit among the antlike hordes of workers on the land, had his own engrossing problem; his mother, a wrinkled bag of bones awaiting her end, propounded it. Of late her mumble had borne one lucky complaint, clear and consistent from day to day. She possessed no coffin. Sim Lee understood, felt the reproach and his own unworthiness, for it was his duty to provide this last comfort, and he had failed.

Sim Lee was a dutiful son. He had tried by pinching and scraping, from his eighty cents per day, to lay by a store of money for the purchase of a coffin that would gladden his mother's old heart. A huge thing it was, red lacquered, made of the customary four large slabs of wood, turned-out at the ends like the trunk of a fallen tree. One hundred dollars was the price.

Once he had saved the large amount of twenty dollars, but, trying to finish his task at one stroke at the gambling farm, he had seen the precious money swept away by skilful hands into the croupier's box. As Sim Lee saw it, it was a race, his slowly mounting savings, crawling towards the dizzy total, were being swiftly overtaken by the silent shadow of the reaper.

Please turn to Page 14



"I must have some money. Can you lend me five hundred?" Jim asked anxiously.

THE PLAY'S the THING

Illustrated
by
WEP

The lovely actress adored him . . . but she was also counting on him to finance her show.

WHO was "Caroline Wimble"? The question was being debated in an excited atmosphere in the office of Messrs. Ferguson and Kempe, theatrical managers, and concerned the authorship of a play in three acts entitled "Crusted Port."

"It's a winner, boy," said Mr. Ferguson, "if ever there was one."

"A cert," said Mr. Kempe. "Can't fail," said Mr. Ferguson. But who was "Caroline Wimble"? "It's a nom-de-plume," said Mr. Ferguson. "Ballard admitted that. But he wouldn't tell me any more. Said that as an agent he was pledged to secrecy. Whoever it is, the woman's a genius."

"It's not a woman."

"What do you mean, not a woman? Of course it's a woman."

"It's a man," said Mr. Kempe. "No woman could write dialogue like that. You can always tell a woman's dialogue."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Ferguson. "It's a woman's play. No man could have written the part of Lady Sapphira. 'Caroline Wimble' is a feminine psychologist of the first water. Are you going to tell me a man wrote that sentimental scene between Peregrine and the Dowager Duchess? Are you going to tell me—"

"I'll have a bet with you over one thing, anyway," declared Mr. Kempe warmly. "What's that?"

"When we do know who 'Caroline Wimble' really is we shall get the surprise of our lives."

"How do you mean?" demanded Mr. Ferguson.

"High life, my boy," said Mr. Kempe. "Sticking out all over it. Look at the intimate knowledge of the ways of society. Take that dinner-party scene at the Duke of Loamshire's. Everything right."

"How do you know?" grinned Mr. Ferguson.

"No one," continued his partner stiffly, "could have written it who was not doing so from first-hand experience. There's the personal touch in it all. That's what makes it so effective. That intimate stuff about the investment—it's how a duke feels. I met one once about an investment, and I know."

"How did he feel after you met him?" inquired Mr. Ferguson.

"Pretty sore," said Mr. Kempe.

Mr. Ferguson took up a copy of the play from the table. "Well, whoever 'Caroline Wimble' may or may not be, this play is going to be the success of the year, and we're going to put it on. Fifteen hundred would cover the whole thing."

Mr. Kempe began scribbling figures on a slip of paper.

"Fifteen hundred . . ."

"You and I can manage a thousand between us. That leaves only five hundred to find."

"Five hundred . . ."

"We don't want any so-called 'stars,'" said Mr. Ferguson. "The play's strong enough by itself. We'll cast it on merit alone. Names don't matter. We'll give the public new blood. And you know as well as I do the one girl in London to play Sapphira."

"Pat Bentley!" exclaimed Mr. Kempe. "She'd make a sensation in the part."

"You've said it."

"And I'll say something more," said Mr. Kempe. "Why not give her the chance to find that extra five hundred?"

"She hasn't a bean."

"She might find it. Worth her

while if she's going to play the part."

"She might," mused Mr. Ferguson.

Mr. Kempe rose, and took his hat from the stand. "Ring her up and talk to her about it. I shall be back in half an hour."

Miss Patricia Bentley was a wholly charming and delightful young lady of twenty-two, as pretty as a picture. At this particular moment she was in the throes of a whirlwind, but very genuine, love affair of forty-eight hours' standing, which was just the length of time she and Jim Prescott had known each other.

PATRICIA never did anything by halves. She knew nothing about Jim except that she had fallen head over heels in love at first sight, and as he had been obliging enough to do the same thing there had been no difficulties. It was not until she had finished a ten-minute conversation with Mr. Ferguson on the telephone that material matters had demanded attention.

"Darling," said Pat, "I love you. Have you any money?"

"Darling," said Jim. "I love you. No. Have you?"

They kissed each other ecstatically.

"Of course, it doesn't really matter," said Pat. "I'm going to marry you, anyway. You know that, don't you? But a spot of money would be very useful."

"You're telling me!" said Jim.

"If only we had five hundred pounds—it's not much, is it?"

"Nothing at all."

Ferguson's got a new play, and he wants to put it on with me in the lead. He says it's marvellous."

"I say," said Jim, "that's topping, isn't it?"

"He's got a thousand, and has asked me if I could find another five hundred. I could have a quarter of the profits."

"Sounds pretty good," said Jim.

"Darling, can't we do something? Haven't you got a rich relation or someone who'd lend it to you?"

He looked at her. Her face was turned up to him. Its loveliness made his head swim. Her eyes were misty, and very sweet.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I have. My Uncle Henry."

"Who's he?"

"Lord Barford."

She stared at him. "Is Lord Barford your uncle?"

"He is," said Jim. "And five hundred doesn't mean any more to him than a cigarette means to me. Not so much."

"And does he like you?" said Pat breathlessly.

"Why shouldn't he like me?"

"Sweetheart, I didn't mean that. Of course no one could help liking you. But does he like you enough?"

"He's always helped me out of scrapes when I've got into them," said Jim. "And that's been pretty often. I haven't seen him for nearly six months."

"You mean to say you've got an uncle as rich as that, and you haven't seen him for six months? You must be crazy."

"It was Aunt Louisa's fault," said Jim.

"Aunt Louisa?"

"His wife. His second wife. Aunt Louisa has a strong and dominant personality. She doesn't approve of me. She thinks I ought to be able to live on my own income."

"You have got an income, darling?"

"In a way. The trouble is I had to pledge it for a year ahead to make good a loss I got landed in by a gentleman with side-whiskers who persuaded me to invest in oil-wells that weren't there."

HUMOROUS SHORT STORY

By . . .

BRANDON FLEMING

"Poor darling," said Pat sympathetically.

"That's why I'm hard-up now."

"Never mind. It'll be all right next year. To come back to your uncle—"

Jim refreshed himself with a kiss. "Aunt Louisa wants me to marry a local scourge with pots of money named Aurelia Musselwhite."

"Is she very attractive?" asked Pat anxiously.

"Attractive? Ye gods! She's an Amazon."

"Amazons can be attractive," said Pat.

"Well, she isn't. She's the least attractive thing I know. She weighs eleven stone and more. Probably much more."

"I'm so glad. Go on."

"She's one of those huntin', shootin', and fishin' creatures—never happy unless she's killing something. She revels in it. Aurelia's nights are just rests from slaughter. Aunt Louisa says her strength of character would balance my natural weakness and inanity."

"Aunt Louisa had better say that to me," said Pat grimly.

Jim shuddered.

"The very thought of Aurelia sends a shiver down my spine. Sometimes I wake up in the dead of night in a cold sweat, dreaming I'm being chased by Aurelia with hunting knives and fish-hooks. You've no idea how awful it is. And now I've found you, Pat . . . And you're everything I love and always have loved . . ."

Her arms were round him, clinging.

"Jimmy, dear, I love you. I shall love you for ever and ever. I shan't be able to love you any more . . . not even when you come back next Monday with five hundred pounds."

Jim started.

"Next Monday?"

"Yes, darling."

"Why Monday?"

"Because you're going to spend the week-end with Uncle Henry at—where does he live?"

"Cranbourne Court, Haybury, Gloucestershire."

"A" Cranbourne Court, Haybury, Glos. You'll send a wire to-morrow morning to say you're arriving on Saturday afternoon. I'm afraid you can't go on Friday, because I shouldn't let you go at all if it wasn't so frightfully urgent."

"I'll do my best," said Jim. "It might come off—"

"It's got to come off."

"If Aunt Louisa doesn't put her spoke in."

"You'll find a way to deal with her."

"Nobody has yet," said Jim.

"You will. Now," said Pat briskly, "I'll give you the dope. We'll go through it over and over again, just as if you were learning a part. It's a marvellous play."

"Is it?"

"Don't say 'is it?' That's what you've got to say—it's a marvellous play. And it's sure to be a great success."

"A great success. Yes."

"It's called 'Crusted Port.'"

"Why?"

"How in heaven should I know?" said Pat, exasperated. "I haven't read it yet. Do learn your part. And it's written by Caroline Wimble."

"Caroline—"

"Wimble. And if you're thinking of asking why," said Pat ominously, "don't."

"I wasn't going to," said Jim feebly. "If you say Caroline Wimble, I'm going to believe it. It's not easy, but I am."

"There's a mystery about it," said Pat. "Mr. Ferguson believes it's a nom-de-plume concealing some famous person. He says only someone in Court circles could have written the play. It'll make a great sensation. Run at least a year. How's that?"

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REACH for the STARS

An attractive stranger upsets plans . . . another absorbing instalment of our romantic serial.

By . . .

MARY HOWARD

SARAH HURST, lovely, nineteen, and headstrong, the only child of SIR BENJAMIN and LADY HURST, is stage-struck, and wildly enthusiastic when LEON FERRIER, a leading London producer, offers her a part in the new play he is about to produce.

Ferrier comes to the Hursts' country home, Normanhurst, to make arrangements; but Sarah's parents flatly refuse to allow her to accept the offer; while HUGH ASHTON, a young neighbor, begs her to give up the idea of a career and marry him.

Determined, however, to have her own way, Sarah runs away from home that night with Leon; but they lose their way in a violent snowstorm, the car is bogged, and they are stranded until, in answer to the hooting of the car horn, a young man comes to their aid with his dog from a neighboring farm.

The stranger is powerful, good-looking, and unusual in both speech and manner. He makes no secret of the fact that he has been put to great inconvenience; but, nevertheless, he curtly offers the travellers shelter for the night.

NOW READ ON:

"**W**E don't want a night's lodging for nothing," blustered Ferrier. He was thoroughly cold, and now getting thoroughly wet. The snow was blowing against them, stinging their eyes and lips. He had wanted to work off his temper on someone other than Sarah, but it was obviously not much use trying it on this well-spoken giant. "If that's what you mean."

"I don't let rooms," said the other imperturbably. "So you'll either have to be my guests or remain here. Whichever you prefer, of course." He waited for them to decide. Suddenly Sarah sneezed. It seemed to bring things on to a more ordinary level.

"I'm afraid," she said, "our tempers are all a little ruffled by the weather. Of course we'll accept your kind offer, Mr. — er —?" she paused gracefully, and sneezed again.

Again she saw the flash of white, even teeth, and realised that her attempt at dignity had been a little absurd.

"My name is Steel," said the voice, suddenly full of suppressed laughter. "Dominic Steel. I'm naturally delighted to have you. Would you like to bring your luggage?"

"Two bags," Ferrier glanced at Sarah, grateful that her timely graciousness had got them out of a wretched situation. He moved unwillingly to apologise. "Sorry if I was irritable. I'm not used to this sort of thing. This is Miss Hurst, as I daresay you gathered. I'm Leon Ferrier. We were going to London, but we missed the road."

There was a pause, then Dominic said slowly: "Leon Ferrier—the producer?"

"Yes, do I know you?" "No, I know your work. You produce Byron Brown's stuff," he said. That was all. Neither a compliment nor a criticism. "Now—about these bags?"

He stepped swiftly towards them, handed one to Ferrier, and took Sarah's himself. "Better switch your lights out," he said. "It's safe enough. Nothing else will get along here to-night. Perhaps you'll follow me."

They set off along the narrow country lane. It was late now. It must be nearly midnight. Sarah's



Though Leon was smiling as they prepared to leave the room, Sarah sensed his hostility to Dominic.

feet were soaked and her face was numb with cold. The snow was deep and stuck on her shoes in great clumps. She envied Steel his heavy boots and leggings.

Rex raced along beside them, bounding and snapping at the snow. The lantern light cast a small bobbing circle of yellow on the white ground. From a distance they might have looked like a group of carol singers on a Christmas card, Sarah thought exasperatedly. Her foot caught on something hidden below the surface of the snow, and she would have fallen but for Steel's swift hands.

His iron grip righted her, and then relaxed. He lifted the lantern over his head to look at her, and for the first time she saw his face—brown and hard, with high cheekbones, bright mocking eyes, hard smiling mouth, bright brown hair that was almost red. A gay, youthful, adventurous face; a little piratical, and wholly self-confident.

Steel looked down into her own white face and caught his breath a little. They had annoyed him—the girl by her curiosity, the man by his high-handed irritability. It was not his fault that they were snowed up. It was madness on their part to attempt a journey across the moors on such a night.

He had scarcely glanced at the girl, a shadowy figure in a smart hat and fur coat, but now in the yellow lantern light he looked and could not take his eyes away. Golden hair, white face, proud and lovely—and very young.

He lowered the lantern abruptly. "It's rough going," he said. "Let me help you."

Sarah refused his arm. "Thank you. I can manage."

He did not reply but stopped presently where a stile led into a field. The field path on the other side was completely obliterated.

"We go across here—it's quicker; cuts off quite a bit. You can see the farm now." They looked in the direction in which he pointed and saw pinpoints of light gleaming through the flurry of snow.

Steel swung over the gate, and turned to help them. Ferrier, soaked and shivering, accepted his hand. Sarah swung herself over, ignoring him. She set off ahead of them, hurrying towards the beckoning lights of the farm, but the field path was more uneven than the road.

Two steps and she was sprawling full length on the snow.

Steel gave Ferrier her suitcase, and was by her side in an instant, bending over her.

"I'm not hurt," she said angrily, scrambling up.

"You will be before you get there, I'm thinking," he said softly, and before she could reply had swung her up into his arms. Sarah stiffened to resistance. The arms that held her were so strong she could feel the leap of steel muscles as they closed about her.

Suddenly she relaxed. It was pleasant to be carried over the treacherous snow so strongly and smoothly. Her head dropped back against his shoulder, and she peered cautiously up into the strong face above her. The laughing mouth was hard now, and he looked straight ahead as he strode along, his black brows set in a straight line, never faltering or flagging until he set her down in the big stone porch of his farmhouse.

A little distance behind, Ferrier

farmhouse kitchen, but with an open brick fire instead of a range; comfortable oak and leather furniture, good rugs, row upon row of book-filled shelves against the cream-washed walls. He went out into a back scullery through a low door.

As she pulled off her coat Ferrier came in through the open door, banging it behind him, and coming eagerly towards the fire.

"Heavens, this is better," he said thankfully. He glanced at her, smiling, his bad temper gone, his dark eyes a trifle amused. "I began to think I'd never be warm again. Sorry I got into such a devilish temper, Sarah."

She laughed. "That's all right. I wasn't too sweet myself."

Ferrier glanced round. "I say, this is really a charming room. What a

to stand alone. Was this the first lesson?"

She fought for self-possession, for her calm, easy armor of charm. It had seemed so easy in London and at home to smile, to keep him at arm's distance, to get her own way. But this was different.

She wouldn't draw back; she must go on. Her pride would not consider such an early defeat. She pulled off her hat, and pushed back the bright golden hair, standing by the fire, watching Ferrier's dark face.

"Let's not start rehearsing so soon. Leon," she said gaily. "It's late, and I'm terribly tired."

He rose and stood beside her, his eyes mocking, his mouth a hard, ugly line. "You're very young, Sarah, you haven't awakened to life yet. You remember, I told you, an actress must learn to live? You've thrown in your lot with me. You've decided to be an actress. I'm only human, my sweet, and you can't keep me at arm's length for ever." His arms went round her, drawing her to his side. "Come here, my darling, no one knows we're here. Our yeoman host will soon be going to bed, Sarah."

His voice was suddenly husky, his lips bent to kiss her. The panic that had risen at his touch before rose again, terrifyingly. Perhaps because of the strain of the last hours she was powerless to control it. She twisted away with a little sharp cry.

There was a sudden sound of booted feet, and Dominic Steel was between them, swift as a tiger, and as dangerous. His eyes were tiny points of light as he looked at Ferrier.

"Did you call, Miss Hurst?"

Ferrier leaned against the mantelpiece, lighting a cigarette. Sarah snatched at her collapsing pose, and managed a creditable yawn.

"Yes, I called for you not to bother with the drinks. I'm terribly tired. If you'll show me my room, I'll turn in."

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Dramatic Interlude

stumbled along with the bags. Dominic stood towering above her, his eyes no longer mocking.

It was a strange moment. It seemed as though he would speak, but he turned abruptly, and swung open the heavy oak door.

"Come in," he said.

She went slowly into the big, bright room, her feet making little pools of water on the scrubbed red brick floor. She sat down on a big leather-covered sofa by the fire, stretching out her frozen wet feet. He pulled off his oilskin and cap. She sat holding her hands out to the blaze, not looking at him, but aware of him as she had never been aware of a man in her life before.

"You'd better take your shoes and stockings off," he said. "I'll get you both a drink, and see if there's anything to eat."

He struck a match and lit a big oil lamp on the table. The pale golden light filled the room, a big

setting for a play—lonely farmhouse on the moors, isolated by the snow; beautiful girl alone with two men who want her.

"Your setting isn't quite correct," Sarah said lightly. "Beautiful girl alone with two men she doesn't know, would be nearer the mark."

"You know me, Sarah."

"I wonder?"

He said swiftly, challengingly: "Don't you believe I want you? Sarah, don't pretend. We're not at Normanhurst now. I want you more than anything on earth."

His arm, along the back of the sofa, suddenly tightened about her, his dark eyes alight, his lips seeking hers. She gave a little cry of protest and rose, evading those suddenly possessive lips and hands, conscious of her helplessness, of the loss, the deliberate loss, of protection. The family whose bonds she had struggled against—everything that Normanhurst stood for—she had thrown them off recklessly, and must learn

A Complete Short Story

The



Catching sight of Anne, young Mr. Edward hailed her with a characteristic "Oi!"

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

EDWARD had a fatal attraction for fortune-hunting debutantes, but he could make no headway with the one girl who was different.

ARAPIER of sunlight pierced the curtains of Anne Robson's room and pricked her into wakefulness.

It was jolly of the sun to have chosen this particular morning to shout the coming of spring; for the winter had been expensive and frugal. But now, the worst was behind her, and after breakfast she would buy the pixie hat, for which she had walked to the office every day, at the cost of an hour's sleep, and gone without lunch for nearly a month.

The money was under the paper lining of her stocking-drawer. She took it out and spread it in a pool of sunlight. Twenty-four shillings' worth of saved bus fares and sensations of emptiness. A monument of self-control; for those daily walks had made her dreadfully hungry, and going without a midday meal is not an effective way of appeasing a healthy appetite.

Nevertheless the money was saved and she could almost feel the pixie hat pressing upon a brow that swelled with the pride of ownership.

As she sat before the mirror, brushing her hair, Anne's mind was busy planning what next should be acquired by a programme of walking and starving.

Her salary of two pounds fifteen shillings a week, sufficient for the practical emergencies of life, failed to supply a wardrobe appropriate to a modern girl's requirements. For Anne belonged to that gallant regiment of women who prefer to be hungry than shabby, and had no one but herself to look to for aid.

Her father, an improvident man, had died just before she left school, plunging the family into chaos and penury. Well educated, and with the disadvantage of having known better times, Anne had entered a city office at the age of nineteen. A fair

knowledge of French resulted in her engagement as a typist to the firm of Haydn, Weir and Haydn, Importers. But between her and advancement in the office was Miss Knollie.

Miss Knollie was almost as well dug in at the firm as Miss Preece, who was in charge of the secretarial department. Her knowledge of commercial French was the envy and despair of every bilingual typist. Also she was of a patient, if melancholy, disposition, and in appearance was of such severity as to set at rest the suspicions of any employer's wife, however late he might claim to have been kept at the office.

Not that Mr. Haydn, the senior partner, was the kind of man to excite wifely suspicion. He was invulnerable to the impact of bright eyes and pretty red mouths.

The same could not, perhaps, be said of Mr. Weir, familiarly known as "Young Mr. Edward." He was a very different cup of tea. Anne felt that he had been born on May Day and had been celebrating the event ever since.

His visits to the office had the character of the Blue Train passing through a local station. His wardrobe was lively and his manner gay. At least twice a week he sported field-glasses and a carnation. Only at one period of the year did he clock in at ten and stay until six; the weeks which Mr. Haydn, in company with Miss Knollie, spent at the Paris branch.

In a world where the battle for existence was unrelenting, Anne found it hard to think of young Mr. Edward without frowning; and as he was frequently in her thoughts the frown was a constant visitor.

Anne finished brushing her hair, which was almost as flat as a pond.

It would be a shame to launch a new hat on such a waveless sea, so she decided to walk and go without lunch for one more day. She would then be able to have a "set" and see the spring in with a flourish.

She dressed and went downstairs. The only other occupant of the boarding-house dining-room was Rene Brack. He sniffed at her contemptuously, as she passed towards the sausages.

Time was when, for the purpose of polishing up her French, she had paid for his seat at the cinema and stood him a liver sandwich at the Corner House afterwards. A hateful arrangement, but cheaper than paying for lessons. It was not until she had learned enough from Rene to be able to tell him, in his own language, what she really thought of him, that she cast him off altogether.

SHE said, "De tout les saulades de ma connaissance vous etes le comble." Which might be translated: "As a wash-out you are in a class by yourself." The ability to pronounce those words went a long way towards convincing her that she was at last qualified to fill Miss Knollie's place in the event of her retirement.

But for the noise of Rene's mastication, breakfast was consumed in silence. Anne sat in the sun and enjoyed her sausage. She was frowning, for her mind was filled with pleasant thoughts, in which the pixie hat and young Mr. Edward were intricately tangled.

The postman's knock was the cue for her to fold her napkin and go

out. On the mat was a letter from her mother. Anne read it as she walked down Edgware Road towards Marble Arch.

On a crossing she stopped, unaccountably, to the irritation of the arrested traffic. The pleading of motor horns set her in motion again and she reached the opposite side of the street with the letter crumpled and two angry pink spots on her cheeks.

An astonished passer-by heard her exclaim: "Stupid little fool! I'll be hanged if I will." He looked after her as she walked hurriedly away.

Her mother had told how little Jeanne had had a front tooth knocked out playing hockey. "The dentist says he can peg a false one into the stump for twenty-five shillings, and nobody will see the difference. But I don't know where the money is to come from. I'm behind with the rent, and unless you can do something . . ."

Anne walked on with flaming cheeks. It wasn't fair. If she had left the house five minutes earlier she would never have known of the disaster until after she had bought the hat. Then she simply couldn't have done anything. But now—and with the money in her bag!

She had a glimpse of her reflection in a shop-front mirror. What a sight she looked; and yet not half such a sight as poor little Jeanne with a great gap in the front of her mouth.

She thought of the red pixie hat and muttered:

"Selfish little brute to do a thing like that! It spoils everything—either way. I've troubles enough

without taking on everybody else's."

Five minutes later she was standing before the hat shop, to discover that it adjoined a post office. Fate was offering a hint.

Young Mr. Edward, cruising along in a shiny sports car, beheld a familiar figure on the pavement and hailed it characteristically. "Oi!"

Anne looked round and saw him. "Care for a lift, being as how?" he suggested.

She hesitated, then nodded, dully. He opened the door and she got in. The traffic lights turned from red via amber to green, and the car moved forward. He said:

"Didn't know you walked to the office."

Anne nibbled her lower lip. "I don't always—usually, I mean. I had to buy a postal order."

"Ah, football pools!"

"No."

It was evident she didn't wish to discuss the matter.

"Sorry," he said, and was silent for a minute or two. Then, "Funny how difficult it is to be natural with the people you work with. Ever noticed that?"

She had noticed it, but was thinking of something else.

"Now there's old Preece and Miss Knollie. I've known 'em since I was a kid. Yet I don't really know a thing about them. I mean, what they feel—what they are looking forward to—the sort of friends they have. I don't even know where they live. Where do you live?"

"Oxford and Cambridge Terrace."

"Nice?"

"No."

"Well there you are! Seems all wrong that an employer shouldn't know a thing like that."

"Like what?" said Anne.

THAT you live somewhere you don't like. What is there about business that throws people together between the hours of nine and six and covers them in mystery for the rest of the day?"

"I expect they see too much of each other to bother," Anne replied. He shook his head.

"No, it's self-consciousness, which doesn't occur in any other department of life. It's common to us all to be curious about each other. Take our cases, for instance. Suppose we'd met at a cocktail party instead of over a shorthand notebook, we'd be asking all sorts of intimate questions. You'd be wanting to know whether I'm going to Windsor or Kempton, and I'd be asking about your family and all that kind of rot. Have you got a family?"

"A little sister and a mother. She's just lost a tooth playing hockey."

"Your mother has?"

"No, my sister. How silly!" For the first time, Anne smiled.

"D'you know," said he, "I'm very glad to hear that."

She turned angrily. "It's more than I am."

"I mean, it makes you seem much more human."

"Oh."

"Was it a front tooth?"

"Yes."

"That's bad luck." He caught a glimpse of her profile, and had an inspiration. "I wouldn't mind betting your postal order had something to do with that."

Anne did not reply. She looked away. But the back of her head was revealing. Young Mr. Edward felt a sensation of guilt. He had surprised a secret to which he had no title. To change the subject without deserting it, he said:

"There's a horse running in the two-thirty called Postal Orders. I've half a mind to have a crack at it. You wouldn't let me cut you in on a ten per cent. commission?"

"Not unless you cut the rest of the office in as well."

He clapped a hand to his chin and started to count himself out, breaking off at four to say, "How right you are. No favors asked or

PIXIE HAT

By . . .

Roland Pertwee

accepted. All the same, I would like to have done it."

His sincerity was obvious. It made her feel ashamed. "Please don't think I'm a prig," she said. "I'm not. If you'd been anybody else, I would have jumped at the chance."

He knew exactly what she meant. "In other words, friendship and business don't mix."

She nodded. "A lot of girls think they do, but they don't. It was even rather stupid of me to let you give me a lift. If you don't mind, I'll get out at the bank and walk the rest of the way."

"Something wrong with the car?"

"Nothing, except that it's yours."

He was piqued, for without having been guilty of the smallest condescension he had imagined that she must prefer being driven to walking. Apparently he was wrong. He said:

"I wouldn't compromise you. If you'd feel easier, I'll wear my scarf like a yashmak."

She liked him for saying that. It was thrilling, too, to have irritated an employer as a person, rather than on account of some error in the conduct of her work. But she was wise enough to see the danger. For a few brief moments the impersonality of business contacts had been broken down.

"Perhaps it would be safer," she said, "if I got out here instead."

There was a slight edge on his voice as he replied:

"Reputations have been saved by less than a hundred yards. Next time I view you in Oxford Street I shall keep my eyes front and avoid the impulse to shout 'Tally-ho.'"

At the traffic lights she opened the door, thanked him, and jumped out. "Oi!" he called after her, and she turned back.

"You wouldn't have lunch with me one of these days?"

"Sorry, I'm on a diet."

"If I were a clerk, would you still be on a diet?"

"If you were a clerk, you wouldn't ask me to lunch."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"O H, dear," said Anne, "I thought you'd have known. Clerks always buy diamonds with any money that's left over at the end of the week."

With a beating heart she turned and joined the crowds on the pavement. She had nearly forgotten the hat.

An elbow touched her sleeve, and a voice said, "How long has this been going on?"

Anne thought, "It would be Miss Preece." It was, too.

Miss Preece inhaled the yellow City atmosphere through equine nostrils. She said, "What my girls do in their spare time is their affair; but, speaking as an older woman, I can only say, 'Look out.'"

Mastering an impulse to push Miss Preece under a taxi, Anne replied:

"I've been speaking as an older woman myself ever since I got into his car. It's a miserable thing to have to do."

"I don't pretend to know what that means, but it savors of sauciness," said Miss Preece.

"It means that if you think I was having a joy-ride, you're wrong." Maliciously she added, "He talked about you most of the time."

Miss Preece blossomed like the rose.

"Not really? What did he say?"

"I expect he would prefer to tell you himself," said Anne.

It would have been indiscreet to press a subordinate for an answer to so delicate a question, and the romantic yearnings in Miss Preece's heart were suppressed.

"It's too bad about Miss Knollie," she said.

"What?" The word sprang out with unbecoming eagerness.

"She had a very nasty turn just before she left the office last night. Went right down across the typewriter and ruined a coat sheet she had been working on. I'm sure I don't know what's going to happen about the Paris visit if she's taken badly."

Anne's heart lost a couple of beats. She did not wish anybody ill, but, if somebody had to be laid low, Miss Knollie was the ideal victim. With Miss Knollie out of the way there was a chance that she, herself, might accompany Mr. Haydn to Paris.

And in Paris lay the answer to every problem, for it was the habit of the firm to pay their travelling typist four pounds a week, board and lodging found. Assuming no great expenditure on high living, she would return at the end of the period at least ten pounds to the good. And that was wealth.

Did Fate intend to toss a fortune into her lap as a reward for giving up the pixie hat? Experience had taught Anne what unbridgeable distances lie between hope and realisation; and strengthened by that knowledge she contrived to say:

"Poor Miss Knollie! I do hope it isn't serious."

But it was serious, for when Mr. Haydn opened his morning mail there was a letter from the firm's medical adviser to state that Miss Knollie's lungs were in a bad way, and she should leave at once for a sanatorium in Switzerland.

Mr. Haydn said: "A case for the Provident Fund," and handed the letter to young Mr. Edward, who hummed over it in an odd, self-reproachful sort of way.

"They go on knocking 'emself to bits for the sake of their job, and we know nothing," he muttered. "A decline, eh? That's a rotten thing."

Mr. Haydn shrugged his shoulders. "I noticed she had a dry cough and kept dabbing her mouth with a handkerchief. Got on my nerves at times. Tiresome happening now, with Paris next week."

Young Mr. Edward pulled out a cheque-book.

"Think I'll send her twenty-five quid." It was conscience money.

"I wouldn't. She's an independent creature. A present from the firm, perhaps, but not a personal cheque. We'll make it fifty and sign it on behalf of the board. More tactful that way."

Edward returned the cheque-book to his pocket. He felt frustrated. Mr. Haydn rang.

Anne answered the bell. "I'm taking your letters while Miss Knollie is away," she explained.

Mr. Haydn hated any deviation from routine, and he rattled off a number of letters mercilessly fast. At the third Edward was constrained to say: "Steady up a bit."

He meant well, but Anne directed

upon him the nearest approach to a frown that the difference in their positions allowed.

"It's perfectly all right," she said, and her pencil flew.

Then came the chance she had been waiting for.

"To Legrand, Paris. Translate it as best you can and let me have a draft. Ready? Dear sir . . ."

Mr. Haydn had a precise knowledge of French, but insular prejudice prevented him from airing it. His letters to the Paris branch were always dictated in English. The present communication was long and technical. When it was finished he said:

"Read it back to me, Miss Robinson."

Greatly daring, she read it back, translating her shorthand notes into colloquial French.

Mr. Haydn was not given to praise, but he looked at her with interest. After she had gone, he remarked, dryly, "I had no idea we had so much latent talent in the office."

"There are too many things we have no idea about," Edward replied.

At eleven-thirty Edward came into the typists' department and crossed to Anne.

"The Chief wants to see you," he said.

His tone was flat and formal, but his eyes twinkled a message of good news. He knew that she had received it, for the third finger of her left hand flew to her mouth and pressed it into silence. With admirable composure she gathered up her notebook and left the office, the eyes of the other girls upon her. Then he sighed and went out.

"The Chief wants to see you," young Mr. Edward told Anne formally.

When Anne returned, Miss Preece rose from her desk near the door.

"Well?" she asked.

Anne said: "The Chief wants me to go to Paris in Miss Knollie's place." She made it sound ordinary.

Miss Preece nibbled her thin lips.

"I've been with the firm twenty-two years, and never once had the chance to go. Of course, when you come to think of it, I wouldn't. They could hardly leave the department to run itself."

It is hard to re-establish faith in one's importance, and Miss Preece looked small and shrunken as she returned to her desk.

Anne thought: "I wish I had said that I would lunch with him. I want to throw up my hat with somebody."

There was nobody else in the office who would want to join with Anne in celebrating her amazing bit of luck. The whisper had gone round, and glances shed in her direction were envious rather than enthusiastic.

Anne came to a sudden decision. She would buy a few daffodils for poor old Knollie and leave them during lunch hour.

Young Mr. Edward picked up Baba Vansittart at her flat in Shepherd's Market.

Baba was having a late bath, as the sound of splashing and an odor of pine needles proclaimed.

"This is a good start," he shouted.

Baba's voice called back, "Angel, it can't be as late as that? How too shattering. Fix yourself a cocktail. I'll be lightning."

He entered a room full of Italian brocade divans, empty bottles, and a dead orchid.

"Nothing here but corpses," he shouted.

Please turn to Page 10



The Pixie Hat

Continued from Page 9

Lyric of Life

BABA appeared in a toga of bath towels. They had known each other barely a week, but she kissed him on the mouth, and looked round the room in despair.

"Aren't I terrible? Be a pet and get some. There's a wine-smith-or-monger-or-whatever-it-is just opposite. Three of everything ought to do."

She jolted him out with a bare white arm, glistening with drops of water.

The wine merchant disclaimed any account in the name of Vansittart. So Edward paid. While doing so he had a sensation of annoyance that he wasn't paying for a false tooth for Anne's sister. He returned, accompanied by a boy carrying a basket laden with bottles.

The cocktails mixed. Baba called him to bring one in.

She was wearing a brocade house-coat, and sat cross-legged before a mirror doing things to her silly face. The house-coat revealed a pair of legs which compared unfavorably with Anne's. The odor of pine needles had given place to Narcissus Noir.

"I hope you've plenty of money, darling," she said, "or I won't be able to bet. Played cards last night and lost packets. Too frustrating. What's going to win to-day?"

Edward had a shrewd conviction that Baba would. The dexterity with which she applied otherwise non-existent eyebrows suggested that she was in a winning vein.

Presently she was ready, all but her hat. None of her hats would "go."

"Never mind. We'll pop into Royalton's and get a cap," she said.

Royalton's was round the corner in Curson Street. For three guineas they supplied a pixie affair with a stumped tail. Rather fun, Edward paid. Just a matter of technique.

Absurd to save bus fares by walking, and go without lunch to achieve an object attainable by two kisses and a tantalising glimpse of an arm coming out of a bath towel.

As the car moved off Baba snuggled up alongside Edward and smiled bewitchingly. But Edward was thinking of his previous passenger, who had sat discreetly apart, presenting a grave and thoughtful profile. Quite irrationally he hated Baba, and dozens of other "debs," who ran out of hats and gloves and vermouth, and into his arms.

Miss Knollie said: "They are beautiful. I don't know when I had flowers given to me last. Everybody is being wonderfully kind. Mr. Haydn rang up personally and told me that the firm was going to do. He said they would keep my place open, but... well, I don't know. For some time I've felt that it was more than I could manage."

"Of course Switzerland may make all the difference, but I don't know really. I don't. I expect you'll have my old room in the Hotel Goriau. There's a view over the roofs of the Champs Elysees and part of the Louvre. Last time I was there I had a feeling that I should never see it again."

Anne felt miserably guilty. The small dry voice pattered on:

"I shall miss the office very much. When one hasn't anybody to be interested in, work sort of takes their place. In a way it'll be like losing a friend, or even a husband. Until now I never regretted not being married. But it must be nice to have somebody who minds when things go wrong. Why goodness, it's nearly two. You must run if you're not going to be late. I wonder if you'd let me send you back in a taxi? I would like to do something in return for the wonderful things people have done for me."

Anne put a hand over the fingers that fumbled with the clasp of a bag.

"No, really." Stooping, she kissed the hot, withered face which, since she joined the firm, had stood between herself and advancement.

She was out of breath when she arrived at the office. Miss Preece looked at the clock sourly.

"I suppose, because you've had a piece of luck, that you imagine you can break rules?"

Anne said: "I'm awfully sorry, but I went to see Miss Knollie."

The hard expression melted and Miss Preece dropped her eyes.

"I didn't know," she said. "I wish I'd thought of doing that myself. Under the circumstances, I won't report it."

Anne said honestly: "I wouldn't have been late if I hadn't stopped to order a new frock. So it is my fault."

"Oh, well," said Miss Preece, "it was natural."

And she blushed, for during the lunch hour, pretending that it was she and not Anne who had been chosen to accompany the Chief abroad, she had taken a bus to Oxford Street, and had looked at a dress which would have been just the thing for the Paris office.

THE afternoon dragged interminably. At a quarter to four Peter, the boy, brought in a tray of chipped cups containing tea. "What won the two-thirty?" Anne whispered.

Peter was an authority on matters pertaining to the Turf.

"Postal Orders. Twenty to one. Wish I'd had a tanner on."

So did Anne. But she hoped Mr. Edward had won. On the day of her triumph it would be jolly to think that, in a small way, she had done him a good turn. Her feelings had undergone a complete change since the morning. She no longer wanted to frown when she thought of Edward; she wanted to take his arm and squeeze it in friendship.

That she had refused, and would refuse, every tender of friendship from that quarter was a matter of policy, not of emotion. With the

slenderest reason, she now regarded him as her greatest friend; for queer and indefinable tendrils of affection had passed between them during their drive. She felt as she might feel towards somebody very dear who was half a world away. Altogether a curious and rather unsatisfactory sensation. She thought:

"If he was in Australia, I would write him a letter to-night. I would say that I like him tremendously, but there wasn't any chance of my ever coming to Australia."

Following this dismal analysis of the situation came a wave of anger.

"What did he want to go and be boss of this office for?"

She shook herself out of it and attacked the keys of her typewriter with such concentration that she was unaware of Mrs. Haydn passing through in the direction of her husband's office.

On Mrs. Haydn's rare appearances she made a point of smiling at everybody. Without being condescending, the smiles had rather a synthetic quality.

Mrs. Haydn was very tailor-made. Her principal asset was common sense, with which she was oppressively well endowed. With unflinching clarity she perceived, and exposed, the weak spot in any argument. She knew what was right and never feared to uphold her convictions. A splendid wife.

Her husband was signing letters when she entered. He frowned, but stopped frowning when he saw who had come in without knocking.

She said, "I have ordered some warm woollens to be sent to Miss Knollie. I suppose Miss Preece will be going to Paris with you now?"

Mr. Haydn leaned back in his chair; the kind of chair that allowed its occupant to lean back at impossible angles.

"No, Miss Robson."

"Miss Robson—Miss Robson! Let me see!"

Mr. Haydn had no earthly reason to feel guilty, but he did. He fixed his eyes on the curtain-rod.

"Her French is excellent. Have a look at this." He passed the letter which Anne had typed earlier in the day.

Mrs. Haydn ignored it. She was concerned with something more complex than grammar.

"I would like to see her," she said, pleasantly.

Mr. Haydn was not deceived, but he rang.

Anne came in. It would have helped if she had looked dowdy, but she didn't. He handed her a tray of letters.

"These can be despatched. I don't think you've met Mrs. Haydn."

Mrs. Haydn's smile was most cordial. It vanished as Anne closed the door. She said:

"No, dear. It will have to be Miss Preece."

MR. HAYDN rapped the table top, preparatory to taking up a stand; but his wife got in ahead.

"Much too young, Walter."

"If you think," he began.

"My dear, you know I don't, but everybody else would; especially in Paris. Miss Preece is more than competent to do the work, and it is obviously unfair that she shouldn't be given the chance."

"And may I ask who is going to run the department while she is away?"

"A properly organised department runs itself. It doesn't depend on individuals. Now don't try to find excuses, or anybody might be tempted to think that you want to take the girl."

"I want?" There was a volume of outraged innocence in his disclaimer.

"Very well, then, let her know at once. The car is below and there is sure to be a summons if we leave it too long."

But Mr. Haydn handed over the job to Miss Preece, who was all of a flutter.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Haydn. I'll tell her, Mr. Haydn. And I dare say she would be rather young for your purpose. I'm sure I hope I shall give you every satisfaction. I was thinking only to-day how much I should like to have gone, if only to see Napoleon's tomb. I'm sure the department will get along quite well. I'll ask Mr. Conway to keep an eye on the girls. Would you mind if I slipped off twenty minutes early to-night, so as to see to a few things?"

TRUANT

Oh, where are you off to, little boy?

It's not to school, I know! Taking the path through the shading trees

Where the hosts of the goblins go.

Hurrying along with your lunch and rod,

Hurrying along and singing,

Cannot you hear it, little boy, Sound of the school bell ringing?

I know where you're going, little boy,

The opposite way from school;

Taking your heart, with your rod and lunch

Down to the fishing pool.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

Mr. Haydn waved assent and dismissal. For the first time he actively disliked Miss Preece. The surplus of displeasure naturally concentrated itself upon his wife.

Miss Preece needed those twenty minutes to shop before closing time. It would be a catastrophe if somebody snapped up the dress before she had the chance to get it. The need for haste was paramount, and she had no leisure for tact in telling Anne of the Chief's decision. She hurried out the news, and the whole department heard it.

Anne went very white, and her pulses throbbed. She felt as if she had lost her inside. Then she remembered something and dashed to the telephone on the landing.

"This is Miss Robson who ordered a dress at lunch time. Well, I don't want you to start making it yet. Yes, I know I did, but there isn't any hurry now." Then with sudden panic, "But—but—but I won't be able to pay for it."

The voice said, "The material went to the cutter directly after you placed the order. There can be no question of cancelling it now."

Anne hung up the receiver and went slowly back to her place, as Miss Preece hurried out of the office. One of the girls, a beginner, said:

"I bet the old cat worked it."

Anne did not bother to reply, for she knew the girl was only trying to curry favor. Ten minutes before she had been one of the most active members of the envy party.

Anne was still at her typewriter when the office emptied at six o'clock. She sat staring through a window at one of Wren's church spires; a rhythm of dusty turquoise against an ochre sky. For two years she had watched the changing lights at play upon that spire, and well might continue to do so for twenty more.

Mr. Haydn would, perhaps, be dead by then; and Mr. Edward, no longer young Mr. Edward, would be the Chief. And she would be old and plain enough to be taken to Paris.

She shut her eyes and rested her forehead against the cool brow of the typewriter.

Came the sound of quick footsteps and a surprised, "Oil!"

Anne sprang to her feet and turned towards her hat and coat, hanging on a peg.

Edward said:

"Fall asleep or something?"

It was dark in the office, so her face didn't matter. She had merely to make her voice sound natural.

"I must have."

"I was afraid I'd be too late to thank you."

She remembered.

"Then you backed Postal Orders?"

He nodded. "Best win I've had this season, and all due to you."

"I'm glad," said Anne, and bustled past him. "Good night."

His voice stopped her.

"I've still got a car," he said, "and it goes your way. First stop Oxford and Cambridge Terrace."

"No, thank you."

"Perhaps you're meeting somebody?"

"No."

Please turn to Page 12

"He's NOT a weakling - he's a victim of Faulty Elimination!"

Sometimes it's tough to be a kid—to want to be big and strong and brave like other boys, yet find yourself timid—perhaps afraid of the dark.

But there's a reason for that weakness... and usually that reason is Faulty Elimination. For how can any fellow hope to be strong and healthy while Nature herself is at fault?

Faulty Elimination (or incomplete bowel action) is all the more worrying because it is so hard to detect. So if you are in any doubt about your child, put him at once on a regular course of genuine Laxettes. Laxettes are a mild chocolate aperient that gently but surely assists Nature in fulfilling her most essential duty. A course of Laxettes soon removes from the system all traces of that dangerous food waste which forms the basis of trouble arising from Faulty Elimination, yet does it so gently that the child suffers no ill-effects of purging, griping or discomfort. Buy a tin of Laxettes today. You'll find they are as certain as they are safe. Insist on genuine Laxettes—genuine only in a tin. **1/6** Stocked by all chemists and stores in two sizes. **STANDARD SIZE** **1/6** **TRIAL SIZE** **6d.**



L40-R2

LAXETTES Correct Faulty Elimination

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Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• BARBARA DARE and Joan Peacock get their heads together at Randwick races. They picked a winner, too.



• THEIR DOUBLE came home... Ailsa Robertson and her sister Peg (Mrs. Bill Whitehead) telephone the news to their family at Gundagai.



• JUST MARRIED... John Palmer and his bride, Yvette Hall, look happy as they leave St. Mark's, Darling Point.



• THREE WHITE BIRDS adorn attractive Pam Fuller's coiffure when she goes dancing with Lieut. MacLeod at Prince's.

Vice-Regal sidelights...

SUPER party... late afternoon "do" at G.H. for Morna Mackenzie and Phil Ashton. Hundreds of guests. Overflow spills on to verandahs and lawns.

So much bright chatter goes on, together with Gilbert and Sullivan airs from military band in reception room, that one simply can't hear oneself speak.

Lady Wakehurst charming hostess in sunset-pink, large mauve orchid at shoulder.

All dressed up in my most absurd headgear and simple black frock—like 99 per cent. of feminine guests—I make an entrance close on heels of Margaret and Mary Waddell, the Wallace Horsleys, Griff Tait, Wallace Sawyers, Mary Minter... all from district near future home of guests of honor at Bethunga.

Jean Main and fiance Clive Caldwell arrive. Their wedding is on April 13—same day as Morna and Phil will marry at Sutton Forest.

Drifting out of doors for spot of cool air I spy Joan and Lorraine See, Marcelle Bishop, Jocelyn and Shirley Poynter, Mrs. Ken Mackay (Dungog), and Jean Anderson, with two enormous bright blue bows across the back of her head to match blue embroidery of her black jacket.

Incidentally... three guests wear identical model hats of conspicuous striped velvet!

Secretarial rumor...

JOAN TYLER dashes round hatless at Government House party helping to entertain. Rumor has been about town that Joan, who is doing a spot of work at G.H., might replace Morna as secretary to Lady Wakehurst.

Easter wedding...

HOW quiet Joan Wisdom and Ridgeway Newland kept news of their wedding. Joan went to Adelaide to meet Ridge's parents—Sir Henry and Lady Newland—about three weeks ago. Stopped there awhile, bought wedding frock in Melbourne on return trip, was married in Sydney.

Met them dancing at Prince's until it closed on night of the wedding.

Bridegroom is in 2nd A.I.F.

Riverina influx...

CONVINCED that Riverina and country down south have been entirely deserted during race week. Lunch at the Australia one day and I meet practically everybody.

Genial Bill Mackinnon arrives with Mrs. Mackinnon looking extremely smart in all grey, and their daughter, Mrs. Bill Scott.

Flo Mitchell stops to say she can't get a seat on a train to Wagga for days hence, so she's returning by plane.

Ken Drummond, Jim Oliver, and Fred Beveridge are quaffing a farewell drink at next table before returning to camp at Wallgrove.

Alan and D'Arcy Bragg look in at the Wintergarden... not going about much as D'Arcy's recovering from recent illness.

Clare, Max and George Raffin, Meg and Joan Horsley, the Lach Horsleys all pass by... and Davidsons by the dozen.

Helping the Finns...

SEEMS quite a bit of relief will be sent to the Finns judging by crowd which turned up at dance held for that purpose at Prince's. Simply everybody there, all declaring they're practically exhausted from dancing every night for a week.

Young socialites sponsor return to fashion of coiffure adornment. Very jeune fille, some of it. Heather Macleod has a sprig of forget-me-not, nestling in her topknot curls. Annette Stogdale, too.

Gardenias adorn June Williams' swathed hair-do. Orchids for Mrs. Reg Bettington.

Mrs. Ernest Watt wears filmy black lace bow effect at the back caught up and fastened to her hair with diamante clips.

The Stephens' and Knoxes well represented... Philippa Stephen in tailored oyster satin and gardenias at the shoulder; her brother Alistair and sister, Mrs. Tom Rutledge. Mrs. Lewis Clifford elegant in white, accompanied by her husband, the Hon. Lewis.

Sheila Carter sets off her suntan with green floral crepe. Bettina Macphillamy with white satin, Anne Hill with pale blue lace.

Dancing by halves...

DON the old school tie and dash off to Rose Bay Convent dance at the Australia. Find that practically all ex-students have same idea.

Committee expects 250, but 500 turn up. Simply no room for everybody to dance at the same time, so half the room sit out alternately.

Too crowded to see much detail of lovely gowns, but get the idea that Betty Watt wears attractive gold-braided black jacket with black net frock, Margaret Catts is moulded in blue-and-silver brocade and Ildyce Morrisson covers her spangled white frock with feather cape.

Country visitors come in droves... the Peter Meaghers (Temora) entertain Joan Meagher and Harry Chisholm, who marry shortly. Neil Farrell, also of Temora, comes with cousin Cynthia Florence. Clare and Mary Corlis represent Capertee.

Margaret Flood Nagle (Albury) dances with brother John in uniform.

Say hello also to Mrs. John Hehir, who was hostess at small Easter cocktail party, Joy Minnett, Rita Swan, Judith Bavin, and Betty Evans. Betty came from Westgarth house party at Leura to make four-some with Nuttie Kennedy, Alan Waters and Monty Arnold.

Heard around town...

EMU feathers in Stan Graham's hat are longest in the entire army.

Judy Sayers and Betty Hyles saying they "simply can't pick winners."

And seen...

REGULAR Easter foursome... the Gerald Holts and honeymooning Frank Macks, of Trangle.

Helen Davidson dancing with Frank Austin, of Lake Midgeon.

Mrs. Gordon McKay, of Delegate, in beautiful white organza evening frock, alternately banded with black Chantilly lace.

Beth Bucknell dining with Royce Shannon... Romano's.



• SMART IN STRIPES... Mrs. G. C. Lamrock and daughter Gilla arrive at the Town Hall for Schnevoigt concert.



• SUPPER TIME at Prince's... Cootamundra visitors, Norman Reading, who is on leave from camp, and Mrs. Reading.

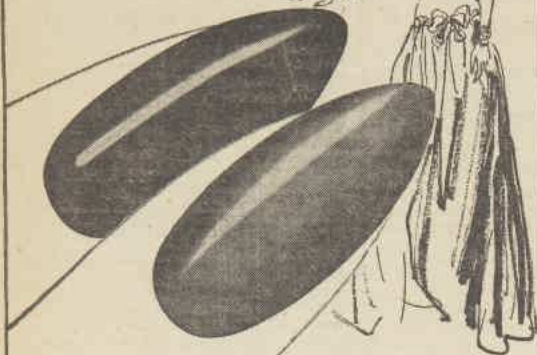


• SHEILA BELL and Ponty Spicer didn't miss an Easter race meeting... Sheila is smart in tea-green and Ponty in white linen.



• NO SUN IN Beatrice Gordon's eyes while she watches for Totulisor results at Randwick.

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SAUCY COCKTAIL GLENGARRY in dull gold lame with unexpected drama in the piercing red feather.

The Pixie Hat

"WELL, that's a fine thing, I rather thought you'd be celebrating Paris to-night."

"No—no, I'm not going to Paris. Miss Preece is going."

Edward came down off the table on which he had perched himself.

"Who says so?"

Anne moistened her lips. "If you mean who told me, Miss Preece did. But I suppose Mrs. Haydn decided."

She got it out smooth and pat, but there was the hint of a wobble in her voice.

Edward crossed to the switch and filled the office with light. He came back and took stock of certain unshed tears in Anne's eyes. He appeared to be a very angry young man. He said:

"I was just as glad about this as you were. What are we going to do about it?"

"Nothing. It's all in the day's march."

But he did not take that view.

"It's not fair play telling a girl one thing one minute and another the next. There's that bit extra you would have earned, too. I'll bet you've been spending it in your mind all the afternoon."

Anne swung round on him like a savage.

"What on earth has my mind got to do with you? I'm engaged here as a typist and that's all. What I think and feel is my business."

"Hey! Hey!" he protested.

She turned away and gripped one of the iron pillars which supported the roof.

"It's so stupid to interfere; to treat an employee as a human being and make her behave like one. I was trying to straighten things out and you come back and upset them all."

"I'm sorry," said Edward. "I've been badly brought up. But it's hard not to be allowed to help anybody, when you like them. Most girls aren't so independent, you know."

But Anne did not appear to be listening. The Wren spire had turned from turquoise to jet, and the ochre sky was a square-cut sapphire. Inside her brain the words "When you like them" were repeated and repeated like a section of a gramophone record when the needle plays back on a single thread.

Edward went on, "I spent to-day with a deb—the daughter of an earl. In return for two kisses and the most drivelling talk I ever listened to, she allowed me to stock a drink cupboard, buy her a hat, and squander ten pounds on impossible outsiders. Over and above that she grabbed a handful of my winnings on Postal Orders." His voice rose to a pitch of fury.

"That's the kind of ass I am, and the kind of fool I waste my time with. And you—YOU have the sense to refuse to let me buy you a lunch."

Anne revolved slowly on her heels and looked at him. To her own dismay she heard herself ask:

"What kind of hat?"

"A silly queer toadstool affair with a diddle-what on top of it. But that isn't the point. The point is, what's the matter with me? Why do you have to get behind a concrete wall whenever I look at you? I'm flesh and blood, aren't I? I'm not a cripple. Then why?"

Continued from Page 10

It was all very difficult and unmanageable. Anne blew out her cheeks and gave a despairing puff.

"It isn't any of those things," she said, wearily. "It's just . . . business. We've got to leave our feelings behind when we come into an office. It's part of the bargain."

"You mean that so long as we pay you a wage, the human side of our lives must stand still?"

She nodded. "Yes. It doesn't work any other way. You couldn't scold a girl for a typing error if she was sitting on your knee. She wouldn't care."

He clenched his fists and brandished them.

"So just because I'm your employer I must keep off the grass?"

"Yes."

"And my emotions aren't legal tender?"

"Yes," she repeated, but her heart was beating madly—madly.

"And suppose I say I'm in love with you?" Edward roared.

"It still wouldn't make any difference," she managed to say.

He gripped her arms and shook her.

"High Hills and all Greenstuff! Have you the cheek to tell me that I've got to starve in order that you should earn two pound fifteen a week hammering a typewriter?"

"Yes," she replied, and her teeth chattered.

"Right," said he, and thrust her from him. "Then here's where you learn what it means to defy an employer on the first day of spring. Young woman, you're sacked, and here's a month's pay in lieu of notice."

He pulled some notes from his pocket and scattered them on the table.

Anne looked at him and felt that her legs had been cut off at the knees. He snatched the coat from her hand and forced her into it. He picked up the fallen hat and jammed it on her head.

"And now, perhaps, you'll come out to dinner or get married and behave like a human being?"

Among the numerous wedding gifts was a seven-day Westminster chiming clock, presented by the clerical staff of Haydn, Weir, and Haydn. The task of purchasing it had been placed in the capable hands of Miss Preece, who wept profusely while making the choice. Miss Knollie subscribed five shillings from Switzerland, where she felt "wonderfully improved."

The presentation was made by Mr. Haydn, and was accompanied by a few well-chosen words. Having ridged his system of them he beckoned Anne into his private office and kissed her awkwardly but none the less thoroughly.

Mrs. Haydn was absent, but unmourned.

The bride's going-away costume included a red pixie hat with a diddle-what on top of it.

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NO-RUB QUIZ NO. 3



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Was he allured by your flawless complexion and immaculate coiffure? Hold your charm! Kneeling and hard rubbing on dusty floors soon fades the glory of skin and hair.



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Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.



LIFE AFTER FIFTY

IN these days of fine times for old (?) folks, fifty is much too young to "down tools."

What new friendships can be formed, what happy hobbies adopted, and what social work can be done by women over fifty?

What would become of our philanthropic jobs if all the women who entered their present spheres of public service after the age of fifty were suddenly withdrawn?

The years from fifty to sixty-five are often the mellowest and richest in work for those outside a women's home.

El for this letter to G. Helm, 168 McKean St., North Fitzroy N7, Vic.

MEN LIKE NATIVES

I AM beginning to wonder if the men in the country have lost their sense of respectability.

They used to work out in the open during summer fully clad. Now the majority of them wear shorts.

It is a repulsive sight to see men with bare backs burnt almost black, and hairy legs coated in dust and sweat! They remind me of natives! Emmy Wiseman, Morven P.O., N.S.W.

TYPES FOR NURSES

NURSES are born, not made. Once when I was in a maternity home I could not help comparing them.

One was always brisk and cheerful. Nothing was a trouble, and we all loved her. Another went about with a continual frown marring her pretty face. And how glad we were when it was her day off.

Why do girls who will never make good nurses persist in taking on the job? L. McLucas, May St., Roma, Qld.

Do grandmothers resent old-time name? City or town life easier for lonely people Should we tell strangers of dress defects?

WHY blame the grandmothers if they want to be up to date, Mrs. Frost (16/3/40)?

The title of "Granny" went out with shawls and antimacassars. If we were asked to call our child-



Modern "granny" stays young.

ren such names as Sarah and Matilda we would be the first to protest.

Mrs. H. Goodair, Debonair, 34 Cornwall St., West Moreland N12, Vic.

More friendship

A WONDERFUL friendship exists to-day between the young and the grandparent. This did not exist when "Granny" was a detached being.

The titles "Nana" and "Ma" are more to the taste of youth to-day, and are mostly adopted for preference.

Mrs. L. Howarth, School House, Tempe, N.S.W.

Move with times

WE shouldn't grudge the modern grandmother her wish to move with the times.

If she feels that to be called "Granny" places her in a dated generation, why shouldn't she be allowed to choose a more up-to-date name?

Because the days of the matriarch are over, it does not mean that any less respect is paid to the modern grandmother.

Miss L. Bell, Dornoch Tce., South Brisbane.

THERE are many lonely people living in towns, Miss Miller (18/3/40).

I have often seen and pitied people sitting alone in parks and thought how much happier they would be if they had a friend to talk with as they watch the passing crowds.

One hesitates to be the one to speak for fear of being regarded with suspicion.

How different are the country customs, where people talk to each other as a matter of course.

M. Grant, 169 Johnstone St., Annandale, N.S.W.

Fear intrusion

AFTER several "knock-backs" to proffered friendship, most people retire discouraged, not wishing to be thought intrusive.

Lonely people are usually lonely because they just haven't the "social spirit!" Either a sense of inferiority, causing shyness, or an egotistical self-sufficiency makes them snub kindly advances.

Miss M. Thompson, 110 Balmalm St., Richmond E1, Vic.

Take opportunities

I DON'T see how anyone can be lonely in the city. There is always something to do, or some place to see, even if one has to see it alone. Stand in a procession, go to the

Children not wanted at social welfare meetings

WITH so many women's organisations doing interesting work, it seems a pity that there is so little encouragement for young matrons with families to attend the meetings.

If a woman with a small child or two ventures into an advertised lecture or meeting, she is greeted with hostile glances.

Much valuable talent for work is allowed to rust until middle age releases a mother from her responsibilities.

Surely the young mother is entitled to raise her voice on matters affecting the community.

Mrs. Maud Murray, 41 Well Ave., Enfield, N.S.W.

soo, or even to the pictures alone, and most times you will find yourself chatting to someone.

Thus friendships are made. Mrs. T. Mills, Torrens Rd., Cheltenham, S.A.

Had ample proof

I HAD an experience that proved to me that country people are more friendly than city people.

Accompanied by a few friends I attended a dance in the city, and the other people present were not at all friendly because we had not been to that dance hall before.

A few weeks later, when spending a week-end in the country, I decided to attend a local dance. The first thing I noticed was the kindly welcome the people gave me.

Miss N. Jones, Box 61 P.O., Newcastle West, N.S.W.

City isolation

AFTER three months spent in the city recently, I was delighted to go back to the country.

None of my city neighbors made the slightest effort to be friendly, and often for days the tradespeople were the only human beings to whom I spoke.

I am certain that no newcomer to a country town is ever left in isolation.

Mrs. T. Graham, Charters Towers, Qld.

£1 for Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS

HOW many stay-at-home girls have any independence, yet the girl who goes to work achieves hers.

I think that when two or more sisters go out to jobs and one stays at home as a help the salary earners should make her an allowance.

It need not be as much as they earn, but should be sufficient for her not to have to depend on mother or father for every small thing she wants.

B. McKay, Olympian Autos, Ivory St., Valley, Brisbane.

VALUE OF TRAVEL

I THINK it is time that the fallacy that travel broadens the mind should be dropped.

Some of the most charming and interesting people one could meet have never been out of their native State, while others who are insufferable bores have been around the world.

If one has a mind which can be broadened, its development would not be hindered by a lack of travel.

Miss I. L. Peirce, 73 Littlewood St., Hampton S7, Vic.

TELL THE TRUTH

SURELY it is unduly melodramatic for relatives to suppress information from a sick person.

If a person is ill he or she has a right to hear what is wrong, not to be put off by some trifling explanation and then hear mysterious whisperings outside the bedroom door when visitors are leaving.

Miss M. C. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

WAR WEDDINGS

ARE war weddings wise?

When the husbands of the young war brides go abroad the girls who are lonely turn to other men for companionship.

Also, most of the soldiers have little money saved, and their jobs may not be available when they return.

Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, North Caulfield, Vic.

Bring Back the Natural Shade to Your Hair ...

French Hair Restorer

(not a dye)

Efficient for Both Ladies and Gentlemen

French Hair Restorer is a clear, water-white lotion which gradually restores the natural shade to your hair. No sticky sulphur or dye. Use at first signs of greyness, and rest assured that this preparation

Positively

Banishes Grey Hair

Even your best friends cannot detect you are treating your greyness, as results are gradual. Remove the signs of worry and age—look and feel years younger.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN — A trial bottle forwarded on receipt of 1/6 in stamps. Plainly wrapped.

Small Size 1/6

Large Size 5/-

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Messrs. Henry Francis & Co. Pty. Ltd., 197 Collins Street, Melbourne, Victoria.
Beauty Shoppe, James Place, Adelaide, S.A. Australia.
Messrs. Beane Limited, Wellington & Murray Streets, Perth, West Australia.

AMAZING STORY

South Seas Trader Ends RHEUMATISM

Here's news, good news, for all who suffer from rheumatism. A South Sea Islands Trader tells how he ended his "terrific pain" by taking De Witt's Pills.

Mr. C. D. E., a Justice of the Peace, says:—"I suffered terrific pain in my back, arms and shoulders from Lumbago and Rheumatism. Someone suggested De Witt's Pills. I took them and honestly got relief the next day and now am absolutely cured. I am 60 and have had no return of the complaint."

Rheumatism is due to weak kidney action. Sluggish kidneys fail to remove waste matter, poisons and impurities—especially uric acid—from the system. As these poisons accumulate, razor-edged uric acid crystals settle in the muscles and joints, making them stiff and painful. Your back aches and you are seldom free from pain.

De Witt's Pills overcome rheumatism because they are made specially to aid weak kidneys. In 24 hours you see and feel they are doing you good.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. From all chemists, prices 1/6, 3/- and 5/9.



How much are they worth? In money, nothing. But they both possess a great treasure for which many a potentate would exchange his fortune. They have healthy, abundant, attractive hair.

There is no greater fortune in the world than youth and no better attribute of youth than the hair.

And, how much did it cost him or her to preserve that gift? Only a few pence, the price of a bottle of Barry's Tri-coph-erous and the few minutes required daily for its pleasant application.

Are you among the prodigal sons of nature who are squandering this inheritance? That is, are you allowing neglect and dandruff to weaken and ruin your hair to the point where you are threatened with baldness?

If so, it is deplorable, but not irreparable.

Barry's Tri-coph-erous will save your hair as it has in millions of other cases during five generations.

A daily application of this unequalled tonic and massage of the scalp is all you need. Start at once. In a short time the improved condition of your hair will show you in a practical way why Barry's Tri-coph-erous is called everywhere Life, Health and Beauty of the hair.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth
Sold by all Chemists and Stores N.S.W. per bottle

The Sauce
with a Secret



Lea & Perrins
SAUCE

FAITHFULLY BREWED
BY A SECRET PROCESS

New Loveliness
for You!



100. "Every night I put 'Vaseline' Jelly on my face and wipe it off to remove make-up and leave my skin smooth and clean."—Miss M. Softlas, Richmond, Barbary, W.A.

WE WILL PAY £1 to anyone sending in uses of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Chesham, Dept. A44, Box 1131, G.P.O., Melbourne, together with the label from a jar of genuine "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trade mark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet uses. Do not accept substitutes.

HIS present preparations were the outcome of this realisation. He took a pair of heavy wooden buckets and a hoe. The buckets he suspended at the ends of a carrying pole, which he put across his shoulders.

With a word to the woman by the wall he stepped out in the afternoon sunshine. The heat was shimmering and the baked earth scorched, but the calloused soles of his feet were as effective an insulation as the thickest boots. He trod the path that Johnson had followed that morning and his goal was the same.

Nearing "Hidden Stream," however, he left the track and approached the spot circuitously, working around to the far side of the entrance until he gained the shelter of a clump of coarse grass, in which he hid with his gear. Then he settled down to wait.

No sign of life appeared, either in the workings or on the wider landscape, though Sim Lee knew that the Indian watchman was asleep on his charpoy (rope bed) behind the pump house. Looking up Sim Lee saw a hornbill, its grotesque head peering from side to side, sailing slowly on some vagrant breeze above the cliff top, but there was no breath upon the lower ground.

Once he heard a rumble, followed by a hissing rush of water as the stream awoke to sudden life, but as quickly it subsided. The man watched the phenomenon with a strained interest.

Presently, Sim Lee heard a movement from behind the shed, as the sun reached the horizon. The watchman appeared, and unrolled a strip of carpet on which he stood, facing the glowing west. For him it was the hour of evening prayer. Sim Lee emerged from his hiding place, slipped unseen to the cave mouth, disappeared. The sun sank, and dusk fell.

Within the cave Sim Lee waded through the icy, swirling waters. The buckets across his shoulders tugged and spun in the current that lapped their sides. Upon one side of the cave a ledge ran inwards for a little way and this he gained, pulled himself clear of the water and remained for a while listening to the roar of the water from the inner tunnel.

Satisfied, he proceeded to strip. Then he took a length of red cloth which had been wound around his head, and twisted it into a rope, knotted it to a bucket handle, and secured it round his neck. With the hoe in his hand, he slipped from the ledge.

To reduce resistance to the current he lifted the bucket clear, and leaning forward he reached the narrowest part of the outer cave. This force and depth increased in the bottleneck formation, and the man, with one hand supporting the bucket and tool, clung with the

other hand to the irregularities of the wall.

Once he slipped, and in a flash his legs were swept upwards, leaving him breathless and clawing for another grip on the wall. The bucket, submerged on the instant, caught the full force of the current, and dragged him yanking and floundering a dozen yards downstream. He was anchored by a low-hanging rock which he struck face on, and embraced, straining to secure the bucket, to relieve the awful strain on his throat. At length it was gripped, raised and emptied, leaving him free to proceed again.

He struggled on, his feet lacerated by the jagged stone when he at last heaved himself through the narrow strait and tumbled into the wider channel beyond. Here the stream ran slower, and the bottom was sandy, and soft to his feet, but there was no time to rest. Sim Lee, with ears strained to catch any warning difference in the stream's note, scrambled inwards through the noisily darkness.

Direction was simple, always against the flow, but he bruised and cut his head and body continually on the unseen sharp points of stone. He was forced to his knees, and soon had to crawl painfully. With water gurgling about his throat, and the roof dipping lower, he had to feel around for long minutes for an opening through which his head could pass.

From time to time he stopped and scooped from the bottom a handful of sand and squeezed it as dry as his numbing hands allowed. Each time after gauging its weight, he let it go, for he sought the higher stake, the almost pure ore that waited further on. He could not reckon distance in this his struggling passage, and relied upon his slightest recognition of the ore to announce his goal.

At length he stopped, satisfied by the weight of his trial handful. He swung the bucket before him, and with the hoe dug down into the river-bed, cleared several inches of the upper sand, then drove his hoe deep, wrenching up an unseen mass that strained his muscles with reassuring weight. It was the real thing—he filled the bucket, then with limbs shaking with the appalling cold, he struggled back towards the entrance.

Travelling was easier on the return, though Sim Lee labored with cracking sinews under the strain of his load. The little bucket, barely twelve inches in diameter, weighed at least one hundred and sixty pounds; yet in ten minutes, battered unmercifully again in the passage, he clung to the ledge beside the entrance with the bucket safely upon the rock.

The Gamblers

Continued from Page 5

Sim Lee had just returned after securing the second load when he reeled under the impact of a sudden rise in the stream. A distant rumble grew, the waters dropped, and rose again, while the man, with desperate grip upon the precious load, struggled madly back to safety.

Fighting blindly in the bottleneck when the flood rushed down, arms locked about the deadweight of his load, he was whirled and dashed through an absolute hell of water and pounding stones. He felt a wave of freezing cold, a thunderous roaring sounded in his ears, stunning smashing blows disrupted all thought and feeling.

Pain returned with consciousness. Sim Lee was lying huddled in a foot of gently flowing water, his bucket hugged still to his body beneath him. Supporting head and chest clear of the stream, he inhaled with hissing breath, pain stabbing his tortured lungs. After a while he twisted round, caught a glimpse of stars and coldly brilliant moon, and dragged himself and the bucket to a sandy ridge of the stream.

Every movement advertised fresh hurt, but he forgot suffering in overwhelming anxiety.

First he examined his prize. At least a third of the ore had been lost in the last mad tumble of his passage. There remained only about thirty dollars' worth, he thought slowly. His second bucket had been washed out from the ledge of the cave, perhaps broken, its contents scattered in the stream. Truly, there was a devil in the cave. . . . a river spirit that mocked at men's puny efforts.

SIM LEE shivered with more than the cold, heaved the bucket on to the bank, then began a stealthy search for the other one. He looked to find it between the cave and himself. Moving circumspectly to avoid the watchman he worked up the near bank as far as the rubbish, crossed over and then, scanning too eagerly ahead, stumbled over his objective as it lay upon the sand.

Great relief swept over him. The ore, in grains like coarse black sand, had caked within the bucket and was practically intact. He gripped the handle and hurried downstream, grateful for the very heaviness of his burden, nearly seventy dollars' worth. He had won, in all, the tremendous sum of one hundred dollars.

He regained the spot where he had left the partly-emptied bucket, and stopped in blank surprise to find that it had gone. This was the place—the sand was plainly marked in the moonlight by a circle deeply impressed where the bucket had stood. Deadly weariness overtook him and with it a sickening sense of helplessness and failure.

He stood listless and dropped his load. He was a tin stealer; he would be taken to the gaol. It was luck, that was all. . . . But his honorable old mother, her tears would flow until the end.

A shadow moved, he shrank back into the shadows, then he realised that the figure was moving away, and not towards him. His straining eyes distinguished a stealthy form, and . . . the bucket. This was no guardian of the mine. He advanced a step; paused; launched himself at the figure.

His hands found shoulder and head, and slid around to a strangling grip upon a knotted throat; he felt blows, hot, searing pains upon his flesh. He was behind his man, and sensed that the other was trying to reach him with a knife. Then other shadows came and joined the issue, but he did not know; he only suffered pain, and dealt it. Always his grip held, and his fingers sank deeper and deeper into flesh.

Johnson, holding a lantern, looked down on the debris of the fight. Three men lay prone. One was dead. Another, trussed securely with twisted cloths, watched the scene with intent, beady eyes. Sim Lee, the slayer, a naked, battered caricature of a man, was gulping from a bowl of tea, held by another coolie. The watchman explained pompously, "Tin stealers, Tuan. . . . This man held two of them until I came."

"He seems to have done more than that," muttered Johnson to himself. "They must have half killed him before he got this one." Then aloud he asked: "Have we got the ore?"

Animal Antics



"OH, BOY! I hope it's ice-cream!"

"Here, Tuan, in these buckets."

Johnson turned to his head man, "Pahela, tell this man, Sim Lee, I shall reward this service. To-morrow at the office he shall draw one hundred dollars."

Later, while recounting the affair to his wife, Johnson mused: "Now why on earth was that man stripped, stark naked?"

Within a week Johnson received a visitor—Wade himself. He bluffed, argued, then finally showed his hand. He wanted the place, and with Johnson's renewal of the lease was forced to terms. They compromised at seventy thousand dollars, the sale to include Johnson's future option to renew.

Three days later Johnson and his wife started for the coast, and just after they left the compound Mary drew her husband's attention to a passing group. A gang of coolies, swinging down the street, carried between them a heavy lacquered coffin. Behind in a rickshaw sat an old withered crone, beside the familiar figure of Sim Lee. The wrinkled face was smiling contentedly as the party disappeared towards the Chinese quarters.

"Yes, that is Sim Lee and his mother," said Johnson. "He still looks a bit the worse for wear, doesn't he?"

"I wonder what he did with the hundred dollars," mused Mary. "I suppose he lost it at the gambling farm, as usual."

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LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical—it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

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Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or, better still, get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, per month's supply.

98. "Ordinary eye-brow pencil moistened with a little 'Vaseline' Jelly makes an inexpensive and effective eye-shadow. Only the slightest smear on the lids is necessary to bring out the luster of tired or dull eyes."—Miss E. Pratt, 56a Abbott St., North Sydney, New South Wales.

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ON THE JAR

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WHITE—7/6, and 1/3 per jar.
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*Essential aids to loveliness, acclaimed by
the world's most fashionable women for
a distinguished and aristocratic elegance.*

Coty



Muriel Hine says:

IT'S TIME FOR ROMANCE

Her latest book deals with many happy people in a peaceful world



Miss Muriel Hine is a brave woman.

In this present year of grace she has dared to publish a book in which there is not one mention of brutal Nazis or heroic revolutionaries, dastardly kulaks or idealistic "comrades." There is in it not even a hint of a social problem.

LOUIS BROMFIELD, nine of whose novels are published in one volume, "It Takes All Kinds."

"IT TAKES ALL KINDS." Louis Bromfield takes all kinds to people the different worlds he writes about in his nine novels—an elderly woman newspaper owner and the local political heads and inhabitants in a small American town; international crooks; the leisured smart set on the French Riviera; strange personalities on tropic islands; and New Yorkers in the early years of this century.

"TESTAMENT OF FRIENDSHIP." Vera Brittain writes the life story of her friend, the beloved woman author Winifred Holtby, whose best-known book is "South Riding."

SHE has, in fact, gone so far as to tell a plain, straightforward tale, on a formula as old as the hills, and complete with characters who fall neatly into categories the reader will be able to recognise without any mental effort at all.

"Man of the House" has a dark, beautiful, unscrupulous adventurer, a weak young man, a girl in whom loveliness, artistic ability and nobility of mind combine to make something right out of the box, a big, strong, silent man of quixotic habits—and the usual supernumeraries to be found in any story dealing with life in an English country house.

All this sounds very banal, and the novel, it must be admitted, is not one likely to be discussed sol-

emnly—and very dully—by the higher intellectuals.

But it is the kind of book ordinary people, preoccupied by other problems than those of Art, enjoy reading.

It demands no effort. It is pleasant. Vice is defeated; virtue triumphs; and turmoil ends in lovers' reconciliations.

Beautiful heroine

CHIEF characters are Averil Stanraer, of the sea-blue eyes, who, looking in a mirror, sees "the dazzling pureness of her skin, the slender grace of her long limbs," and Carbery Pollock, bronzed adventurer, "broad-shouldered, lean-flanked, suggesting energy rather than weight."

Ever since the death of her father, Averil has been forced, by the weakness and laziness of her brother, Gervase, to manage the family estates, despite the fact that, to do so, she has had to sacrifice her career as an artist.

She makes the sacrifice uncomplainingly until the moment Gervase brings home with him a Mrs. Dalmaine, a brunette widow, who most definitely is not out of the top drawer, and who makes no secret of the fact that she is all set to assume the high and honorable position of chatelaine in the historic Stanraer mansion (Queen Elizabeth slept there, leaving, in the best royal manner, the Stanraer of that day a sadder, wiser, poorer, if prouder man).

A family conspiracy is hatched to open Gervase's eyes to the true character and worth of his proud, dark beauty. Cousin Frank is called in to help, and he, in his turn, enlists the aid of Pollock, who is known to him only as a chauffeur with an adventurous past, and whose role is to beguile lovely Mrs. Dalmaine from the path of pretended virtue.

The expected complications ensue. The love-sick Gervase suffers agonies of jealousy; Mrs. Dalmaine falls for chauffeur Pollock's advances (he poses as a rich man), the local vicar and a neighboring retired admiral say their respective and thoroughly



IN "Testament of Friendship" Vera Brittain tells the late Winifred Holtby's life story.

typical pieces, and Averil's mother, Lady Stanraer, passes from sweetness to swoons at appropriate intervals.

But most upsetting and romantic of all, Averil falls in love with the pseudo chauffeur—to the horror of the entire family. The scene in which Averil and Pollock announce their intention to marry and lead a gipsy existence is good.

"I forbid it!" cries Lady Stanraer. "You must be out of your senses, Averil."

Averil attempts to placate her. Then comes the highlight.

"Lady Stanraer refused to listen. 'If you leave this house,' she pronounces, 'and marry that man, you will not return. Gervase will see to that.'"

Dramatic moment

WITH a fine sense of the dramatic Miss Hine chooses this moment to make her grand disclosure. After Pollock has been rejected with contempt as a prospective son-in-law, his secretary bursts into the mansion and staggers everybody, Averil included, by announcing that, far from being Pollock, the humble chauffeur, he is Carbery Pollock, the millionaire shipowner.

Consternation! Pollock dashes off on business; Lady Stanraer retires to brood; Averil withdraws into her sensitive self, unable to forgive her lover for having deceived her. Even the fact that he has unmasked Mrs. Dalmaine—thus leaving Gervase free to cultivate pretty, English Nancy—cannot reconcile her to him.

But—all ends well. The last scene will recommend itself to anybody who can still find a tender spot in his or her heart for a pair of lovers. Regarded in this light it is an excellent job, just a nicely-balanced combination of love, intrigue, heartache, and quiet laughter.

MAN OF THE HOUSE. By Muriel Hine. Hodder & Stoughton.

"I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW..."

No. 187—Wool and Silk Pyjama at 19/11

No. 291—Nightie in Wool and Silk at 19/11

They're new! They're thrillingly different! Ask for Kayser WARMEES in lovely fabrics—Wool and Silk and smooth knitted lisle, to keep you cosy and warm... so comfortably tailored!

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Corinne Rose Cream, the natural Beauty Emulsion for the skin, will impart an alluring satin-smooth texture to your complexion right from the first application. Corinne Rose Cream can never be surpassed as a skin food, deep-pore cleanser and make-up base, because natural emulsion means perfection. Discover for yourself the enchantment of this thrilling Beauty aid—just send this advertisement, with your name and address and 4d in stamps to the address below, for your free trial bottle, available only in limited numbers.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

MOPSY . . . The Cheery Redhead



GLADYS PARKER

"This car goes over hills at eighty-five miles an hour!"
"Yes, five going up and eighty coming down!"



DOCTOR (nervously): Yes, yes, I must write a prescription—where is my fountain pen?
PATIENT: You put it under my arm ten minutes ago.



CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR: Jones, what does HNO₃ signify?
JONES: Well, ah, er—I've got it right on the tip of my tongue, sir.
PROFESSOR: Well, you'd better get rid of it—it's nitric acid.



HE: I idolise you.
SHE: But have you money enough to keep me idle?



HOUSEHOLDER (TO BURGLAR): Now don't get nervous about that knocking. The bailiff's been trying to get in all day.



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BRONCHITIS
CURE
fixed
my cold!

A day or two ago—sore throat, wheezy and coughing. Today—as bright as a lark, sore throat gone, bronchial tubes cleared, coughing stopped. That's the beauty of **Hearne's Bronchitis Cure**. It gets to the root of things and cleans up a cold and all chest troubles in double-quick time. There's fifty years' fame behind the name. 2/6 & 4/6 a bottle.

W. G. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., GEELONG, VIC.

Make You Look and Feel years . . .

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE business man was interviewing his daughter's suitor.
"I regret I cannot see my way to allow you to marry my daughter at present," he said, "but give me your name and address, and if nothing better turns up in the near future, you may hear from me again."

"Is this the pugilist who was run into by a motorist?" asked the hospital surgeon.
"No; he's the motorist who ran into the pugilist."

TEACHER: Johnny, if your father could save 5/- a week for four weeks, what would he have.
Modern Child (promptly): A radio, an electric refrigerator, a new suit, and a lot more furniture.

WIFE: Georgie gets more like you every day.
Husband (moeckly): What's he been up to now?

DENTIST: There's no need to shout. I haven't touched your tooth yet.
Patient: No, but you're standing on my corn.

"I'm buying a lawnmower for my husband's birthday."
"A surprise?"
"Rather. He thinks I'm getting him an armchair."

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For Sure Relief Use

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ARE you one of those unfortunate people whose ankles and feet become swollen especially these warm, tiring days? Why put up with it when a few minutes' nightly massage with Zam-Buk will bring immediate relief, allay the swelling and strengthen the ankles?

Your foot troubles, too, will soon be ended by Zam-Buk. First bathe the feet in warm water at bedtime. After drying them thoroughly, gently rub Zam-Buk Ointment well into the soles, insteps, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns and hard skin are softened and easily removed; blisters and soreness are healed; joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy, and you can walk again in comfort. To keep your feet in good trim rub them with Zam-Buk two or three times a week.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists and stores.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



"Constant standing at work caused swollen, painful feet. Walking was a punishment, but applications of Zam-Buk soon made my feet sound and healthy. I now get about without the slightest discomfort." Mrs. E. Owen.
"My husband, who does a great deal of walking, had Zam-Buk applied for keeping his feet free from calluses, and when my boy had foot trouble it was Zam-Buk that soaked and healed." Mrs. E. Keeling.

An Editorial

APRIL 6, 1940

WHY YOUTH MUST FIGHT



IN a stirring address to students of Oxford University (since reprinted for general circulation), the British

Foreign Secretary (Lord Halifax) gave some pertinent reasons why Britain is at war.

As a man on the inside of things, his statement of the reluctance of England to take up arms rings true.

Yet he finds that war was inevitable because of one thing—the paganism of Germany.

You mustn't blame the older generation for all that has taken place, he told the students—every generation must share the blame.

We could treat the new paganism in Germany as something absurd, says Lord Halifax, except that it threatens our own life and the existence of Europe. Nazi philosophy has created a condition where the search for a perfect state has smothered the individual.

Political freedom has gone, churches are closed, no man may speak his mind openly. A whole nation is reduced to standing in solid squares—"heiling" Hitler as a demigod.

Christianity, the very antithesis of Nazism, on the other hand, seeks the perfect individual. There is the conflict, states Lord Halifax. The two ideas cannot live together—that is why we have to fight.

Lord Halifax has no illusions about the ordeal ahead of us. He sums up in these memorable words:

"I am far from thinking that the wounds inflicted on our civilisation need be mortal. But I do think that we are fighting for its life; and, inasmuch as that life finally depends upon the ideals that inspire it, I think we have no choice but to resist and defeat by force the attack to which those ideals—yours as well as mine—are now exposed."

Simply expressed, these are the reasons why we are at war.

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

Their old kit

LOTS of Diggers are passing on kit which they used in the Great War to their sons.

"Too old to go myself," I heard a grey-headed returned soldier wistfully telling a youthful private in the 2nd A.I.F. "But take this to bring you luck." He handed the private the rising sun badge he had set off with 25 years ago.

Scores of the familiar half-circle Australia badges are on duty for a second time, too.

With young Lieut. Ken Jacob, of South Australia, goes a war-scarred leather map case. It was carried by his father, Col. Ross Jacob, throughout the last war—beginning with the Anzac landing at Gallipoli.

The rains came!

THE couple of days' rain which made a temporary break in the New South Wales drought recently caused considerable excitement among the 1200 Light Horsemen in camp at Gostwyck station, Uralla, in the Armidale district.

There were long queues to the telephones, and an endless succession of almost similar conversations . . . "That you, Bill? How much rain? Two inches . . ."

When rain continued next day the camp was almost deserted; there had been so many applications for special leave to go home and move sheep.

Most of the 1200 men in the camp could probably be reckoned among the State's finest horsemen. Gordon and Doug Munro, crack polo players and prominent bloodstock breeders, were troop leaders, Corporal Chapman, of the 24th Regiment, was riding on country which once belonged to his wife's family.

Papuan sidelight

JUST to hand is a copy of "The Papuan Villager," edited by the Government anthropologist in Port Moresby for native readers.

It devotes a couple of pages to the presence of the army, navy and air force in Port Moresby thus:

"None of these things need make you think that the war is coming here. But it is wise to be prepared."

"In many parts of Papua the native people build high fences or 'palisades' around their villages. These are to protect them from the enemy who might come some day."

"The army, navy, and air force are just a kind of palisade."

Prefer brunettes

FROM Palestine comes a note from Gunner Mick Roach, who writes from Tent 13, Headquarters Company, 2nd/3rd Battalion, A.I.F., Palestine.

He announces himself spokesman for 12 machine-gunners, and says: "We are not interested in the local Arab ladies, and all of us have a liking for brunettes with blue eyes, ranging from 18 to 26 years of age, and would much appreciate corres-

Winnie the war winner



"But, major, your hut needed a homely touch."

pondence with Australians answering to the description. We know that many of your charming readers would like to hear about the country we have temporarily adopted."

Only man was the cook

ONLY man in the Women's Emergency Signal Corps Camp held recently at Castle Hill, New South Wales, was the cook.

The camp was run on military lines, but the girls were allowed cosmetics, and their uniforms, green overalls and white blouses, were most attractive.

Morse code was used ingeniously at the camp canteen, where the girl in charge had a receiver over which she took messages from members ordering cigarettes and sweets.

Modern social worker must be a modern

THE idea that only dull girls are good girls and that the attractive, snappy modern girl is not so good because she is bright is something that the modern social worker has to fight against with all her wits, according to Miss Lyra Taylor, the new general secretary of the Y.W.C.A.

Using her wits may consist of wearing sheer silk stockings, the latest fashion modes, learning the art of good make-up, and knowing the latest dance crazes; in fact, the modern social worker must be streamlined and work along streamlined methods.

Recently arrived in Australia from Canada, Miss Taylor has a record which places her among the foremost authorities on social work in this country.

Miss Taylor was born in New Zealand and started her career as a barrister and solicitor. She then went to the United States.

She took her M.A. degree in Social Economics at the John Hopkins University, Baltimore.

She has had fourteen years' experience in field social case work with the Family Welfare Association in America and in Canada, and she has done a post-graduate course in social work with the New York School of Social Work.

Before coming to Sydney Miss Taylor was associate general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Montreal, Canada.

"The modern girl changes every seven years," said Miss Taylor in an interview with *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

"Social work must change, too, in order to keep up with the new conditions it has to work under."

Smartness needed

THE days of the black-stockings, drably-dressed social worker are gone.

"A gay, pretty girl with the right amount of make-up on her face and a sincere heart, can do a lot more good among modern working girls than the other sort, who often does real harm."

"At the age of sixteen to-day the modern girl needs a much better equipment for life and its problems than she required fifteen years ago."

"It is the task of the social worker to show her how and where she can get this equipment; by which I mean a knowledge of how to face the many conflicting issues she will come across, and make wise decisions about them."

"I was asked the other day if I thought the modern girl would be better protected if married men were made to wear wedding rings."

"I replied that the modern girl should be provided with an education that would make it unnecessary for her to receive this sort of protection."

"This, of course, is the task of social work: to help people to become adapted to society and to work for improvements in society."

The linking of virtue with dullness is a hangover from early Victorian morality, according to Miss Taylor.

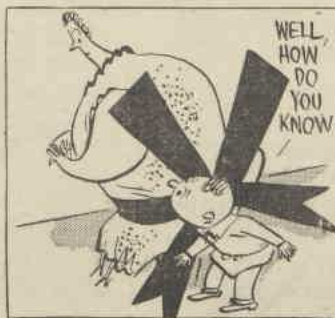
"There is no real connection between being good and being dull," she said. "Except that most of the time the bright things are done by irresponsible people."

"But the reason for this is because the better people are either too busy, too shy, or they are afraid of what people will say."

"It is part of the modern social worker's task to show that to be up to date, snappy and bright you do not necessarily have to be irresponsible."

"I think the Australian girl is particularly ready for an outlook of this kind. At our Open House recently we staged a fashion parade, modern dancing, fitness displays, and the hall was packed."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



Deadly Daniel McGrew, the Diabolical Dentist!



Pathetic story of a genius who came to a sad end

There once was a dentist called Daniel McGrew, and he grew and he grew and he grew and he grew.

Anyway, he was no relation whatever to Dangerous Dan McGrew. To me he was simply Deadly Dan McGrew, the Diabolical Dentist.

As a small boy I liked reciting that one about Dangerous Dan McGrew. Especially the part where you say "For one of you is a hound of hell! And that man is Dan McGrew!"

Being able to say "hound of hell" out loud was as good as a week's holiday to me.

But we were speaking of dentists, I think. I shall have to tread softly here. I am at present having some teeth filled. A boring business.

This dentist I started to tell you about was no ordinary dentist. He was not one of those dentists who bored holes in your teeth, plugged them up with clay, told you it was a temporary filling and to come back next week and he'd do it all over again.

It was strange how I came to meet this dentist.

The Editor was a bit annoyed with me one day. Well, he's annoyed with me every day, but this was a very bad case, and chancing to meet this McGrew, the dentist, I asked him if he could concoct me a love-philtre

By
L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

which I could slip into the Boss' morning tea and make him a pal for life instead of a raging hyena. Cocaine, or something like that.

I should never have spoken to that dentist. He looked at me with eyes like a dead cobra and said, "You have two defective bicusplids."

Up till then I had always thought that a bicusplid was a two-handled spittoon or cuspidor as we say in the States.

"You should have them attended to," he went on. "I might be able to save the right molar for you, but the one on the left will have to come out, I'm afraid."

"YOU'RE afraid!" I said. "It's me that's afraid."

"Do you know that bad teeth can so affect your health that they can wreck your whole life? If you don't have those teeth attended to you'll probably finish up as a leprous, raving lunatic in some foul gutter."

I went home and told my wife about this and she said the dentist was quite right.

She said that if I had looked after my teeth with the same thoroughness with which I studied racehorses we could have had a car by now.

I don't know what my teeth have got to do with racehorses and motor cars, but that's women for you.

Anyhow, I made an appointment with McGrew.

The tragedy of it

HAVING had some previous experience of doctors' and dentists' waiting-rooms, I brought along my own magazines, a packet of sandwiches, and a thermos flask.

I didn't know that this man was a magician. But I had been waiting only half an hour when his lady assistant opened a door and said, "Mr. Lower?"

Sweat broke out on my face. But — "Just step inside, please," she said. And I was in.

"Hail!" said the dentist. "Sit down in that chair and make yourself comfortable, old man. Head back. That's it. Open wide. Hm!"

"Any bleeding from the gums?" I said that I hadn't been bleeding from the gums and he looked so disappointed that I wished I could start bleeding from the gums straight away.

I'm too soft-hearted, that's the trouble with me."

He then got some kind of chisel and started knocking chips off one of my good teeth. My best tooth, as a matter of fact.

"Yes," he said, "I think we might be able to save that one for you. The phenodrochical solution, nurse."

It was then that I should have telephoned for the police.

But, as I said before, this dentist was a magician.

I just cowered in the chair. Me! — Lasher Lower! The Terror of the Tropics!

Following which this McGrew did everything to me except give me a haircut and shave.

As I tried to stagger out of the place, the nurse handed me a card.

"What's that for?" I feebly moaned.

"Next Thursday at eleven-thirty," she replied brightly.

"That dentist did everything to me except give me a haircut and shave."

And this is where the magic comes in, I went, although I swore by all my ancestors that next Thursday would find me in Madagascar, where I believe they hunt dentists with bows and arrows.

I suppose you want to know what happened to McGrew at the end.

Rather dramatic it was. Pathetic also.

A patient with the hiccups coughed a pair of forceps into the right eye of McGrew and they came out just below the left ear.

Only a young man, too. On the surface, it seems a pity, but it's O.K. with me.

Why is Mother often Mistaken for Daughter

Embarrassing — but she's pleasantly embarrassed to be mistaken for her daughter. And it's not surprising for her complexion is flawless — her figure still neat and trim — and she walks with youthful assurance.

Her secret is a simple one. She knows what all other women should know — that Bile Beans taken regularly ensure perfect digestion, tone up the system and daily remove all food residue — the sure way of keeping healthy, happy and young.

Every woman who wants to take years off her age and improve her health and looks should take Bile Beans.



"Since taking Bile Beans my figure is greatly improved and I feel as fresh and as young as any of my daughters. I now wake up on a morning feeling rejuvenated. One of my girls, who sits all day at her work, was worried about putting on weight. She's a stone lighter since taking Bile Beans." — Mrs. R. E. G.

"I decided to try Bile Beans and from the beginning noticed how my health and figure improved. I now look ten years younger and feel a new lease of life has been given me." — Mrs. H. L. F.

BILE BEANS

Make You Look and Feel Years Younger



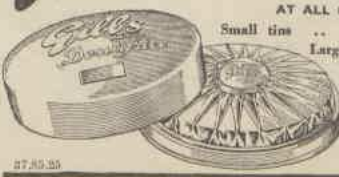
Whatever your age, NOW is the time to use Gibbs Dentifrice, the most popular tooth cleanser for children and adults alike. Gibbs fragrant, antiseptic foam penetrates, searches, cleans, polishes — so gently that there is no risk to delicate enamel. The teeth are left sparkling white, the mouth toned up and refreshed. Gibbs Dentifrice is economical too — lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth-cleaning preparations.

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES
DEFEND THEM WITH

CHANGE
TO GIBBS
TO-DAY

Gibbs Dentifrice

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
Small tins .. 1/- Large tins .. 1/6
Large refills .. 1/3
Write your name on your own tin!





HOW AND WHERE TO GET YOUR GIFTS

At the Vita-Brits Gift Showroom in your City (see addresses on right) all the gifts are clearly displayed and marked with their exchange values for the Vita-Brits Gift Seals described below. By bringing the necessary number of Gift Seals to your local Showroom you can take immediate delivery of the gift you prefer.

SAVE THE SEALS FROM THE PACKET FLAPS. . . . These are printed on the end flaps of Vita-Brits packets. Large packets (24 ozs.) carry a large Seal. Small packets (12 ozs.) carry a small Seal. In exchange values for Gifts, three small seals equal one large seal.

IF YOU LIVE OUT OF TOWN you can have your Gift forwarded to you by sending in the necessary Gift Seals to your local Showroom together with (1) Your name and address; (2) Detail of Gift you prefer; (3) Necessary postage and packing charge.

LIST OF GIFTS At the right are some examples of the hundreds of Gifts which Vita-Brits offer. On application to your local Showroom a full list will be sent you.

SYDNEY: Vita-Brits Showrooms, 263 Castlereagh Street (opposite Mark Foy's), Sydney.
NEWCASTLE: The Coupon Gift Centre, Hunter Street, (opposite Civic Station), Newcastle.
CESSNOCK: The Coupon Gift Centre, Vincent Street, Cessnock.
WOLLONGONG: The Coupon Gift Centre, Crown Street, Wollongong.
LITHGOW: The Coupon Gift Centre, Main Street, Lithgow.
MELBOURNE: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 123 Swanston Street, Melbourne (in Basement of Robur Tearooms). Box 2796Y, G.P.O.
PERTH: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 361 Murray Street, Perth.
HOBART: Cereal Gift Showrooms, Clebourne House, Arcade, 51 Murray Street, Hobart.
LAUNCESTON: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 58 George Street, Launceston.

TEA TOWEL — All Irish Linen. Save 15 large or 45 small seals. Postage & packing 3d.



PILLOWSLIP — High quality, plain border. Save 14 large or 42 small seals. Postage and packing 3d.



TABLE KNIFE — Stainless steel — firm handles. Save 20 large or 60 small seals. Postage & packing 3d.



BATH TOWEL — Quick drying — bright patterns. Save 24 large or 72 small seals. Postage & packing 6d.



TEASPOONS — Six E.P.N.S. A.I. Teaspoons. Save 60 large or 180 small seals. Postage & packing 6d.



SAUCEPAN — 2½ pint strong aluminium. Save 30 large or 90 small seals. Postage & packing 1/3.



BILLY — Strong Aluminium, secure handle. Save 30 large or 90 small seals. Postage & packing 1/3.



BREAD KNIFE — Stainless steel with serrated edge. Save 18 large or 54 small seals. Postage & packing 3d.

VITA-BRITS

THIS IS THE SEAL

You will find this seal on the end flap of every packet of Vita-Brits. Start saving your seals now!



FASHION PORTFOLIO

April 6, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

DRAPERY... as Lelong braids it

Cunningly interwoven bodices
top mile-wide skirts . . .

● In tender, light-hearted mood, rosy-dawn pink marquisette with softly folded bodice and Winterhalter neckline. (Left.)

● Drama in exotic Legion-red jersey with "bound up" bodice line to accent the fullness of the skirt. (Right.)



● Imperial purple chiffon with top swathed like the frock of an Eastern princess, and a hugely full skirt.

● Creamy satin dinner frock with cleverly-pleated top and sleeves, and plain, slightly flared skirt.

● Final flourish for sunbans—pagan-white gown with circular skirt and bodice draped with studied nonchalance. (Top right.)

Renner

Softer Hair-lines favored



Sea Frolic

Sydney's socialite hair stylist, Miss Nuttie Mackellar, believes that beautiful women look loveliest when their head-dress is soft and feminine. So was born the truly glamorous SEA FROLIC—to enhance the blonde beauty of Viennese actress, Katrin Roselle.

Its secret is "DAMP-SET"

"There is one important hint I can pass on—'Damp-setting' is the perfect way to keep the tumbling waves and elaborate curl tendrils in place without any of that un-natural, greasy or 'stiff' look which is so fatal to the modern soft hair style.

"In using VELMOL to make Miss Roselle's fair hair more pliant, glossy, and wave-holding, its natural softness was brought out to its full glamour."

Nuttie Mackellar.

Whether your own style is a soft rippling wave, long bob or elaborate curl-cluster like "Sea Frolic," a weekly Velmol "damp-set" will keep it in silky precision. No need to lose that costly set

so soon. No more need to bunch it under nets. Spend just 2/- today—for a bottle of Velmol—at your chemist or toilet counter. Leading hair-stylists now use and recommend Velmol "damp-sets."

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair.)



From New York

A Chanel model. This designer has done much to popularise the strapless vogue for evening, and here is a lovely full-skirted style in heavy silk, in

a gloriously merged color-effect of green and white. Matching elbow-length gloves enhance the sophisticated charm.



Mainbocher

Natural color photograph of Mainbocher's favorite style for formal autumn evenings. In an era of streamlined sophistication this designer achieves fashion drama with

this romantic model. The strapless, heart-shaped bodice is in black silk velvet, and the wide-spreading skirt of filmy black net is embossed with clusters of white flowers.

SKETCHES BY PETROV

LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

Airmailed from London by MARY ST. CLAIRE



● REMEMBER the tiny chenille pom-poms that used to decorate the edge of grandma's over-mantel? To-day, in gay colors, they are being used for madame's hat, all bunched together to form a crown, made into a band round the crown instead of ribbon, or bobbing along the edge of the brim. (1)

● FLAT POCHETTES with zip fastenings made of the material of one's ensemble are considered very chic for day and evening. The brocades and velvets of the evening are decorated with brillante monograms, while daytime tweeds and broadcloths are initialled with plain gold and silver letters. (2)

● INTEREST centres in the backs of many of the newest suit jackets. Quite plain in front, such jackets are often decorated at the back with strips of embroidery, gold braiding, quilting or with unusual panels and pleats. Some of them are even ornamentally laced up with velvet ribbon or silk cord from hem to collar. (3)

● UNUSUAL FASTENINGS are a feature of the newest shoes, which are almost invariably in black or navy suede. A patent leather pattern applied on to the shoe, ending with a cross strap on the instep and neat buckles on each side of the foot is one new idea. (4). Another innovation is a plain wrapper with four buttons and buttonholes—Edwardian fashion (5)—and yet another is the lace-up between frills of velvet that are continuations of a velvet frill round the top of the shoe. (6)



● RUCHED TULLE is the newest material for evening wraps. These frilly three-quarter capes of rows of ruched tulle are marvellously becoming and unexpectedly warm. They frame the face like a pierrette's ruff and yet sit on the shoulders more lightly than swansdown. It takes a hundred yards of tulle to make one of these capes. (7)

● LIGHT BROWN CAMEL HAIR is still very popular for country coats. All the newest models have hoods which are lined with bright angora material with matching angora belt about six inches wide, and gloves with elbow-high gauntlets and only separate thumbs, like baby gloves. Colors are sky, purple, scarlet and moss-green. (8)

The lipstick that really Stays on



Eating



Smoking

Swimming

Kissing

pond's INDELIBLE lipstick

Tired of lipstick smears all over the edge of your cup, all over the tip of your cigarettes, all over your boy friend's handkerchiefs? Then try Pond's Indelible Lipstick, the lipstick that really stays on, whether you eat, smoke, swim or kiss. Pond's Indelible Lipstick is never greasy or drying on your lips. It has a satiny-smooth yet firm texture. It is natural looking and

constant in colour. Pond's lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich colour in the bright sunlight, or under the glare of electric light. That's why Pond's Indelible Lipstick looks as lovely on your lips by night as it is by day . . . and see for yourself how well it stays on! Six smart shades . . . and the price is only 2/- and 1/- at all chemists and stores.

Day and night use

pond's INDELIBLE lipstick



The new autumn house coats are luxurious . . . AND LUXABLE

Glamorous house coats — for free gazing, for hostessing — for all your casual moments! Not extravagant, because you can Lux them as often as you like! Safe, gentle Lux will keep them always fresh, soft-textured, colourful as new! For all your lovely things — use Lux!

If it's safe in water... it's safe in LUX!

A LEVER PRODUCT

Fashion

PATTERNS

F1879.—Afternoon style with shirred bodice and front skirt fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1880.—New long-torso line with modified version of the bustle. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1881.—Distinctive evening gown featuring back fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F1882.—Hooded evening coat with full skirt and tiny waist. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1883.—New pyjama suit with "little boy" jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1884.—Flattering new style for matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and 1½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1885.—Attractive hooded jacket for midwinter. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/—.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State also required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



Special Concession Pattern

THREE versatile new coats. Sizes: 32, 34, and 36-inch bust.

No. 1. Requires: 2½yds. to 3 yds., 54ins. wide.

No. 2. Requires: 2½yds. to 3½yds., 54ins. wide.

No. 3. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide.

CONCESSION COUPON

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

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STREET

SUBURB

TOWN

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SIZE

Pattern Coupon 6/4/40.

**DARK HAIR is always
loveliest after**

You cannot know how truly lovely your hair can be until you have used this amazing shampoo. Try it tonight! Its secret ingredients beautify your hair, give it the sparkling gloss of lights on satin. Your hair becomes beautiful, healthy and alive. You will see the look of amazement on the face of your sweetheart once you become a "Brunite".

**BRUNITEX
Soapless
SHAMPOO**

Powerful Skin Remedy Discovered

Dries up Eczema, Barbers' Itch, and All Skin Eruptions in a Few Days.

This wonderful surgeon's prescription, now known all over the world as Moone's Emerald Oil, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that the itching of eczema stops with one application. A few applications and the most persistent case of Eczema is healed never to return.

Moone's Emerald Oil in the original bottle is dispensed by chemists. It is not a patent medicine, but a wonderful prescription of a practising surgeon, and is safe and pleasant to use.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

**ARIANS are sometimes
rash, frequently impulsive;
but they are always courageous.**

ARIES people—those with birthdays between March 21 and April 21—are not easy to manage or to understand.

They cause their associates a good many heartaches and worries, but at the same time they bring excitement and surprises into their lives.

Aries people are individual. They lead well, but follow poorly. They pioneer instead of following monotonous, routine paths. They take foolish risks, but are always brave.

Even the small percentage who seem modest and diffident can display a good deal of courage when the need arises.

They are found shouldering responsibilities which others hesitate to accept. They give an air of independence and supposed well-being to the world in general, and

particularly to those who are tempted to pity them. They are foolishly defiant in defence of their own self-pride, and rashly abrupt to those who proffer help.

From this it will be appreciated that Aries-born babies must be trained patiently and methodically. First and foremost, they must be taught self-control, for it is on the strength (or weakness) of this characteristic that the majority of those belonging to this powerful sign of the zodiac rise or fall.

And, because they are ambitious, most of their joys and sorrows also depend on this weakness.

Another lesson Arians must learn is consideration for other people. They are inclined to see only that which they wish to see, and their wishes usually follow their own preferences.

Their tendency to overlook the troubles of others, through a dislike of the sordid, worrisome, or



SHAKESPEAREAN COMEDIES and dramas are being presented in a revival season at the Minerva Theatre. In "Twelfth Night," the first of the series, Aileen Britton, shown above, plays the role of Countess Olivia.

ALL IT Needs IS ...

AMA-KI SAUCE

TASTY, golden-brown sausages... served with fresh green peas and potatoes—a dish to make any man feel hungry, and a dish asking for only one thing more—the delightful flavour of Ama-ki Sauce.

Ama-ki has a flavour quite unlike any other you've ever tasted... a flavour that's distinctive, wholesome, and deliciously appetising.

Give yourself a new taste-treat and buy a bottle of Ama-ki Sauce from your grocer to-day!



Mix 1 large teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon Ama-ki Sauce, 2 tablespoons vinegar together, and add 12 cups boiling water, with salt and pepper to taste; place 1½ lbs. sausages in a dish, slice an onion on top, and pour on the mixture. Bake slowly for about 1½ minutes and serve.

AMA-KI SAUCE
The Nicest Sauce You've Ever Tasted

dull, can turn them into selfish fighters for dominance.

However, once the sympathy or interest of an Arian is enlisted, he will fight loyally and courageously on your side, whether by way of argument, hard work, or fistcliffs. These people should therefore learn that life is made up of give and take, and that they will get back from life and their associates just what they give.

Keep Arians busy and interested and they will be happy. Inactive and restricted Arians expect and achieve failure.

Keep them surrounded by movement, excitement, and gay colorings and cheerful people, and they will develop enthusiasm, courage, enterprise and energy which will lead to achievements and happiness.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Prepare for battle, for on April 6 (night), 7 and 8 (all day) you can build up your prestige and position, and gain in many other fields. Avoid aggression and over-confidence, but be keen, optimistic, hard-working, and constructive.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): April 9 and 10 just fair. Plan ahead.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 23): Lively Geminians can turn April 11 (night only), 12, and 13 to very fair account by diligence, concentration and wit.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): No matter how attractive your affairs may seem just now, eye them with suspicion. Difficulties, upsets, and delays are likely to affect changes and new ventures at this time. Be particularly cautious on April 6 (night), 7 and 8. Live quietly then.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Opportunity should knock at the door of many Leonians at this time, so don't go to sleep on your job. Don't wait for fortune to visit you. Seek her. Reconstruct your affairs, ask favors, make changes, seek advancement; April 6 (night), 7 and 8 best.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Unspectacular just now; but plan ahead.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): "Yours not to reason why" just now. Take orders and do your best. Otherwise trouble will catch you and bring losses, partings, opposition, and other troubles, especially on April 6 (after 6 p.m.), 7, and 8.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Get all important matters under control. Future starry radiations can upset your calculations. April 9, 10, and 11 (to dusk), mildly fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Your stars are out to help you. Go after the things you want, and stabilise gains already made. Make the most of fortunate radiations operating on April 6 (after 6 p.m.), 7, and 8.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Stormy times now, but good times ahead. Live quietly, avoiding changes and upsets, and plan for the near future. Avoid discord and worry on April 6 (date), 7, and 8.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Quite fair on April 11 (date), 12, and 13.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Just a week of days for you, April 6 best.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing, Choking Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no stonings. All you do is take two tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, acting nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

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The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. In no time at all Mendaco may easily make you feel years younger and stronger. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

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Third Floor.



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with calf.
Brown or navy.



"Wanderer"
seam-to-toe
oxford. Black,
brown, navy



Here are your Shoes
for a smart Autumn

TOWN STROLLERS, the famous shoes that are only at Farmer's. The shoes that combine the greatest of comfort in action with a poised beauty that conceals many stout features. For example, "Town Strollers" are fully leather lined and have flexible light-weight vuld't soles. Heels are tailored low for smart relaxation, and brand-new tonings are featured in free-and-easy calfs and winter-proof suedes. In half sizes, 2-7½. All this costs you no more than a modest **15'9**

On the Third Floor.



Right: Tailored knitted coat with action back. Navy, nigger, black. SW to W, 25/- OS priced at 27/6.

Centre: Belted coat with convertible collar. In four pastel tones. SW, W, 23/6. OS, 25/-

Above: Brush wool cardigan. Hosts of newest lovely colours. SW, W, 22/6. OS, 23/6.



Knitwear

Coats and Cardigans for
windy weather out-doors

No more bunched silhouettes when you slip into warm woollies—Farmer's new knitteds are tailored to fit you trimly. Slim little knitted coats and cardigans so closely and cosily buttoned and belted that they look just like jackets. Wear them with slacks or skirts, over your blouses or your lightweight jumpers—they are priceless additions to your sports outfits, and yet prices are to be within everyone's purse.

Sportswear Salon, Second Floor.



Fashion emphasises

WOOL LACE

This impending season, when fashion and vogue puts such emphasis on woollen fabrics, you'll learn to love the pretty practicalness of wool lace. It's woven into the daintiest designs, made beautiful for evening gowns, dinner gowns, for coats and suits or blouses. In black, navy, royal, cedar, nigger, grey, beige and sage is priced, 10/6 per yard.

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SNOWY PIQUE makes frosty accents for your dark Autumn frocks. Demure "little-girl" collar, 2/11. Crisp, ice-white bow in plain pique, are only 2/6 each.

Ground Floor



Stop "nose-shine" and make-up "flake"

NEARLY everyone occasionally has temporary blemishes like freckles, pimples, dark circles under eyes, and screen stars are no exception. Take a tip from those who know. Get some COVERSPOOT and apply like a face cream and you can face the strongest light without embarrassment. COVERSPOOT remains pliant and does not easily rub off. COVERSPOOT is ideal as an all-over make-up—gives unexcelled evenness and makes powder cling hours longer. Stops "nose-shine" and make-up "flake." Prevents windburn, too, if applied before spending a day outdoors. Get some from your chemist or store to-day or write TASHA COSMETICS PTY., LTD., Box 4111X G.P.O., Sydney. Purse Size, 1/6; Economy Jar, 2/6 Four shades

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CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

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Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "VANIX." Firstly obtain a bottle of "VANIX," and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the "VANIX" penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair sheath. Finally the devastating effect of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. "VANIX" is a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., and is obtainable at 5/6 a bottle (posted 5/10) from Hulton Pty. Ltd., 115 George St., Sydney, and all 15 branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Lill Collins St., Melb.; The Nyer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; and Hicks, Chemists, 144, 57 and 328 Rundle St., Adelaide.

Four corners of our world in arms

Marching Diggers came from all parts of the Continent

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

If every man in the next batch of the 2nd A.I.F. to go overseas wrote down his address the map of Australia would be practically complete in place names.

This is the thought that struck me as I watched the men surging along in the march through Sydney.

THE men, who have been in camp at Ingleburn for the last three months, come from as far north as Cape York and the Diamantina River and as far south as Hobart, from remote corners of W.A., Victorian mountain districts, north-west N.S.W., and Alice Springs.

The whole 8000 of them are the "perfect Australian type," but you can pick out the northern Queenslander.

If he's over six feet two—usually 6 feet four or six—very lean, sun-burnt, quiet-voiced, he's from the far north.

Round about six feet two or a bit less, and not quite so lean, he's from south Queensland (cityites, the far north men call them), or from out-back N.S.W.

The Victorians and Tasmanians are shorter, and you can pick out most of the Tasmanians by their wide, blue eyes and fair complexions.

For many of the men this three months in camp is the longest they have ever "stayed put" in the one place.

They have been wanderers ever since they were old enough to leave home, and can tell you yarns about every corner of the country and every kind of job a man can do.

Though there are enough handsome men among them to start a new Hollywood, very few of them are married.

But several of them are getting worried about the extent of their correspondence.

There are often girls' names and addresses tucked inside socks given



MEN from the remotest corners of Australia, thousands of miles apart, march shoulder to shoulder in the second batch of the 2nd A.I.F.



PRIVATE HERBERT HENRY, mechanic with the machine-guns, wears his heart on his arm. He had his wife's name, Jeanne, tattooed nine years ago when they first met, and had a new one added as a remembrance to take overseas.



WHEN Miss Doreen Wrighton, of Port Pirie, S.A., came to Sydney recently she and Private C. R. Hocking, also of Port Pirie, announced their engagement. They were on their way to buy the engagement ring when this picture was taken.

out in the camp, and some of the men who have never had any girl friends are now corresponding with half a dozen.

But their large brown hands find letter-writing a tremendous labor. They've usually spent their money

as fast as they earn it, but they make fine soldiers and often a roving spirit with no possessions and no money beyond

his soldier's pay gives orders to a private who has left thousands of pounds' worth of sheep and cattle behind on his station property.

Lofty Cox is 6ft. 2in., and comes from the Diamantina River. He has been a stockman mostly, and has spent months of his life with no one to talk to, so he doesn't talk much.

His friends allege he'd never met any girls till he came to Sydney, but Lofty's smile must have won him a whole gallery of feminine admirers already.

Jo McAllister is a paymaster. He started to move when he left his home in Brunswick, Victoria, at the age of 13, and has been on the move ever since.

"I've knocked around Australia, and had a glorious time, but I like Queensland best, and Sydney's the gayest town," he said.

Jo was mining silver-lead at Mt. Isa, 130 miles from the Northern Territory, when he enlisted.

Sergeant Tickell-Whyte, Olympic Games champion runner in 1928 and 1930, has worked as a writer, a jackaroo, and in countless other jobs. Apart from his Olympic triumphs he once held up the Melbourne-Sydney express for 20 minutes while he finished saying good-bye to his friends.

Leon and tanned

HE is taking away with him a silver beer mug given to him by the Melbourne Harriers, inscribed, "Good luck, and safe return."

Sergeant Bill Hill looks like a Queenslander because he is 6ft. 2in., lean, and tanned.

Actually he's an Englishman from Berkshire, was in the British Army for a few years, started moving round nine years ago, has already visited the places in Palestine where the A.I.F. is stationed.

He has spent three years roaming round Australia, and is a freelance

writer. Unlike most of the rovers, however, Bill stayed put long enough to fall in love with a Brisbane girl whom he married not long ago.

His company is very proud of young Arthur Hoad, not only because he's one of the tallest men in the A.I.F.—he's six feet four—but because he enlisted as a private, though his father is a colonel, and influence might have launched Arthur with a commission.

Best brass band

HE is twenty-two, worked on a station at Hughenden, Queensland, until he joined up with the first batch from the State.

The South Australian battalion is justifiably proud of the fact that it has provided the camp with the biggest, and they claim, best brass band, and with Linky, the Abbatian, who is an enlisted member of the A.I.F.

There are farmers and miners and city business men, sun-wrinkled men from Alice Springs and the dry north, several aborigines and Chinese in this battalion.

Another battalion included W. C. Wiley, a miner from Queensland; Tasmania; A. E. Franks, a Cairns house painter; Lofty Cox, the Diamantina stockman; N. W. Jones, who grows "spuds and oats" in the Tasmanian midlands; C. Scales, a soap salesman from Townsville; A. J. Snooks ("yes, that's really my name. I don't mind if you laugh"), who was a road engineer in Hobart; stocky, black-eyed Darke Lyall, miner from West Mt. Lyell; G. L. G. ("Dulele") Hooper, a cane miller from Art. North Queensland; and "Gunga Din" Smith, a shearer from Blackall, Central Queensland.

Some of the Victorian and Tasmanian companies are friendly enemies and keep up a lively cross-fire of derogatory remarks about each other's home State.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CONSTIPATION AND HARSH LAXATIVES!



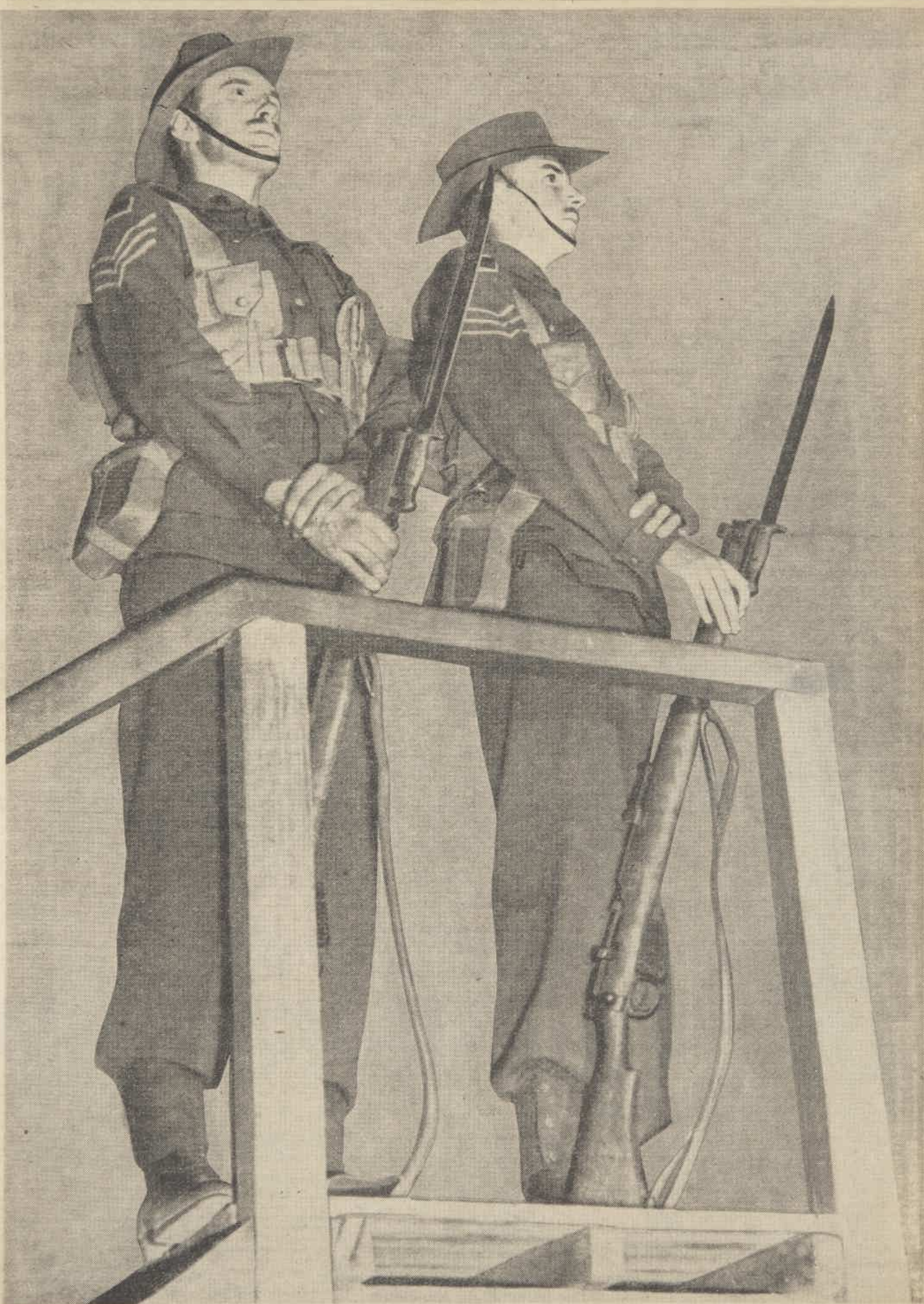
The reason so many people find common constipation hard to get rid of, even though they take the strongest laxatives, is that they are too often unaware of what is making them constipated!

Common constipation is the result of living on foods which are deficient in "bulk." Most of our modern staples—meat, fish, eggs, white bread, potatoes, milk—lack "bulk." These get so completely absorbed by

the system that the residue they form is not enough to make the bowels move. You must get enough "bulk" into your diet to make your bowel muscles act of their own accord. You can easily do this by eating Kellogg's All-Bran. Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft, bulky mass that the bowel muscles find easy to "take hold of." Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination.

Start eating All-Bran and soon you'll forget what it is to be constipated. You won't need harsh laxatives. So get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran to-day.





• CORNSTALKS OF THE A.I.F. In the A.I.F. march tall, sunbronzed Queenslanders sweeping by drew applause from the crowd. Sergeant Bill Hill (left) and Sergeant Arthur Hoad are tall men in a tall battalion. Bill Hill is six feet two, and Arthur Hoad six feet four. Hundreds of lean Queenslanders in the A.I.F. are over six feet. Our photographer got this picture of the sergeants at Ingleburn before the men left for the city for the march past.

TO BLONDES WHO SHAMPOO THEIR OWN HAIR

Try
Sta-blond
next time you
wash your hair—
see the difference

You will be amazed at the results. If your fair hair has gone brownish—mousy—Sta-blond will make it 2 to 4 shades lighter at once. It will bring back that lovely "lighter" colour and with it will come back lost charm, fascination and beauty. Sta-blond prevents natural fair hair from darkening. You need never sacrifice that outstanding personality which belongs to the blonde. Always keep your hair sparkling and lustrous with Sta-blond. No injurious dyes or bleaches in Sta-blond. It acts safely—naturally. And its precious Vioil nourishes roots and prevents dandruff. Get Sta-blond to-day—each packet enough for 2 shampoos.

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85 Chifft St., Richmond, Melbourne.

Betty's "racey" narratives

Canterbury Club is the first to
give full membership to the ladies

By BETTY GEE

The Canterbury Park Turf Club, otherwise known as the ladies' racing club, will race this Saturday on its new course.

It is called the ladies' club because it is the only one in Australia which offers membership to our sex.

All other race-clubs are, for some antiquated reason, exclusive to males.

"The wretches, why don't they let us in?" Maisie demands.

It is a matter for profound joy, for her, that Canterbury Club has broken bounds. The custom with other sporting concerns is to admit men as members and our sex remains dependent upon them for the privilege of ladies' members' tickets.

"Just one way of maintaining their supposed sex superiority," says Maisie, and perhaps she is right.

But at Canterbury you join up yourself, and lo and behold you can twiddle your fingers at them. I suppose some day every club will follow Canterbury's example.

The annual membership fee is £1/11/6. The men pay £3/3/. Already there are nearly 100 lady members of the club for the opening on Saturday.

A funny thing might happen about this ladies' membership. I have become a member.

What if I marry a wealthy man already a member?

What will he do with his surplus ladies' tickets?

Maisie says, I'll see to that, and perhaps she is right.

Secretary Harrie Evans and committee-man Reg Bartley conceived this idea for preserving the individuality of keen racing women in offering them membership privileges.

Reg Bartley was never a keen racing man.

He has never made a bet on a horse. But he knows the human side of racing, and the business side. You mark my words, he will carry Canterbury a long way towards making it the Caulfield of Sydney.

The new course is a thing of joy and of beauty forever. It has been remodelled to provide another furlong and a half.

In some curious way the back of the course is cut up above the home stretch, presenting a panorama which only two other courses had or have.

One is Onkaparinga in South Australia, where the steeplechasers in the £2400 Great Eastern race up

"Good Book" may not
be good for "books"

THERE has been some fun among the punters and bookmakers in pronouncing Beaulivre's name. Maisie nearly died when she heard a bookmaker calling it "Beauliver." She said "Everybody knows it's Beau-livry. I don't know how they could be so silly."

The owner says it's Beau Leev—good book in French, and very apt, too. Its breeding is Beau Pere—Passbook. Beaulivre is a fine-looking horse and Dicky says he is one of the best that ever came from New Zealand.

Just fancy, he hadn't had a run for months, yet he flew ahead of his field in the Doncaster, running a good second to Mildura.

A shrewd racing man said to me after the race, "If that fellow had had a race or two to bring him into hard condition he would have won by a street."



Betty selects Beaulivre as the best bet at Canterbury.

hopped the barriers on to the course on race day and beat the field home in a Flying Handicap.

Would they give the stake to the 'roo?

He said they were kept locked up on race days, and it's just as well because I saw one take the course proper, rails and all, in two bounds the day I was visiting.

All the rest of the time they have the freedom of the course, and, believe me, their speed would put some of the horses we back to utter shame.

The reopening carnival is spread over two days—this Saturday and Sunday, April 20.

This Saturday's big race is the 8-furlong Clissold Stakes, named after Fred Clissold, who founded the course 70 years ago. It is worth £800.

I think Beaulivre will go for this. Beaulivre won 11 races straight in N.Z., and his owner is looking for something to pay the exs. of his Australian trip after a second and third in two starts at Randwick Autumn Carnival. Well, here it is.

He is a smart, good three-year-old, and will make his mark on the Turf in Australia.

The Cup, worth £850, isn't run until April 20. If there are any doubles out your way, take Beaulivre and Gold Sparh.

The club has spread prizemoney over the programme with a lavish hand. There is a Quality Handicap for two-year-olds worth £450 on Saturday from the new 71 furlong barrier. We'll get the rent out of Tidal Wave in this race.

Another big prize is the Turf Club Handicap, worth £400, and I have the whisper that All Set is all set for this.

On the authority of the Head Waiver Parkoola has been bottled up for the Progressive Stakes. Lucullus Lad is the selection for the Campaign Handicap.

a hill at the back of the course. It is a wonderful sight to see a field of salins in close competitive formation mounting that hill in a grand steeple contest.

Casting up the back of the course means that it brings the race into so much better perspective.

The horses seem to be under your very nose.

Better view

THE other course where this was done was Randwick, when steepers ran over the hill at the back of the course. It was a fine sight. But, alas, steeping died in Sydney.

Ellerslie, in N.Z., they tell me, is of a similar nature. I'm dying to see it.

Canterbury course has another novelty.

The course has been put 80 yards forward so that the public sits back and takes its racing nourishment at a distance which does not dazzle the eyes.

You are not sitting right on a fence with finishes flashing past you, and making you dizzy and cross-eyed to follow them.

It gives you a right perspective of your racing, and I am looking forward to seeing it.

A person might be able to pick winners more easily that way.

By the way, Canterbury has a sort of zoo in the caretaker's homestead. Angora goats, wallabies, kangaroos, and exotic birds abound.

The kangaroos are huge fellows who sweep along the course at lightning speed.

I asked Mr. Harrie Evans one day what would happen if they



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quicker, more complete and more lasting relief of period pain that
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MYZONE's marvellous active (anti-spasm) compound
bring you blessed comfort, and a pleasant, quick, complete
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next "pain." Notice how there is
no doping effect.

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"It's remarkable how MYZONE
banishes that languid, depend-
ent feeling! It is science's
greatest gift to women!"



MOLLY RAMSAY, who plays the name part in "Alice in Wonderland," being broadcast from Station 2GB.

Famous fantasy goes on the air

Keeping the delightful spirit of Lewis Carroll's immortal classic

"Alice in Wonderland"—that charming classic beloved by children—has been made into a radio serial.

It will be heard every Tuesday from 2GB at 6.45 p.m., beginning on April 2, and closely follows the original Lewis Carroll work.

ALL the quaint characters whose sayings have been quoted and requested for many years will appear as radio entertainment.

The Mad Tea Party, the Pig Baby, the Cheshire Cat, and all the delightful verse that made Alice famous will be introduced in this excellent serial.

This production is of particular interest as it is the first time that an Australian radio feature has been made for world-wide release.

Special sets of recordings have been despatched to the various dominions, extending from New Zealand through India to South Africa. Already the programme has been released in Singapore. Later it will be heard in the British Isles and the United States.

A number of pitfalls in the adaptation for radio were encountered. It is well known that some of the most delightful passages in Carroll's book are reflected in the many pages of quaint narrative, but these are completely devoid of action.

Then again it had to be realised that the humor of the original writing might be lost on present-day audiences.

Therefore, these particular situations and scenes had to be slightly recast and rewritten to create "A Radio Fantasy" in the fullest sense.

Wise care and a keen understanding of modern adaptation technique have been responsible for retaining the true qualities of the fantasy.

Another problem, of course, which first faced the producers was the introduction to radio of the famous Lewis Carroll characters.

Having read the book, the reader made his own mind-picture of the characters and strange animals that move through the story.

On the stage they were re-created as living people so that an audience could see these characters instead of having to picture them as a mind's-eye creation.

Many problems

SOME years ago Hollywood decided to produce the great work, and had to solve many problems in adapting it to the new and more elaborate technique of the screen.

Radio presented a number of difficulties, for the characters had to be "created" in sound only.

After much care and consideration of the peculiarities of radio, an outstanding cast of players was selected, and through a complete understanding of the technique of the microphone, the result is a version that compares more than favorably with the best that has been produced.

Twenty-eight main characters had to be chosen. The coveted role of Alice, after some weeks of auditions, went to Molly Ramsay, and other well-known artists play the following parts:

The White Rabbit (Charles Mc-

Soldier's poem on taxation

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

THE present war has been the cause of many "from somewhere in somewhere" epistles, but the Judges on a Wimbledon Bench were quite amused when the following came from a soldier "somewhere in Aldershot," who was charged with evading payment of income tax.

Dear Mr. Magistrate, your summons is blue,
Gives me such a headache
and a loss that I rue.
But if with this effort the war it will win,
Then I do not regret it, I'll pay with a grin.
And I hope you'll accept it,
this bob that I add,
It's for you to wet it, toasting
Albion old lad,
My love to the collector of income tax fame,
Yours sincerely, bachelor, paying
quids minus dame.

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to water thinness. The water, mottled, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.



WEDNESDAY, April 3.—Special Session: "Roaming the Wide Range."

THURSDAY, April 4.—June Marsden—"Solving the problems and choosing careers of boys and girls."

FRIDAY, April 5.—The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party.

SATURDAY, April 6.—"Music in the News."

SUNDAY, April 7.—June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars; Astrology for Business Folk; Review of Astrology for Women.

MONDAY, April 8.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, April 9.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

Callum); the Mad Hatter (Osmund Wenban); the March Hare (Phillip Williams); the Cheshire Cat (John Tait); the Mock Turtle (Owen Ainley); the Duchess (Edith Cowley); the Queen of Hearts (Malva Drummond); the Mouse (Victor Gouret); the Caterpillar (Dick Everard); the Parrot (Charles Dunn); the Dormouse (Brian Wright); Miss Ponsobny (Nan Taylor).

Still other characters that will be heard in this ambitious radio version are the Dodo, Bill the Lizard, the Puppy, the Frog Footman, the Fish Butler, the King of Hearts, and many others, all of which are lovingly portrayed by the actors chosen for the parts.

You can feel YOUNGER

Youthful feeling does not depend upon the number of years, but upon the state of your body, brain, heart and nerves. You can now quickly feel younger and banish the effects of premature Old Age with WINCARNIS—the famous "No Waiting Tonic". Its wonderful health-bringing benefits have earned over 25,000 recommendations from medical men. It is called the "No Waiting Tonic" because the first glass does you good—lifts you mentally and physically. You regain youthful sparkle, alertness and brightness, vitality and vigour come back—you feel and act younger. WINCARNIS is the rich blend of choice wine and two kinds of Vitamins essential to health. It never becomes a habit, and a long course is not necessary! Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day, and know how it feels to be well again.

PERSONALITY! POISE! are they your proud possessions?

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when you tone up your skin with

Pear's Tonic Action

Wonderfully mild, mellow Pears! Each cake is matured for months to remove all harshness. Its transparency is a sign of its absolute purity.



The most expensive make-up can't hide drawn, tired skin! So first refresh your skin... prepare it for beautiful make-up by a stimulating wash with Pears' Soap! Pears' tonic action tones up your skin and leaves it firm and smooth... radiantly fresh... the perfect foundation for lovely, lasting make-up.

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There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to water thinness. The water, mottled, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

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Mondays & Wednesdays, 9 p.m.

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—
"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlin Compound, and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."***



MRS. C. SCHRAM, grandmother of Pilot-Officer Bull, of Adelaide.

Heroes of Sylt raid

Continued from Page 3

"BOB is twenty-four, and is a grand lad," said Mr. Cosgrove. "He is a big fellow, 5ft. 10in., and weighs about 13st. He has been in England for three years, being sent over for special training."

"He went as a pilot-officer and is now a flight-lieutenant."

"He has been moved about a good deal over there, but recently has been stationed in north-east Scotland."

"He is keen on sport, and played football and rowed with the Sandy Bay Club."

"When at St. Virgil's College, Hobart, he stroked the crew that won the head of the river six years ago."

"Many boys from St. Virgil's have joined the Air Force, including Dame End Lyons' son Desmond, who has gone to Perth."

The telephone at the Brighton, Melbourne, home of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Taylor has been working overtime since friends read that

their son, Pilot-Officer Richard Taylor, commanded one of the bombers.

Mr. Taylor is editor of one of Melbourne's dailies. He was among the first to hear of the raid, and immediately got in touch with his wife.

She said: "We know it was a great honor for Dick to be chosen for such a dangerous job. We know he has taken part in several other shows, but the censorship has forbidden him telling us anything about them."

"Yes, he is very young, just 21. It only seems yesterday he was running round the house as a school-boy."

"He has been in England two years. He was always a great sport, daring, but not rashly daring."

"He had the patience to be a good fisherman, and for six months was working on a station."

"He is an excellent horseman, and was in the football team at Melbourne."

"He got the greatest pleasure in yachting with the Brighton Yacht Club."

"Two years ago he represented Victoria in the Stonehaven Cup, and came second. An enthusiastic dinghy racer, when at Point Cook he helped form a dinghy club there."

"The boys clubbed together and bought six dinghies, and held races on Saturday afternoon. I believe they still have the races."

"As we just live across the bay at Brighton, Richard often used to sail his dinghy across on Saturday nights. He thought it a grand way of getting home for the week-end."

Young John Bull

ATHLETIC, brown-eyed Flying-Officer John Bartlett Bull, aged 27, one of the daring airmen of the Sylt raid, has realised his lifelong ambition, according to his father, Mr. A. C. Bull, of Adelaide.

"John has always wanted to be in action with the Royal Air Force."

"He scraped and saved money so that he could go to England. In June, 1937, at the age of 23, he suddenly got the chance to work his passage in an oil tanker, The British Triumph."

"It must have been rather tough going."

"He went as fifth engineer, and they went nearly round the world, calling at Buenos Aires, Persia, Holland, and Hamburg before they got to England in October."

Mr. Bull said that his son waited for three months to get into the Air School.

Then when he was accepted in January, 1938, he was transferred to Scotland for junior tuition.

Eventually he gained his commission and then spent much time at Wodington, in Lincolnshire.

Before John left Australia he had not flown solo, although he had spent hours at Parafield Aerodrome and had been up often with pilots.

When at school he was a member of the Adelaide Glider Club.

"Of course I am thrilled with the news of John," Mr. Bull said, "and it is too sad that John's mother is not here to share his triumph. She died two years ago."

Mr. Bull, who is a tramways inspector, said he spent most of the day answering telephone calls and congratulations from hosts of people who know his popular son. "I never had to thrash John. He got a smack or two for childish naughtiness, but that was all. He was very daring, but he always had lots of common sense."

"He was rather puny when he was a baby, so I used to sunbath him a lot."

"From the time he was four



FLIGHT-LIEUT. Cosgrove, son of the Tasmanian Premier. He bombed Sylt from the air.

months old I would take him to the botanic park, strip him, and let him run about in the sun among the gum trees."

"He has always loved sunbathing ever since, and grew to be a fine big lad with always a coating of suntan."

"In the lunch hour when he was working in the Taxation Department and later in the Accountancy Branch of the Adelaide Hospital, he would go to the sunroom at the city baths."

"The only despondent note I have heard was in his last letter, when he wrote about the intense cold and wished he was in Adelaide's sunshine."

Out-of-doors boy

MR. BULL said John was an out-of-doors boy. He was captain of tennis, football and gymnastics teams at Adelaide High School, and in the rowing eight the year the school was head of the river.

Also very proud of her brother is Miss Mona Bull, two years his junior to the very date, December 30.

She, at present, is doing work which takes her away from home. Mr. Bull has just sold his old home in Essery Street, Norwood, and is living in rooms in Church Avenue.

In Osmond Terrace, nearby, lives John's grandmother, formerly Mrs. J. B. Bull, and now Mrs. C. Schram.

Her pride in her grandson is intense. "He deserves all he gets. He has worked so hard for success."

"Of course, I cannot think of John except as a tiny boy of two who stood downstairs when his mother was upstairs with his new baby sister, and called piteously with his poor little nose all out of joint. 'Come down, mummy. Oh, do come down!'"



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The Movie World

April 6, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD

First Page

BRENDA-Modern Mona Lisa

HAS LEADING ROLE
IN 1940 COLOR
VERSION OF
"SEA HAWK"

By
JOAN McLEOD
In Hollywood



● She has that same mysterious smile as Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa": Brenda Marshall, Warner Brothers' glowing brunette "find," in two attractive studio poses.

COMPARATIVELY unknown, Brenda Marshall replaces the rebel Olivia de Havilland for the role opposite Errol Flynn in "The Sea Hawk."

Olivia's tantrums have given Brenda a far bigger opportunity than any girl who has made just one picture has a right to expect.

Warners believe that Brenda will be this year's most sensational film "discovery."

Dark and mysterious-looking, she has a Mona Lisa face and inscrutable eyes, and the softest, most vibrant voice I have heard.

Only five feet three inches in height, she is known to her studio friends by the nickname, "Half Pint."

Until now, Brenda has worked in only one film, "Espionage Agent."

But she won such praise and received so bulky a fan mail after that film that Warners promptly put her under contract.

When Olivia walked out of the studio, after refusing to make "Married, Pretty and

Poor," Warners substituted Brenda for Olivia's "Sea Hawk" role.

But don't think she is just a fill-in. She had worthy competition for this role. Anita Louise and Geraldine Fitzgerald were both under consideration.

While she has had little film experience Brenda has done a good deal of stage work.

Born twenty-four years ago, she lived on her father's plantation on the Philippine Island of Negros until the death of her mother, when she and her sister moved to Texas.

At the Texas State College for Women, Brenda specialised in voice, speech, and dramatics, and later enrolled in Madame Maria Ouspenskaya's Dramatic College in New York.

Last spring a Warner Brothers' scout saw her in a New York production of G. B. Shaw's "On the Rocks," and brought her to Hollywood.

Brenda has begun divorce proceedings against Richard Huston Gaines, director of a dramatic college in New York. They were married in 1937.

When her divorce is finalised, Hollywood expects she will marry her current boy-friend, William ("Golden Boy") Holden.

Blondes
This HIGH-GLOSS
brilliantine makes
your hair gleam
like golden silk

Join the 1940 Charm School—HIGH GLOSS your hair! For this year hair must be gleaming to be glamorous!

So give your hair a regular dressing with Atkinson's Liquid Brilliantine. Rub a little between your hands, pat it on and see what a glorious satiny sheen comes up as you brush!

Insist on Atkinson's, prepared from the finest, rarest light oils; gives your hair the bright, natural-looking shine of youth and health. Non-greasy and non-sticky.



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WORLD'S FINEST QUALITY
THE HOUSE OF CAL
BRILLIANTINE

1/6



Atkinson's BRILLIANTINE
Californian Poppy

Disney gives you "PINOCCHIO" ...

ENCHANTING PUPPET
WHO IS CHANGED
INTO A REAL BOY

From Barbara Bouchier

WALT DISNEY has completed his full-length color cartoon—a film even more magical than "Snow White."

"Pinocchio," the charming fairy-tale of a wilful wooden puppet, has been told to children in Europe for many generations. Australian youngsters know him, too.

Disney chose Pinocchio as his new cartoon hero because his adventures have all the elements of entertainment—humor, pathos, excitement and beauty.

I was fortunate enough to see the cartoon at a "sneak preview" held in a small town 15 miles from Hollywood. It would be hard to imagine a better gift than "Pinocchio" to a troubled world!



● Geppetto, the kindly wood-carver who makes the puppet Pinocchio, is overjoyed when a beautiful fairy gives him life. But the ungrateful Pinocchio runs away to be an actor; and here is old Geppetto searching for him through the night—a search which leads him to the sea, where he is swallowed by Monstro the Whale.

● In turn, Pinocchio goes to the bottom of the sea looking for poor Geppetto. As you know, any little boy who does only what he wants is a donkey; which explains Pinocchio's ears (above)



● Geppetto's house is, of course, filled with wonderful gadgets, including this amusing clock.

● Now a peek behind the scenes at Walt Disney's studio. Some of the character models for the cartoon.



● What makes Pinocchio remember his debt to the wood-carver? His Conscience, of course, in the person of Jiminy Cricket, who accompanies the whistling puppet everywhere.

● The creation of Pinocchio (below). From this sketch was evolved the moving and magical creature whose adventures thrill people of all ages.



● Jiminy Cricket making friends with a lovely gold-fish, Cleo, helps in the hunt for Gepetto (left).



● Pinocchio finds Gepetto at last. But, alas, they are trapped in the stomach of Monstro the Whale. Watched anxiously by the kitten Figaro, Gepetto's pet and companion, they build a fire as a means of escape. Although he still has the stupid ears of a donkey, the little puppet has shown bravery and loyalty. So you will be glad to know that Pinocchio is rewarded by becoming a real little flesh - and - blood boy (right).

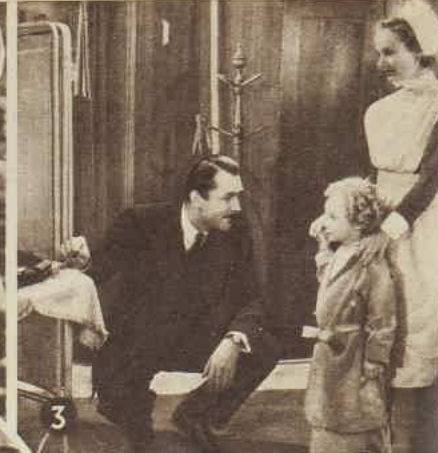


Hospital drama

• RKO's "Vigil in the Night," starring Carole Lombard, is based on a novel of the same name which Dr. A. J. Cronin is publishing this year.



2 TAKING blame to protect Anne's career, Carole is dismissed from hospital.



3 OBTAINING another hospital position, Carole meets on staff distinguished surgeon Brian Aherne.

1 CAROLE LOMBARD discovers a small patient has died through neglect of probationer Anne Shirley, her younger sister.

4 THEY discover their common zeal for humanity when coping with serious bus smash.



5 WHEN fever epidemic breaks out, Aherne fails to obtain vital supplies from hospital board.



6 SO CAROLE, forging Dr. Robert Coote's name to obtain supplies, is threatened with arrest.

Titled English Beauty—

CHARMING CITY TYPIST

Lady Betty Bourke, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo, has really striking beauty. Her rich brown hair shines red-gold in the sun. Her rose and cream skin is exquisite in its flawless smoothness.



BOTH GUARD THEIR
LOVELY COMPLEXIONS
THE SAME
FAMOUS WAY



Nine till five — Miss Evelyn Cato does typewriting in a big city office. Miss Cato is one of the loveliest girls in the whole office—she has glossy dark hair, grey eyes and a perfectly lovely, creamy complexion.

QUESTION TO LADY BETTY BOURKE: Of course, you can afford to pay any price you like for your beauty aids. Why do you prefer Pond's Cold Cream?

ANSWER:

"Because Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin in marvellous condition. Its fine oils go right down into the pores, loosen every bit of dirt, and then float it all away."

QUESTION TO LADY BETTY:

Your skin always looks so perfect, whether you're at the Ballet, or playing golf, or whatever you're doing. What is your beauty secret, Lady Betty?

ANSWER:

"Just using Pond's Vanishing Cream as my powder base. It protects my skin against any trouble. Besides, even if my complexion does get a bit rough, Pond's Vanishing Cream makes it like velvet at once, so that my powder goes on beautifully and stays on for hours."

This is how these two lovely women keep their skin beautiful with Pond's two Creams

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every night and morning and during the day whenever they change their make-up. Pond's Cold Cream sinks right down to the base of the pores, removes every bit of hidden dust and stale make-up... use it regularly to keep your skin flawlessly smooth and radiant.



Lady Betty Bourke looks exquisitely lovely as she steps into her Box. Her skin is soft and smooth as a rose petal. She says, "Pond's two Creams are my daily beauty care."



Miss Cato designs and makes all her own clothes. Keen on sport, she loves riding, plays a lot of tennis. "I rely on Pond's 2 Creams to keep my skin clear and smooth," she says.

They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours. For lasting skin softness apply Pond's Vanishing Cream overnight too, after your usual cleansing.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/- tubes, 1/- jars and generous 2/6d. jars, containing approximately 2 1/2 times as much.

QUESTION TO MISS CATO:

Miss Cato, would you tell us how you keep your skin so flawlessly lovely on your salary?

ANSWER:

"It's easy with Pond's two Creams. I was never so happy about my skin until I started using Pond's. And what's more, I find that Pond's beauty treatment only costs a few pence a week."

QUESTION TO MISS CATO:

Playing so much tennis, don't you find the sun and the wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:

"It was a problem. My skin used to flake and roughen, but Pond's Vanishing Cream stopped that. Now it's a wonderful thrill to be able to keep my skin soft and smooth all the time. And of course, Pond's Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base."

FREE! Mail this Coupon today with four 1d. stamps in for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

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SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," the immortal slave story of the old South, has been done on the screen more times than can be remembered. But the 1940 version should top them all. Paul Robeson will bring us Uncle Tom, and Gloria Jean will re-create Little Eva.

As expected the Errol Flynn has kissed and made up. The reconciliation was engineered by Jack Warner. He invited them separately to his home. When Lili walked into the room and saw Errol she rushed up to him impulsively, and they embraced happily. All is forgiven and forgotten.

Errol has left his quarters in Sunset Towers, and is back at home. Lili is making the most of a cold that he caught, and is nursing him tenderly.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN," the play John Barrymore is appearing in, is very indifferent stage and screen material. But because of all the publicity it has received through John's romantic escapades the price for the screen rights is now \$32,000.

JANE BRYAN, who announced she would give up her movie career at the time of her marriage to Justin Dart, wealthy young Chicagoan, seems to be sticking to her word. So far she has shown no inclination to resume her movie work, and Hollywood is wondering just what action will be taken by Warner Bros., to whom she was under contract.

Jane's recent work, particularly in "We Are Not Alone," made her highly valuable property.

FOR the first time in his long career, Ronald Colman consents to share stellar honors. The reason is that charming Ginger Rogers has been chosen for his opposite in "Good Luck," a sparkling

ling nonsense comedy written by Sascha Guitry.

ANN SOUTHERN and Roger Pryor were quite heartbroken when David, the twelve-year-old boy who has been living with them for the past two years, suddenly became homesick and decided to return to live with his own family.

Ann and her husband saw David selling papers outside an hotel in Texas two years ago and were taken by his handsome appearance and nice manner. They'd been thinking of adopting a child, and when they learned the boy was one of a large and poverty-stricken family, asked him to come and live with them in Hollywood.

David's future is assured by a large trust fund established for him by the Pryors, but he lives now with his numerous brothers and sisters in a tumbledown shack many miles from the movie city.

JOAN CRAWFORD may join the distinguished company of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the screen version of "Escape." The famous stage couple are seriously considering returning to the screen for the filming of this best-selling novel which depicts life in Nazi Germany. If they do, Lynn will play the actress, Joan the countess, and Alfred the sympathetic doctor.

WHEN Norma Shearer goes to the horse races, that's news. She never was a race enthusiast, but in George Raft's company she seems to find the sport lots of fun.

George has been entertaining Norma and her mother, so it really looks as if these two are seriously in love.

NOT only is love-making taboo in Paramount's Hopalong Cassidy pictures, produced by Harry Sherman, but neither the star, William Boyd, nor Russell Hayden has ever smoked in one of these Westerns. They demand higher morals than any type of picture made in Hollywood.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ SONS OF THE SEA

(Week's Best Release)

Leslie Banks, MacKenzie Ward. (B.E.F.)

FILMED in technicolor, this impressive British-made melodrama presents an exciting spy story, against the background of life at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

Photographed at Dartmouth itself, it gives a complete and fascinating survey of English naval training.

The film deals with the adventures of Captain Leslie Banks, who specialises in detecting enemy minefields. He is appointed to the command of Dartmouth College, where his son (Simon Lack) is a cadet.

Banks' predecessor is murdered, and he himself risks death on a secret mission to discover hidden mines off the Devon coast. The launch in which he is making his investigations is wrecked by a bomb, and the injury he sustains results in loss of memory.

Meanwhile his son faces arrest as a spy, and the real culprit makes plans for getting out of the country.

Leslie Banks as a father gives a nicely-restrained performance. As a courageous captain he is virile and forceful. MacKenzie Ward plays the role of the spy smoothly—lyceum; showing.

★★ YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Griffith Jones, Anna Lee. (Associated Distributors.)

A CHARMING and amusing romantic tale, set in Victorian days, when dukes frequented music halls, and marriages were arranged.

Griffith Jones plays a shy young lord. His martinet of a mother (Martita Hunt) is determined that he shall marry a wealthy brewer's daughter whom he dislikes. His father, Seymour Hicks, is a duke of the sporting variety.

To escape from his betrothal party, Jones visits a music hall, where he meets lovely Anna Lee.

A happy friendship follows, and the young man persuades Anna to take a platonic trip to Paris with him. Although caught by the siege of 1870, their romance does survive warfare.

Anna Lee and Griffith Jones are a handsome and believable young couple. Seymour Hicks as the duke with an eye for the ladies—lyceum; showing.

★ THE DISAPPEARANCES FROM ST. AGIL

Erich von Stroheim, Michel Simon. (French production.)

A MOST unusual and a most slow-moving film. It is its pace which makes it specialised, rather than general, entertainment.

But its appearance is intriguing—for it is the first French "thriller" talkie to be shown in this country. Setting in a boys' school ruled by a suave principal, a sombre teacher of languages—Erich von Stroheim—and annoyed by a toper of an art teacher—Michel Simon.

Three of the school pupils form a

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

secret society. Then one of them disappears. "He has run away," says the school. The second boy disappears. "He has run away," repeats the school. But the third boy becomes suspicious.

The youngsters are uniformly engaging. Michel Simon as the drawing master is brilliant, and there is a surprising amount of humor mixed with adventure. — Savoy; showing.

★ THE LAW COMES TO TEXAS

Bill Elliott, Bud Osborne. (Columbia.)

A NEW Western star, Bill Elliott, makes his bow to city audiences in this film. The country has already seen him in serials.

Tall, rangy, tight-lipped, Bill has a curious look of Bill Hart—but his smile and his reckless riding are his own.

Story casts Bill as a Texas lawyer, who turns outlaw to clean up a rotten county—and then becomes the first of the Texas Rangers.

Riding and action are splendid—and the characters are unusually well drawn.

But romance? Only a glimpse, at the very last second. For Mr. Elliott is a man's man—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★ The Hunchback of Notre Dame. Charles Laughton; Maureen O'Hara in magnificent version of Hugo classic.—Regent, 3rd week.

★★ Gulliver's Travels. Full-length color cartoon is grand entertainment for all.—Prince Edward, 2nd week.

★★ His Girl Friday. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant in fast, amusing comedy thriller.—State, 2nd week.

★★ Balalaika. Nelson Eddy, Iona Massey in entertaining operetta.—St. James, 3rd week.

★★ Drums Along the Mohawk. Claudette Colbert, Henry Fonda in realistic frontier adventure.—Mayfair, 2nd week.

★★ Daytime Wife. Linda Darnell, Tyrone Power in entertaining luxury romance.—Piazza, 2nd week.

★ Little Old New York. Richard Greene, Alice Faye in drama of steamboat inventor.—Century, 2nd week.

★ Proud Valley. Paul Robeson, Edward Chapman in English-made mining drama.—Embassy, 2nd week.



YIELDS TO NEW CANADIOL MIXTURE

Spent 2/3 to-day at chemist or store for a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting) — by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardily cold Canada — take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way" — continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Ashamed of Unsightly Skin

SHE WOULDN'T GO OUT OF HOUSE

"I was too ashamed to go out of the house owing to the unsightly condition of my skin," states Mrs. D. S. of Albert Park, Victoria. "For two years I have suffered from poor blood and all ugly, pimply skin. I tried many treatments, but nothing did me any good until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the advice of my mother. I am now enjoying splendid health and the blemishes are leaving my skin."

Assemble women and girls with blotchy, pimply skins, who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, genuinely say that the results obtained are remarkably beneficial for the whole system. By helping to create rich, red blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills rapidly banish anaemic miseries and give healthy color to cheeks and lips. Nerves strengthen, the whole system comes up, and unsightly spots, pimples and blemishes disappear. Don't fail to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills if your skin is unsightly. At chemists and stores, 2/- bottle—the results will gratify you."

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"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 2/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for Free booklet.

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CORNWELL'S

PURE MALT VINEGAR

BREWED FROM MALTED GRAIN

THE VINEGAR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA SYDNEY NEW

1 PINT & FLUID OZ.

For a Salad Success

The most enticing salad dressings are made with the sparkling flavour of this fine old Vinegar. You can always rely on Cornwell's Pure Malt Vinegar.

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PURE MALT VINEGAR

IN QUARTS AND PINTS

2.15 and 8 p.m. **TIVOLI** 2.15 and 8 p.m.

The Greatest Show the Tivoli has Staged!

"SPICE OF LIFE" VARIETY REVUE

A Galaxy of International Stars!

LEA SONIA, EDWIN STYLES, FIVE CLEVERES, RUD CARLELL & ROSA, EMILY VAN LOSEN, JACKSON & BINKSWELL, MING & TOT, and Australia's Own Star, GEORGE WALLACE, ALEXANDER & MOSE, ERIC BUSH & MATTHEW BAREING, GRACE EMMERSON, Tivoli's Famous Ballerina, Phyllis Pelling's Nicholson's & Tivoli, M6850, M6856, M6857.

Unattractive, Fat and Lazy SIGNS OF CONGESTED DIGESTION

Quickly will a sufferer from constipation and sluggish liver lose attraction, fresh appearance and stamina. A food tract clogged with waste accumulations causes too many unpleasant symptoms to be tolerated for long. Pimples, bad skin, unhealthy fat, flatulence, liver and bilious attacks, sick headaches are a few of the penalties.

A simple, gentle treatment for constipation can be obtained by taking Pinkettes. These little pills are most pleasant to use and containing no action. Pinkettes painlessly exercise and strengthen lazy bowels and stir the liver, because they are compounded of harmless vegetable ingredients. A suitable dose for a few nights will clear away the waste matter, making a marked difference in your fitness and appearance. Get a 1/2 bottle of Pinkettes to-day and see for yourself how peacefully bowel regularity is restored and unhealthy fat banished.



FACE & HANDS
you need
Larola Complexion Milk

Larola cleanses, cools, beautifies and restores natural skin beauty. Soothing for sunburn — invaluable in the nursery. Larola has been in daily use for over 60 years.

Larola
Sole Manufacturers
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGL.

"FINE," said Jim. "Couldn't be better."

Pat eyed him doubtfully. "Very well. Now let's see if you've got it. What are you going to tell your uncle?"

"Tell my uncle?"

Miss Bentley drew a deep breath. "Yes, my sweet. That's what we've been talking about. Didn't you know?"

"You mean, what am I going to say to Uncle Henry?"

"That's it, darling. Good!"

"I see," said Jim. "Oh, I shall just tell him I'm in a hole and want five hundred. That's all."

There was silence for some moments.

"Dearest angel," said Pat, in a small voice, "you must just do your best. That's all. Your very best."

Jim arrived at Cranbourne Court at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The butler, grave and dignified, allowed his face to relax to an expression of pleasure.

"How are you, Fiddlestick?"

"Very well, thank you, sir. Nice to see you again, sir."

"Thanks," said Jim. "Is my uncle about?"

"No, sir. His lordship is attending an agricultural meeting in Haybury and will not return until six-thirty."

"Oh," said Jim. Fiddlestick coughed.

"Her ladyship gave orders that you were to be shown into the small drawing-room for tea, sir, as soon as you arrived."

The Play's the Thing

Continued from Page 6

"A cup of tea will just suit me, Fiddlestick. Lead on."

"Yes, sir. Miss Muselwhite is there, sir."

Jim recoiled. "What did you say, Fiddlestick?"

"Miss Muselwhite is taking tea with her ladyship, sir. Her ladyship rang her up as soon as your telegram was received."

Jim shivered. He looked at Fiddlestick, but Fiddlestick's face was gloriously blank. He glanced at the door. . . . The small drawing-room was at the back . . . His arrival could not have been seen . . .

He lowered his voice. "Fiddlestick—"

"Yes, sir?"

"I have not come by this train."

"Yes, sir."

"When is the next one?"

"It arrives at Haybury at three minutes to six, sir."

"I shall come by that."

"Very good, sir."

"In the meantime I shall take a couple of hours' walk along the countryside. Tell the chauffeur to look after my bag, and pick me up again at the station at six."

"Certainly, sir," said Fiddlestick. "And see he doesn't give me away."

"He will not do so, sir."

A moment later the hall was empty.

Lord Barford maintained the old-

fashioned custom of drinking wine after dinner.

It was the old-fashioned custom that gave Jim Prescott the opportunity he had been waiting for.

He took up his glass and transferred himself to a chair next to his uncle at the top of the table. Lord Barford was deaf, and his mind had never been razor-like. The Barfords were not distinguished for power of intellect. They were good-natured and easy-going, but there had been no great brains among them. Jim looked round to make certain that Fiddlestick had closed the door behind him, before he took the plunge.

"Uncle—"

"Hey?" said Lord Barford.

"I'm in a jam."

"Jam?" said Lord Barford vaguely. He looked round the table. "It sounds a queer thing to ask for after dinner, but I suppose you can have some if you want it."

Jim took a deep breath. "I don't want it. I'm in it."

"Well, you know best," said Lord Barford.

Jim drew his chair closer. "I must have some money. Can you lend me five hundred pounds?"

"No," said Lord Barford.

It didn't seem to give him any pleasure to say so. In fact, there was more than a suggestion of regret in his voice.

"I promised your aunt I wouldn't lend you any more money."

The moment Jim heard this he knew it was no good. If his aunt had stepped in, the thing was hopeless. She knew what he had come for, and what her obedient husband's answer would be. If only Uncle Henry could be rescued from his wife's dominance . . . But there was no chance whatever of that.

"It's very serious, uncle."

"I can't help that," said Lord Barford. "It would be much more serious if I lent you any more when I'd promised your aunt I wouldn't."

Jim controlled himself with difficulty. "But you've got plenty."

"I know I have," said Lord Barford. "Plenty. Too much."

"Surely Aunt Louise can't stop you doing what you like with your own money?"

"Your Aunt Louise can stop anything," said Lord Barford gloomily. "But look here, uncle—"

"I'S NO USE talking about it," said Lord Barford. "I can't do anything. You must ask your aunt. If she says you can have five hundred you can have it. If she doesn't, you can't."

"She won't," said Jim hopelessly.

"Of course she won't," said Lord Barford.

Jim pulled himself together for one last effort. At this stage perhaps the truth might help.

"It's about a play, uncle."

"A what?"

"A play," bawled Jim. "A marvellous play. Sure to be a great success. I've forgotten the title, but it's something to do with port."

"Hey?"

"Port!"

"Certainly," said Lord Barford. "Help yourself."

Jim's voice reached even a higher pitch.

"It's by Caroline Wimbles."

"What the devil are you talking about?" said Lord Barford testily.

"I'm talking about a play called 'Cruel Port'; that's it!—by Caroline Wimbles."

There was a pause.

"Oh," said Lord Barford.

The change in his manner was surprising. He looked round cautiously.

"Did you say the play was called 'Cruel Port'?"

"Yes," said Jim.

"By Caroline Wimbles?"

"Yes."

"Oh," said Lord Barford.

There was another pause.

"I want five hundred to help to put it on," said Jim. "Everyone says it'll run a year at least."

"Do they?" said Lord Barford.

"Well! Well!"

"And make a fortune."

"S-s-h!" said Lord Barford quickly.

He had seen the door opening. Fiddlestick appeared with coffee. Lord Barford passed a remark on the damp weather and the effect on the soil. When Fiddlestick had retired, he drew his chair nearer to Jim.

"I know something about it," he said.

Jim stared at him.

"About the play?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact," continued Lord Barford casually, "I happen to know who—er—'Caroline Wimbles' really is."

"Good lord!" cried Jim. "You know that? Who is it?"

Please turn to Page 40

Embroidered and Hemstitched PILLOWSLIPS Free for SUNLIGHT SOAP USERS



Thrifty housewives won't miss this wonderful opportunity — beautifully finished, good quality Pillowslips FREE to Sunlight Soap users! Snowy-white, smooth, ready to use, in a good large size, 21 x 31 inches. Note the pretty embroidery and fine hemstitching. Unrivalled for their fine texture and long-lasting qualities, these Pillowslips are an attractive addition to any linen cupboard.

HOW TO GET YOUR GIFT

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops (the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap"—three in each carton). Take these to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, write on a small piece of paper, your name, address and gift required, enclose with wrapper-tops and address to: "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT", LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LIMITED, BOX 4310 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

IMPORTANT: Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

MANY OTHER FINE GIFTS AVAILABLE

Write to above address for full gift list.

STOCK UP WITH THESE TOO!

BATHTOWEL: White Admiralty—23"x48". 45 Sunlight wrapper-tops from only 15 Sunlight Cartons.

BATHTOWEL: Coloured—23"x48". 45 Sunlight wrapper-tops from only 15 Sunlight Cartons.

GLASSCLOTH: 23"x32". 24 Sunlight wrapper-tops from only 8 Sunlight Cartons.

BREAKFAST CLOTH: 44"x44". 72 Sunlight wrapper-tops from only 24 Sunlight Cartons.



3 wrappers with every carton

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- Did anyone manage to fool you this week on All Fools' Day (now known as April Fools' Day), or were you too smart? And are you smart enough to know that it was instituted in France as a tribute to Court jesters — was originally a Spanish festival — is of uncertain origin — arose as part of a religious festival in medieval England.
- This won't bother you if you hail from our great outback. Which of these are beef, and which dairy cattle? Jerseys — Herefords — Ayrshires — Friesians.
- It's no wonder we speak of Timbuctoo when we want to be thoroughly vague about places, because so few people know that it is a town in Tibet — Mongolia — the French Sudan — Morocco — Afghanistan.
- Which of these is used most in the world? Rice — barley — corn — wheat.
- If your hobby is numismatics, you collect Stamps — coins — antiques — specimens of handwriting.
- M. Pasikivi, who represented his country at the Russo-Finnish peace negotiations, was Finnish Foreign Minister — Minister for Defence — Secretary to the President — Minister without a portfolio.
- Watch this one—it's catchy! Jiu-jitsu, translated, means Throw and catch — friendly gesture — noble sport — gentle art.
- Many years ago a great man said that "To be prepared for war is one of the most effective means of preserving peace." He was Abraham Lincoln — Benjamin Disraeli — Lord Roberts — George Washington — Edmund Burke.
- There's something very impressive about marble, but, after all, it's only a form of Limestone — cement—granite —pumice.
- One of these was NOT one of the Seven Wonders of the World. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon — the Parthenon at Athens — the Temple of Diana at Ephesus — the Colossus of Rhodes.

Answers on Page 44



GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

At all Hotels and Spirit Stores

"How I got rid of UNDERARM HAIR"



No more razors or smelly pastes

"I never dared appear in bathing suit or evening dress. I was so ashamed of the ugly hair under my arms and on my arms and legs. I had tried everything—electric needles and smelly pastes. Shaving only made the hair grow faster and coarser. I was in despair until a friend told me about New VET. This duty cream removed absolutely every trace of hair in 3 minutes. Left my skin soft and velvety-smooth. No ugly, hairy stubble like the razor leaves." New VET ends your superfluous hair troubles for ever. 2/6 and 3/- (doublets) at all Chemists and Stores. FREE: By exclusive arrangement every woman trader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 307H), 166/172 Day Street, Sydney. N.H.W.



This Little Pig went to market To sell his pork in Town, To be later served with GRAVOX—So tasty, rich and brown.

Manufactured by KILMER PTY. LTD. RICHMOND, VICTORIA.

with GRAVOX THE IDEAL GRAVY MAKER

More Confidence Wearing FALSE TEETH that no longer "stay put"



THE illustration shows one of the most annoying and far-reaching drawbacks to dental plate wearing—the loss of firm plate support due to gradual, continuous shrinking of the gums. Since a loose, wobbly plate handicaps eating and talking, causes discomfort and embarrassment and lessens self-confidence, have your dentist re-adapt your plate to gum tissue changes. Meanwhile, until your dentist has done this, use FASTEETH, the original alkaline (non-acid) powder, to hold your loose plate securely. It forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums. Eat and talk with greater confidence. Help safeguard your public appearance with the aid FASTEETH gives in holding unstable dental plates so they feel more comfortable and secure. No oily, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH from any chemist.

Any dental plate held tighter by FASTEETH leads to better eating enjoyment and mental pleasure.

ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER

Women Also

Correspondents for men on service

AMONG the few books in the 2nd A.I.F. library in Palestine is a copy of "The Girls' Own Annual," sent by a resident.

Lonely men at sea also have little to read, and Dr. J. M. Banks, of Sydney, recently told his wife that men on his ship had nothing to read and rarely received any letters.

To remedy this, Mrs. T. P. Clark, of Sydney, has organised the "Letters from Home," which has the official approval of the Defence Department.

It is intended that every applicant to the organisation will receive a bright letter and a magazine each week from an Australian girl.

The men are to be asked to state their particular interest, such as sport, or music, or gardening, and the correspondent will be instructed to frame the letters on lines that cover that special interest.

Within a few days of the formation of the group, and before it had received any publicity, 150 men applied to Mrs. Clark.

With Mrs. Clark as organiser, Mrs. John Keep as treasurer, and Mrs. Doone Hamilton as honorary secretary, the "Letters from Home," which has been given an office in Broughton House, Margaret St., Sydney, is appealing for magazines and current newspapers.

Bright posters have been given and will be hung in camps and canteens.

Soldiers huts furnished by Catholic Guild Auxiliary

LED by their president (Miss Lina Healy), members of the Central Committee of the Catholic Soldiers' Guild Auxiliary are furnishing Roman Catholic huts at camps in South Australia.

At Woodside camp they have already furnished comfortably the hut which was opened officially on February 11 by Monsignor Hourigan. They have installed a piano, card tables and 250 chairs. They have put compact cupboards in the hut and are busy collecting books with which to stock the cupboards. Their friends are asked to give them books which they can spare from their own home libraries.

The Catholic women have also contributed the material things in the hut necessary for Roman Catholic soldiers' spiritual needs.

The cost of all this furnishing has been considerable, and the maintenance has to be considered, so the auxiliary members are working to raise funds. They have arranged an American Tea at St. Francis Xavier Hall, and several other successful money-making activities.

"We welcome gladly all soldiers to our hut," says Miss Healy.

Ask for navy or black socks for special appeal



MRS. MASSEY BURNside overlooks a sock for any defect.



INSPECTING the first poster issued for the "Letters from Home" are Mrs. Doone Hamilton (left), Mrs. John Reed, and Mrs. T. P. Clark.

Patriotic family

CHOSEN recently to go overseas with the 2nd A.I.F. nurses, Miss Margaret Glasgow, of Brisbane, hopes to see her three brothers, all of whom are already in Palestine with the Australian forces. Miss Glasgow, who is a niece of Sir Glasgow William and Lady Glasgow, trained at St. Helen's Hospital, Brisbane, and finished her course at the Women's Hospital, Sydney.

Object—1000 sweaters for Navy

TWO Melbourne girls, Madge Thomas and Catherine Neill, have organised and are conducting a Radio Service League for King and Country.

Hearing that the lads of the Navy urgently needed 1000 sweaters, they have set out on the job of supplying them.

A shilling membership fee buys the wool and Miss Thomas sees to its distribution to willing hands, with the necessary instructions.

The league is divided into several sections. One group goes to camp on visiting days armed with buttons, thread and needles to do any necessary darning.

Another group is preparing to take parties of entertainers to camp, and sewing bees are being formed to make such things as pyjamas.

A social activities group is in charge of Mrs. C. H. Taitton, who has raised over £1000 for charity.

Enrolling nurses for service with A.I.F. and Home Forces

THE job of enrolling the hundreds of Victorian nurses for service with the A.I.F. and Commonwealth Home Defence Forces is in the capable hands of Miss G. P. Field, Principal Matron of the Australian Army Nursing Service (Southern Command).

Matron Field served with the A.I.F. in the last war. She was one of 160 army nurses who went with the first contingent in 1914, and was attached to the 1st Australian General Hospital. She served in Egypt, England and France, returning to Australia in 1919. Until called up by the Army, Miss Field was matron of the Macleod Repatriation Sanatorium at Mont Park.

All returned army nurses are particularly busy women these days. Their club at Anzac House, Melbourne, has provided lectures in first aid and home nursing for over 100 classes. They have their own Comforts Fund room fitted with machines and tables where many hours are spent sewing and knitting. Members are also in daily attendance at the Red Cross workroom at Government House, where they supervise the preparation of dressings.

Literature has been sent from the club to men in camp. A very special work undertaken by the Returned Army Nurses, however, is the running of the canteen at the Showground camp. Open from noon till 2 p.m., and from 5 to 10 p.m., this canteen is much appreciated by the soldiers. An army nurse takes charge of each session and has her own band of helpers.

One night recently, when there was no concert at the camp, they served 800 soldiers and had their own concert, as one soldier brought his accordion.

To each soldier who goes overseas, the A.C.F. gives a kit containing cotton shorts, a towel, 3 handkerchiefs, a pyjama suit, an athletic singlet, a short-sleeved shirt, a pair of socks, a pair of sandshoes, 2 cakes of soap and a packet of playing cards. The packing of these goods is supervised by Mrs. Burnside and her band of helpers.

Discuss international affairs while busily knitting

KNITTING needles click to a background of conversation centred round international affairs when wives of members of the Legacy Club in South Australia meet to work for the Fighting Forces Fund and Red Cross.

Members discuss events of the past week at a round table conference when they meet each Tuesday to knit from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Since December, 150 pairs of socks in addition to mufflers and scarves have been forwarded to Fighting Forces Fund headquarters.

The group also takes Legacy Club boys now serving with the 2nd A.I.F. under its wing and keeps them supplied with parcels of comforts.

"Our next drive to aid the Comforts Fund will be a cabaret on April 6," said the honorary secretary, Mrs. Eric Lodge. "It will be informal, with old-time community singing during some of the dances."

End Rheumatism While You Sleep

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action, (other symptoms of kidney disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting up Nerves, Headaches, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc.). Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and rejuvenates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 13 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak, I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 21 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Ask now! Now in 3 sizes—1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

This is a GUARANTEED Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Believe Me This Cream Of Milk Recipe will make the average woman of 50 look like 30"

will make the average woman of 50 look like 30"



Use it where these arrows point—then all over your face and neck

HERE is a quick way to make a lined, flabby, sagging skin, fresh, firm and young. Mix one ounce of pure cream of milk (predigested by pancreatin) with one ounce of predigested olive oil, then mix with two ounces of best cream. This will nourish your skin and restore youthful freshness and beauty to an unbelievable extent. The great Sarah Bernhardt used this recipe to keep herself looking young and at 70 she played the parts of young women. This can be prepared by your chemist but the making of a small quantity is expensive. Crème Toilette (Vanishing) contains cream of milk, predigested and specially prepared with predigested olive oil for nourishing your skin. It is a true skin food. Successful results are guaranteed in every case or double your money will be refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

End Rheumatism While You Sleep



If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action, (other symptoms of kidney disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting up Nerves, Headaches, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc.). Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

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This is a GUARANTEED Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

THE WORLD'S FINEST SEWING MACHINE OIL

3-IN-ONE Oil

LUBRICATES—PREVENTS RUST



WEAR PELACO
SHIRTS, THEY
ARE GOOD, THEY
FIT, AND THE
PATTERNS ARE
BEAUTIFUL.

Pelaco
SHIRTS

with SPOT-WELDED COLLARS

LORD BARFORD

shook his head.
"Certainly not," he said firmly.
"It's a secret. I shouldn't think of
telling anyone."

"In London," said Jim, "I heard it
suggested that it was someone in
Court circles."

"Did you? H'm. Well, perhaps
that's not very far out." He lowered
his gaze, and glanced round again.
"I wouldn't mind helping you to the
extent of five hundred—not as a loan
to you, of course, but as an invest-
ment in the play, if—"

"If what?" asked Jim eagerly.

"If you promised not to tell your
aunt, or anyone else, a word about
it."

"Of course I won't!"

"Very well," said Lord Barford.
"I'll give you a cheque before you
go. Now you'd better join your aunt
in the drawing-room for a bit. She
guessed you were coming for money,
so look as gloomy as you can—and
if she asks you point-blank whether
I lent you any, say no."

Jim staggered to his feet. He felt
rather breathless.

The grim smile was still on Lady
Barford's face when Jim went to her.
She was evidently waiting to register
personal triumph.

"Well, James, did you have a pleas-
ant chat with your uncle?"

He sat down moodily.

"Yes, thank you, Aunt Louisa.
Quite pleasant."

"I am glad to hear it," said Lady
Barford. "When your telegram ar-
rived I hoped you were coming to
say you had decided to be sensible
about Aurelia."

Jim laughed heartily.

"You don't mean to say you're
still plugging Aurelia?"

The Play's the Thing

Continued from Page 38

"Yes," said Jim.

Lady Barford hesitated.

"And . . . if I were prepared to
do this for you personally—"

Jim stared at her blankly.

"You mean you'll put it up?"

"On the strict condition that you
never breathe a word to your uncle
or anyone about it."

Jim's head whirled.

"Aunt Louisa—"

Lady Barford rose.

"Have I your promise, James?"

"Yes," said Jim weakly.

"Then if you will come with me
to my sitting-room, I will write you
a cheque."

Jim tottered after her.

Much later, when the others had
gone to bed, he put through a trunk
call to Pat's flat and had the line
connected to his bedroom. He sat
in his dressing-gown waiting. The
evening had been a staggering one.
He felt a little dazed.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Jim. "Hullo,
Fibbleswick!"

The butler paused.

"I wondered if I might have a
word with you, sir."

"Of course," said Jim. "Shut the
door, and sit down."

Fibbleswick closed the door care-
fully.

"If you will excuse the liberty,
sir—"

"Not a bit. Go ahead."

"Thank you, sir. You were obliged
to speak in a somewhat loud voice
to his lordship in the dining-room
earlier in the evening, sir, and I
could not help overhearing a few
words of the conversation. You
appeared to be making an unsuc-
cessful application for a loan of five
hundred pounds."

"I was," said Jim.

"Am I mistaken, sir, in thinking
that, just before I came in with
the coffee, I heard you mention a
play entitled 'Crusted Port' by
Caroline Wimple?"

"Good heavens," said Jim, "do
you know something about it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you did hear me mention
it. I want the five hundred to
help put it on. It's a wonderful
play."

Fibbleswick coughed.
"If you will pardon me, sir, I
happen to have five hundred to
spare at the moment—"

Jim struggled for breath.

"You, Fibbleswick? You want to
put in five hundred?"

"Yes, sir. A small legacy at the
beginning of the year enables me
to do so. I should like to help the
play on. You see . . . I wrote it."

Jim jumped from his chair.

"You wrote it?"

Fibbleswick looked down at the
floor.

"Yes, sir. I am Caroline Wimple."

"Good heavens!" said Jim.

"I wrote the play some time ago,
sir, when I was recovering from
influenza. I don't think I could
have done it if I had not been ill.
His lordship and her ladyship were
kind enough to read it, and sug-
gested I should send it to an agent.
No doubt his lordship had quite for-
gotten all about it when you men-
tioned it."

"I should like to see the play."

"Is that you, sweetheart? Won-
derful news! I've got all the money
to do the play ourselves! I'll tell
you all about it on Monday, and
we'll buy the rights from the agent
right away."

The telephone bell rang. Jim
seized the receiver.

"Is that you, sweetheart? Won-
derful news! I've got all the money
to do the play ourselves! I'll tell
you all about it on Monday, and
we'll buy the rights from the agent
right away."

"Darling," screamed Pat, "it's
marvellous! And what do you
think? Mr. Ferguson rang me up
this afternoon to say he was sure
'Caroline Wimple' was the Duchess
of Beccles. He said he'd been read-
ing a book of hers on Court Eli-
quitude, and recognised the style."

"I should think it's very likely,"
said Jim.

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naturally
beautiful
thanks to
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REXONA SOAP mean Clear
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EMOLLIENTS—to soothe and
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quickly use Rexona
Ointment with Rexona
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combination ends all blemishes.
TREATMENT: Wash frequently with
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R. 505. 16.

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a morning"...



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health is concerned . . . and I
know what Schumann's does for
my complexion. That's why I
never miss a morning. I'm the
fittest girl in the office . . . and
Schumann's keeps me that
way."

If you want a clear youthful skin and freedom from
sickness, start each day with half a teaspoonful of
Schumann's in a long glass of water. It will rid
your system of insidious toxins . . . give you complete
internal cleanliness; build up your energy; give you a
new joy in life. But don't rely on mere "fizzy"
drinks. Take the genuine Schumann's as soon as you
are out of bed.

1/6 & 2/9 at all chemists & stores.

SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING **SALTS**



Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

AN artist I knew painted the portrait of a wealthy woman who refused to accept it because her beloved dog did not recognise her likeness. The artist promised to make a few alterations which he said would satisfy her, and shortly before she was due at the studio he rubbed a piece of fresh bacon over the face of the portrait.

"Hold the little dog close to your picture," the artist said. The dog, after smelling the bacon, made frantic efforts to lick the face of his mistress.

10/6 to Mrs. F. Lyon, 60 Eighth Ave., St. Peters, S.A.

HOT UNDER COLLAR

MANY years ago, when motor-bikes were a novelty, my brother-in-law was pillion riding to Yass with a friend. They had not gone far when a spark from the driver's pipe set alight a celluloid collar my brother-in-law was wearing. He tried to attract the driver's attention. The driver thought a car was about to pass them and tore off at top speed to keep the lead. Jack's collar was burnt clean off before the bicycle stopped.

2/6 to Mrs. J. C. Carey, Greenfield Farm, via Yass, N.S.W.

TIME NO TROUBLE

A KIND-HEARTED old lady who lived up a steep hill took pity on her postman, and whenever he brought her mail in the hot weather he was treated to a glass of chilled ale. One day, however, his benefactress failed to receive a particularly important letter by the morning delivery. The maid had taken the mail and given the postman his usual glass.

In the afternoon the letter duly turned up, and the postie was again enjoying his refresher when the lady examined the date and time of posting on the envelope.

He had kept it until his second trip—so that he could have a second drink.

2/6 to E. Hadfield, Box 215, Napier, N.Z.

EGG SLICE WASN'T

A VERY young bride-to-be staying at a friend's place for the week-end decided to get the breakfast. It arrived in due course, but the poached eggs were rather damaged.

She protested that the egg-strainer wasn't very strong. On investigating, it was found that she had used the fly-swatter to dish the eggs up with.

2/6 to Mrs. W. Brown, Mount St., Coogee, N.S.W.

FAMILY HAD GROWN

A FRIEND I had not seen for 20 years invited me to meet his family and when I arrived I found him busy at the copper with a big wooden spoon.

"Doing some washing?" I inquired. "No," said he, "I'm making a bit of porridge for the kids. You see, the wife had eight nippers when I married her, and now I'm the father of nine more, so our home is like a small restaurant."

2/6 to Mr. D. Germain, Somers Place, Carlton, Vic.

IT CAME TRUE

WHEN I was twenty years of age my father took me for a trip to England, where a dear old lady gave me a pair of beautiful Buxton stone vases, a wedding present received by her 50 years previously. The design on the vases was a bunch of grapes, the tendrils of the leaves forming perfect initials "E.B." The old lady said to me, "They are the initials of your future husband, my dear." And she was right.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Becke, Strathleven, Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.



THE driver was thrown out... The horses dashed over the bridge.

Driverless coach team reached town safely

WE were riding in a five-horse Cobb and Co. mail coach along the track from Hay to Deniliquin.

There had been much rain and the road had been badly cut up by teams carrying wool to the railhead at Deniliquin.

The coach drivers would make a track of their own, out beyond the furthest waggon track, to ensure a safe passage.

The coach was due to arrive at Wanganella, a village on Billabong Creek, at 9 p.m. There were six passengers, mostly women, inside the coach, and only the driver on the box.

Within a mile of Wanganella the offside front wheel went into a rut.

The driver was thrown out

but the horses kept on at their usual pace.

They had to cross a bridge over the creek to reach the township, and to do this had to turn almost at right angles.

This the horses managed without a driver. No one in the coach even noticed the driver was gone. Two hundred yards further on the coach stopped safely at the hotel.

The grooms were waiting to change the horses, and the first thing the passengers heard was a call from the grooms: "Where's the driver? The reins are trailing on the ground and covered with mud."

The driver was unhurt, and duly arrived at the hotel.

£1/1/- to Mr. F. R. Cameron, Connell's Pt. Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

In Indian Riot

I LIVED in Serampur (Bengal, India), as a child, and nearby were several jute mills. One night we heard a surging noise, and the streets were filled with angry crowds brandishing sticks and stones.

Several of us white children were returning from a fair where we saw the pulling of Juggernaut's car, and found ourselves caught in the mob.

The boys of the party pushed us up a peep tree and wrapped their dark coats round our white frocks. We sat quaking in the tree for over an hour till the mob had gone, storming down to the manager's house.

Then hailing a passing tikka ghari we drove home to find a police party were out searching for us. The strike was for more holiday time, and to allow the mill hands to see the pulling of the Car of Juggernaut.

2/6 to Mollie Asphar, 19 Omslow St., South Perth.

Reward for valor

I WAS living at Orange, N.S.W., when I had the unpleasant job of destroying a half-grown cattle pup.

I led it out on a chain behind a hake, taking two valuable bush dogs with me until I reached the edge of the timber. I left my bike and was walking through some heavily timbered country when both dogs jumped back from a large brown snake.

I was afraid to shoot for fear of hitting one of the dogs, so I let go the pup to do what I could.

Before I had reached them the pup darted in and caught the snake by the tail from behind and was off with it through the timber. When I reached the pup it was out of breath and the snake was lying stunned, its head having been battered against the trees. It was an easy victim for the bullet that was meant for the pup. The pup saved his own life, too.

2/6 to J. K. Moore, First St., Kingswood, via Penrith, N.S.W.

Drop from light wires

ELECTRICITY was being installed in our suburb. Some workmen had just finished putting the wire on one pole lying along the ground. Schoolchildren, including myself, were walking along with their legs astride the wire.

One of the men called out: "Come on, you kids! Get off that wire! It's going up now!" All the children obeyed.

But as soon as his back was turned I hopped back over the wire again. As the wire came up and hit me I caught hold of it. I was taken up, the full height of the telegraph poles.

The men below called out to hang on, but the wire was cutting into my hands.

I woke up in St. George District Hospital with concussion, two black eyes, a broken wrist, and a hole in my forehead.

2/6 to Mrs. G. Fyvie, Cumberland Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week. For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy," we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.



Spectator

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Sportswear's "Ministry of Information" releases exciting fashion news that'll set the whole town talking! With refreshingly new style details, here are the casual clothes you wear for informal occasions—yet exciting enough for club, parties and Sunday best. You'll look as if economy never entered your pretty head yet prices are so reasonable it's pleasant to be able to own several.



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A SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD



BIXIES
8 oz., 1 point.
24 oz., 3 points.

WHEN BIXIES ARE SERVED

Here's a cereal that puts an edge on the laziest early-morning appetite. Youngsters—grown-ups—and in-betweens all applaud this crunchy-crisp and golden cereal.

It's because of the rich persuasive flavour that's packed into every flake of Bixies. It's because of the special way, which Sanitarium have, of releasing the true inner taste of pure, whole wheat, and sealing it for breakfast table enjoyment. And there's a mighty good supply of balanced nourishment in every plate of Bixies. Make it a habit... "BIXIES FOR BREAKFAST".

BIXIE FEATURES

- (1) Bixies contain all the rich nutriment of whole wheat—mineral salts, vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates, roughage—in ideal proportions and easily digestible forms.
- (2) With cream or milk, honey, fresh or stewed fruit, there's no more delectable breakfast than a plate of Bixies. And when you're baking you'll find a hundred ways to add food value and variety with these crisp, flavourful flakes.



SAVE COUPONS FROM THESE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS ALSO

- BETTA PEANUT BUTTER
Points: 4 oz. (1); 8 oz. (2); 12 oz. (3).
- MARMITE
Points: 1 oz. (1); 2 oz. (2); 4 oz. (4); 8 oz. (8); 16 oz. (16).
- KWIC-BRU
Points: 8 oz. (2); 16 oz. (4); 32 oz. (8).
- WEET BIX
Points: 12 oz. (1); 24 oz. (2).
- SAN BRAN
Points: 8 oz. (2).
- GRANOSE
Points: 12 oz. (1); 24 oz. (2).
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- CERIX PUFFED RICE
Points: 8 oz. (1).

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 If you cannot call, send your coupons (in separate package with name and address of retailer shown clearly) and send the necessary amount for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts.
 This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia or Queensland.

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Sanitarium

HEALTH FOODS

Don't delay—help the Red Cross to-day!

Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 7

He stood looking down on her for a moment. He had a curious quality of controlled ferocity. She had the absurd feeling that if she had answered his question differently, Ferrier would have been stretched on the floor. And yet, oddly enough, she did not fear this man. She met his eyes appealingly. "Please," she said.

He lit a candle at the fire, and stuck it into an old brass candlestick. "I'll show you the way."

With an inaudible sigh of relief Ferrier turned to the decanter that Dominic had now set on the table. "May I help myself?" he said lightly, then noticed, significantly, that there was very little in the decanter. Obviously their host had been interrupted in the act of filling it. For a moment the two men's eyes met.

"Please do," said Dominic briefly. As he picked up Sarah's suitcase Ferrier asked, "By the way, where do I sleep?"

Dominic grinned slowly, his eyes mocking Ferrier. "There is only one bedroom furnished here. I'm afraid you and I will have to toss for the sofa and the two chairs."

"Oh?" The boy was laughing at him, and Leon disliked being laughed at. He shrugged, admitting defeat.

The situation suddenly appealed to his sense of the drama. "Well, good-night, Sarah, pleasant dreams. You should sleep peacefully, knowing you are protected by so earnest a knight-errant as Mr. Steel."

His tone suggested Dominic was being a little naive about the situation, but Dominic merely bowed with grave irony, and led Sarah upstairs to a gallery from which the bedroom doors opened. At the last door he halted, opened it and gave her the candle, then stood back to let her pass.

She hesitated, and turned back. "Thank you—for everything," she said, then impulsively, horrified at herself immediately she had said it. "What were you going to say—a while ago, when you put me down in the porch?"

His grey eyes were wary. "Why do you want to know?"

"I feel," she stammered—"I feel it was important."

He smiled down into her eyes, arrogantly, boyishly. "I was going to say your hair smelled like a flower garden on a summer evening."

The quick uprush of sheer pleasure startled her.

"Oh!"

"Very important, isn't it? Good-night."

She stood motionless as he went swiftly down the stairs; then went into the room, closing the door behind her, her heart unexpectedly racing, her breath coming quickly between her parted lips.

Downstairs Ferrier had finished his drink and was standing by the fire.

"I respect your attitude towards Miss Hurst," he said dryly, "but perhaps you'd be interested to know we're practically engaged."

"Really?" Dominic's voice was politely sceptical. "Would you care for something to eat? I can give you some cold beef or eggs and bacon or some bread and cheese. I'm afraid the fare is rather simple here."

"No, thank you," Ferrier was irritated. He said angrily, "You heard what I said. Don't you believe me?"

Dominic shrugged his big shoulders, finished his drink, yawned and stretched mightily, spun a coin in the air. "You get the sofa. Here are some blankets."

He tossed the blankets over to

Ferrier, then tugged at his sweater and peeled it off. His bare brown torso shone in the lamplight, muscles rippling under the clear, tanned skin. He made Ferrier feel unaccountably bitter and old. He checked his thoughts exasperatedly. Thirty-five wasn't old; he must be tired, getting an inferiority complex because of this indifferent, impertinent stripping. He said, "You haven't answered my question!"

Dominic was climbing into his pyjamas. He rolled himself up, camp-fashion, into his blankets and made himself, surprisingly for his long length of limb, quite comfortable on the two armchairs. He lit a cigarette and looked across at Leon Ferrier.

"I take it you were a guest at Normanhurst?"

"Yes. What has that got to do with it?"

"Well, Miss Hurst was under her father's protection there. So long as you are both guests here, she is under mine."

"What do you mean, so long as we are here?"

"It's still snowing heavily. There's no sign of a thaw. There's every likelihood of your being here for several days."

Sarah woke early, as she always did, with the lovely, fresh, wide-awakeness of a baby. She sat up in bed, huddling the warm bedclothes about her, aware of the heavy grey skies outside, the wall of the wind at the casement and down the chimney, aware of the strange room in which she had slept, and the evening before came back to her, slowly, like remembered snatches of a dream.

It was a neat, clean, bare room, almost like a monk's cell in its stern utility. Last night she had been too sleepy to notice. Bare white walls, plain blue curtains, a strip of rug on the bare stained boards. But the narrow, dark oaken bed was very comfortable and there were books in open shelves against the walls. "Books everywhere in this house," she thought. And, surprisingly and beautifully, in an old brilliantly polished brass water jug was a mass of autumn leaves, red and rusty yellow against the white severity of the walls.

She drew her knees up under her chin, her hair flopping in a silken curtain over her face, smiling secretly to herself, thinking of Dominic Steel. Red-brown hair, grey eyes like polished grey metal—tall, vividly attractive. But he couldn't be as attractive as she thought. Perhaps he was really a very ordinary young man, this gentleman farmer who collected about him new and interesting books, and rare and old editions.

She glanced at her watch—a quarter-past seven—and as she did so heard the sound of the dog, Rex, barking in the yard outside, and the sound of booted feet crossing to the sheds.

She jumped out of bed, and drew the curtains aside. Dominic was crossing the snowy yard to the cowshed, and as she watched, the great dog leapt to meet him, paws on his chest, and they wrestled for a moment, a joyous tussle against the trodden snow. His cap fell off and the dog pounced like lightning and was off with it in his mouth. She saw Dominic's hair, rusty-bright in the dull morning light, and heard his laugh as he set off in pursuit.

Sarah stood back and let the

curtain fall, her eyes grave, her mouth suddenly quivering, her thoughts troubled. She hadn't just imagined it; he was as she had thought, a vivid new factor in her life. Last night she had set off on her adventure, so sure of what she wanted—to go to London with Leon Ferrier, to learn to be an actress, to show her father and family that she could be more than a spoiled, well-born young woman destined for the society marriage market.

But now? Her thoughts paused, remembering: "I was going to say your hair smelled like a flower garden on a summer evening..."

Oh, it was absurd! Of course she was going on to London with Leon, just as soon as the snow melted, and they could get the car free. What difference could it possibly make to her that she had met a strange young man with reddish hair? She was behaving like a star-struck schoolgirl.

She went to the small washstand, poured out a basinful of soft, chilly rain-water—there was a film of ice on top of the jug—and began to wash.

"Ugh!" She shivered as she splashed her face and body, glowing afterwards as she towelled vigorously. She grinned wickedly as she wondered if Leon would have to do without a warm bath, and how he would manage without a man to lay out his clothes. She put on the brown tweed dress she had worn the day before and a fluffy cardigan, red as a robin's breast, and brushed out her shining hair. Unset, it hung straight and silken to her shoulders.

She wished she had some sturdy shoes to go out into the farmyard. Outside the door she found the high-heeled pair she had worn the night before, dried and carefully cleaned.

SHE turned her bed back neatly to air and went quietly downstairs. Leon, huddled disconsolately in his blankets on the sofa, was still asleep. The fireplace had already been cleaned, a fire lit and the room tidied. Only Leon, huddled in blankets, seemed a little out of place. One should be up and doing in this house.

Sarah crept quietly past without waking him into the small white-washed scullery at the back. A kitchen range was burning brightly. She glanced at the kettle singing on the hob; the great side of bacon hung on the rafters. On the floor by the door was a pair of women's rubber overshoes. She sat down and pulled them over her thin shoes, a little frown between her brows. A woman about the house? She held out the large boot inquiringly, and stood up. They were so large it was as much as she could do to walk in them. Who was this mysterious female who 'look size seven'?

She smiled, opened the back door, and the bleak moorland wind whipped her face and hair. Rex, gargantuanly juvenile about the snow, came lolling towards her.

"Sh!" Her hand sleeked his head expertly, and he unwillingly abandoned his bark of welcome. She went quickly and quietly across the snowy yard to the door of the shed. It was shadowy inside, warm, with the soft stamp and murmur of tethered beasts, the hiss of milk into a pail, and then, at the far end, Dominic rose, placing his pail out of reach of treacherous backward kicking hoofs.

"All right, Lady," his hand gentled the cow's smooth side, and he turned and saw Sarah standing in the doorway. There was a silence, and then she said quietly: "Good morning."

"Good-morning."

Stupidly, she found it difficult to meet his eyes without the color coming to her cheeks. She held out an enormous foot.

Please turn to Page 44

Backache & Bladder Weakness?

TRY THIS NEW SCIENTIFIC REMEDY

Kidney Acidity and Bladder Weakness are now being quickly overcome by a new, revolutionary method that is simple, natural and scientific. Specialists have traced the cause of Burning and Smarting, Backache, Bladder troubles, Foot and Leg Pains, Getting up Nights, Frequent Day Calls, Loss of Vigour, Nervousness and Constipation to self-poisoning, i.e., a clogged colon. Due to the inactivity of the colon (large intestine) all the food refuse is not passed out of the body. Instead, it encrusts on the colon walls and there putrefies. Virtuous poisons and bacteria seep into the bloodstream which carries them to the kidneys and bladder. These poisons impede the action of the kidneys. Irritating acids that should be passed out in the water are allowed to remain and inflame the delicate kidney filters thus causing pain, distress, weakness and embarrassment.

To get rid of kidney complaints and bladder weakness you must remove the encrustations on the colon. Normal bowel movements cannot do this—the walls of the colon have become inactive. Opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon, so drink warm water and 'Coloseptic' every morning. This simple plan cleanses the colon, tones up the walls, giving them back their power of normal movement.

'Coloseptic' corrects acid conditions in the colon, kidneys and bladder. It stimulates kidney and bladder action. 'Coloseptic' also stimulates the action of the pores of the skin and the lungs—important organs which eliminate poisons from your system. 'Coloseptic' promptly establishes internal cleanliness thus helping your body work smoothly and naturally. Get 'Coloseptic' from your chemist to-day. Individual size, 2/6; Economy size, 3/6.

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TERRY CAME BACK BUT ROMANCE STAYED AWAY...until



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Secure from your chemist 1 ounce Parmin (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

Parmin is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalize the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in any form, or distressing rumbling, hissing sounds in their ears, should give this recipe a trial.



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De Witt's Antacid Powder frees you from stomach trouble because it kills excess stomach acid. One dose quickly stops after-meal pain, heartburn and flatulence.

Briefly, here is the triple-action De Witt's Antacid Powder formula that has proved so successful. *Malt Diastase* to aid digestion; *English Kaolin* to protect the stomach lining; *Calcium Carb.*, *Magnesium Carb.* and *Sodium Bicarb.* to neutralise burning stomach acids.

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DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Flatulence. In sky-blue canisters, large size 2/6. New Giant size 4/6.

"Who is the giantess who rules your kitchen, Mr. Steel?"

He laughed. "Mrs. Sykes. She and her worthy husband usually arrive by bicycle at six-thirty and start ordering me about. But it seems they won't arrive this morning. The roads are impassable and they have three miles to come. That's why I had to get on with the milking."

The stable cat stalked from the shadows, purring suggestively, and Dominic lifted the pail and poured him a can full of warm, fresh milk. He bent his black head, luxuriously flattening his ears.

"Sensualist," said Sarah.

Dominic straightened inquiringly. "No," she laughed. "Not you—the cat. Look how he's enjoying it."

Dominic picked up his pails.

"I'm going across to the dairy."

"May I come?" asked Sarah.

"If you wish."

They walked across to the white-washed building together, and Sarah stood watching while Dominic poured the fresh, foaming milk into the pans.

"I'm afraid this will be wasted," he said, "for the pokers will get it. What we have over we sell locally, but unless the wind drops and a thaw sets in it will be impossible for them to collect it. Perhaps for several days."

"Days?" echoed Sarah in alarm. "Yes." His grey eyes met hers. "Will you be bored?"

Again the unbidden color came into her cheeks; her lashes dropped swiftly over her bright, troubled eyes. Stay here for several days? Again the feeling that she must get away swept over her. Did one step from one trap into another? But she wouldn't be bored. Not bored. She looked up swiftly.

"No. I won't be bored, but I'd expect to be in London by now. Starting on my career."

"What are you going to do?" "You objected to being catechised last night."

"I beg your pardon."

She said swiftly, "No, I don't mind you knowing. I'm going to be an actress. I'm going to be in Mr. Ferrier's new play."

"Unbidden Bloom?"

"How did you know?"

"It's been advertised in the London papers." He made a deprecatory gesture with his hand. "Are you sure it's what you want?"

"Yes." She spoke quickly, positively, a little too quickly. "Don't you think I'll be any good?"

He said grimly: "You'll be what Ferrier will make you. But you don't

Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 43

seem to belong there. You seem to belong to the sky, and the open air and—"

"Well?" she said eagerly.

"To all beauty."

What power had he to make her heart race like this? Strong, brown face, laughing boy's mouth! Last night when he had carried her against his shoulder, her lips just below that square, uncompromising chin. She tugged at her wayward thoughts, angrily. One didn't fall in love like this—love was a thing to learn and think about, or many meetings. One didn't just tumble into the snow last night. She said defiantly: "Is there no beauty on the stage?"

"A different sort of beauty, given by a different sort of people. There is beauty of thought, of the spoken word by the trained artist. But Ferrier will not give you this."

"He has made great successes."

"Yes—glamorisation—knowing what the public wants—Hollywood stuff. Publicity and fashion. He has only produced one great artist, and she would have been, perhaps, even a greater one if Ferrier had never seen her."

"Noreen Manet?"

"Noreen Manet," he said simply.

"You admire her?"

"Yes."

They began to walk back to the house. The stable cat sat just in-

The answer is—

- 1—Is of uncertain origin.
- 2—Herefords (best cattle). Jersey, Ayrshire, Friesians (dairy cattle).
- 3—The French Sudan.
- 4—Rice.
- 5—Coins.
- 6—Minister without a portfolio (now out of Cabinet).
- 7—Gentle art.
- 8—George Washington.
- 9—Limestone.
- 10—The Parthenon at Athens.

Questions on Page 38

side the door of the cowshed, cleaning its paws delicately. Sarah watched it for a moment, and then said, with a touch of envy: "You enjoy life, too, don't you?"

"Yes." He thrust his hands into his pockets; his head went back as he took in a great draught of the chill morning air. "Yes. To believe in one's work and do it, and not be afraid of loneliness." He looked at her strangely. "It must be frightful to have to fill your life with people and talk—talking all the time of one's own importance—showing off to oneself and everyone else. Reassuring oneself. Filling up every moment of every day, so that there is no time to think of reality and eternity."

"How do you know, if you have never experienced it?" she said rudely. "It may be just as real as your milk and turnips."

He laughed delightedly. "I have. For two years after I left the Varsity I was in London." He changed the subject abruptly. "But we shall get bad-tempered if we don't eat. Come and have breakfast."

They went into the little back kitchen, and Sarah laid the table and made toast, while he neatly sliced the bacon and cooked it, expertly broke fresh eggs into the sizzling pan and made the tea. Ferrier was still asleep. They had finished when he came in, muffled in a regal dressing-gown of padded silk. He looked at them with weary sarcasm.

"What youth and high spirits at such an ungodly hour," he said.

"You're always saying sleep is one of the things a theatrical producer has to do without," teased Sarah.

"Yes. When he's been working all night. But once in bed, only a lunatic rises at eight-thirty." He looked out of the window at the unbroken expanse of snow, and shivered. "Ugh! How uninviting!"

"Not a chance of getting away today, I suppose, Steel?"

"I'm afraid not." Dominic rose and began to clear away the plates while Sarah poured Leon some tea. He had shuddered at the idea of food

so early in the morning. "There's not much to offer you in the shape of amusement. If the wind dropped we might get some tobogganing. I have an old sled."

"Lovely!" cried Sarah.

"My dear Sarah," said Leon wearily, "if you want to roll about in the snow, you're welcome. I prefer to remain warm and dry. But on the other hand, if it's not too much of a bore, we could get on with some work. I'd like to take you through your big acne. How about it?"

"That would be fine." She tried to make her voice eager. It was as though Leon wanted her to recover her mood of wild enthusiasm again, but somehow she shrank from displaying her amateurism before Dominic. Leon lit a cigarette, and glanced at her suspiciously. Dominic had gone into the big living-room, to see to the fire and put Ferrier's blankets away.

"You're not going back on me, Sarah?" he said sharply. "You're sure you still like this idea in the cold light of day?" He jerked his head in the direction of the living-room. "You're not letting a passing interest in this rustic philosopher damp your enthusiasm for a career?" She colored holly and rose to her feet.

"Leon—how dare you!"

"Don't be so indignant," he said calmly. "It may be true. I tell you now, Sarah—you've got to make up your mind. I'm not in this business for my health. You've got to concentrate and you've got to work. I don't mind you indulging in a flirtation if it amuses you, but it has to stop at a flirtation. I'm not going to waste my time and money on someone who is half-hearted about her work."

His words whipped her, bringing her swiftly to his side.

"Leon, please. I'm just as keen—really. It's neither your fault nor mine if we're held up here. I just thought it might be boring for Dominic"—his dark brows went up. "Mr. Steel—and a little embarrassing for me to begin rehearsals now."

"You'll have to get used to rehearsing before all sorts and kinds of people. And Mr. Steel will surely be attending to his cows and cabbages." He glanced at her, saw her lips quiver with humiliation, and his voice altered and was gentle.

"Sarah, don't be hurt. But trust me, and don't desert me. I'm staking my reputation on you, and I believe in you."

It was exactly the right thing to say. She gave him her hand with reassurance, her doubts forgotten.

"Of course, Leon. I will try. I haven't forgotten what you said—you're the general."

He kissed the proffered hand lightly. His instinct in handling people was nearly infallible.

"And you forgive me for last night?"

"We were all a little crazy last night." She paused. "Well, when do we get to work?"

"Right away. As soon as I've taken this beard off my face." Dominic came back into the room. "Have you a bathroom here, Steel? I'd like to shave."

"First door up the stairs. The water will be hot now."

At the door Leon paused. "Do you mind if Miss Hurst and I have the living-room to ourselves? We're going to work."

Dominic turned slowly to Sarah, a question in his eyes. For the first time she felt as though the two men were pulling her different ways, splitting her desires and ambitions, wanting her to be two different people.

"I wish," she thought suddenly, "I'd never met either of them. I wish I was at home with the usual things happening, mother and father, Hugh and his horses, the ordinary things." But even as she thought it she knew it wasn't true. In a flash of clearness she knew that this meeting with Dominic Steel mattered to her intensely. And because she did not want to know this, to admit it even to herself, she said quickly, "Please."

He gave a grave little inclination of his head. "Of course I shan't disturb you. If you want to work."

Please turn to Page 46

You Cannot Avoid ACCIDENTS

But you can guard against serious infection by dressing all skin breaks with Iodex. In an article on Tetanus, the world-famous Lister Institute advises:—"Use Iodine in the local treatment of the wound, as it has strong destructive action on the Tetanus Toxin."

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Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are staying at the southern estate of wealthy
COLONEL RICH: A cotton planter. The Colonel's daughter,
DOT: Has accompanied Mandrake and Lothar to investigate the story of the ghost.
OL' JEAN: Who is supposed to haunt the bayous where

once a pirate band hid its treasure. Queer, sinister figures, dressed as pirates, are encountered, and when Lothar attacks one of them his fist goes through the apparition and strikes a tree. A mysterious voice warns them to leave while still alive, and on their return to the plantation they are forbidden by
JEFF: Dot's fiance, to return to the bayous. Mandrake thereupon sends for the Sheriff. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED



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THEY worked all through the day until evening, stopping only for a meal of bread and cold meat and cheese, which Dominic brought in to them on a tray. Sarah had never seen Leon at work before. He was like a dynamo, never flagging or losing interest for a moment. Like a magician creating characters momentarily, making them disappear. He would be the young girl of her own part, her stepmother, the young man they were both in love with.

She felt stiff and awkward, like a schoolgirl, as he made her go over her lines again and again. He made her stand, rehearsing her first entrance, until her legs ached, and pitch her voice until it felt like a muffled croak. Every window was closed and he smoked cigarette after cigarette until her head ached and they seemed to be peering at one another through a mist.

It was after five when he threw himself down in a chair, silent, preoccupied, his saturnine face weary, withdrawn into himself.

She stood, feeling like a puppet someone has animated, and then left on a shelf. Presently she ventured, "Well?"

"O.K. We'll finish for to-night." "But—am I going to be all right?" He raised his head moodily to her lovely anxious face, his eyes sleepy, inscrutable. He was mad, and he knew it, to risk a raw amateur in such a part. Barely a month to teach her. Sarah—golden, proud, impertuous—that's how she had been last night at Normanhurst. That's how he saw her, lovely and desirable, and that's how he would make audiences see her.

He said quickly: "Yes. You were all right. I think I'll bring it off." Sarah said huskily, "I think I'll go out."

She turned away quickly, trying to fight her disappointment. Was she, then, to be nothing but a clay figure he would mould to a design? A Galatea to be moulded into a success in a few rehearsals, as her father had said? And it would be Ferrier's success, not hers. Oh, her father couldn't be so deadly right. She had an instant's vision of Sir Benjamin's face, courteously sceptical. He couldn't be right.

Later, when she had learned more, her own personality and talent would come in. She wouldn't give in. She wouldn't. She would show them all what she could do. Leon Ferrier as well. She went out into the snow-covered garden and leaned wearily against the wall.

A voice near her said gently, "Tired?" And Dominic was beside her in the darkness.

Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 44

She looked up and saw him, lean and graceful, silhouetted against the white wall of the house.

"Terribly. Have you a cigarette?" He took out his case. "I thought you didn't smoke?"

"Not as a rule, but I need one now." She took one and he lit it for her, but after a few puffs she coughed and threw it away. She had never felt like this before, exhausted, dull. She shivered. "How cold it is."

He took off his coat and put it round her shoulders.

"How about you?"

"I'm used to it." He leaned on the wall, beside her, looking up at the sky. "You're not engaged to Ferrier, are you?"

"No."

"I thought he was lying." There was a pause. Leon told him that. Why? To explain and justify his attitude of last night—or to keep Dominic away from her? He said: "The sky has cleared . . . look at the stars."

"How near they seem," she sighed. "As though you had only to put up a hand and take them."

"They're not really near," he said swiftly. "They're always just out of reach. Look." He pointed to the ground. A warm pipe in the wall of the house had melted a patch of snow. In the tiny black pool the stars were reflected. "It's only when you find them lying unexpectedly at your feet that you can pick them up and take them into your life."

"You're trying to tell me that I'm a fool," she said passionately. "That I can't do this thing; that I ought to give up and go home. But I won't go back now. I will try. I won't be beaten. I'll pull those stars down one by one and thread them on a string."

"That wasn't what I was trying to tell you," he said quietly.

"What was it?" She tried to mock at him and at herself. "That my hair smells like a flower garden again?"

"I'm trying to tell myself something," he went on, almost as though she hadn't spoken. "That I'm crazy, that it isn't true, that things don't happen like this. But it is true, and it has happened. I'm in love with you, Sarah."

She put her hands over her ears childishly. "I won't listen. I'm too tired. Don't, Dominic."

He took her hands away from her ears, turned them palms upwards, then suddenly laid his face against them, and felt them tremble against his hard brown cheek.

"Close your ears and your heart

if you can. It is because you haven't listened. If you do, you'll stay with me."

She dragged her hands away. "I'm going on. I tell you—to a world that you hate and despise—where there would be no place for you. You're mad. It's impossible. How could we be happy?"

He laughed at that, that gay, vital laugh of his.

"Happy? Who knows about happiness? I'm not promising anything so intangible. I'm saying I love you and asking you to marry me." She turned to go into the house, but his arm across the doorway barred her way. She looked, forcing herself to meet his eyes. "Why do you tremble when I touch you, Sarah?"

"What are you afraid of? Afraid of loving me?"

His eyes challenged her. She had an impulse to touch that fine mouth with her hand, and she knew that if she did she would be in his arms, lost, defeated. She mustered all her resources; all the cool, casual charm of her life and upbringing.

"You're being awfully nice and romantic, Dominic," she said lightly. "But just a little absurd." She paused, praying that he would let her go in, not tempt her with his nearness from her purpose. His arm dropped. He made a mocking little gesture as though handing her over to the life she had chosen, and followed her indoors into the living-room.

Leon, still sunk in his chair by the fire, looked up, saw her bright cheeks, her wild bright eyes, and rose.

"SARAH," he said remorsefully, "I was a beast just now. I should have said how well you worked, and how patient you've been."

Her eyes lit; her courage and belief in herself returned.

"Then—you do think I'll be all right?"

"You'll be a riot," he said, and turned to Dominic. "What about some supper? May we help you?"

Dominic's face was politely surprised. It was the first time Ferrier had offered to do anything.

"Trying to charm me, too," he seemed to say. Nice to have charm that one could turn on and off like a tap. Afraid of losing her—and clever.

Knowing just when to crack his whip, just when to flatter and soothe.

"I'd be glad if you would," he said. "Mrs. Sykes usually does these things for me, and I'm afraid we're tied to a diet of bacon and eggs so long as I'm chef."

"I'll make an omelette," said Ferrier.

"Oh, Leon, I had no idea you were so talented."

Over her fair head the eyes of the two men met, measuring, challenging.

"My dear," he said slowly, "I am more talented than either you or our young friend here imagines."

They were quite a cheerful party. Ferrier was as good as his word, and the omelette was excellent. They were all hungry, Dominic produced a bottle of wine and Sarah made some coffee, and afterwards they sat before the fire, and the talk, as was inevitable, turned to the theatre.

Sarah sat on a low stool by the hearth, her coffee cup on her knee. Ferrier sunk up to his shoulder-blades in the big armchair. He watched them, as he had watched them over dinner, drinking Dominic's very good wine—Sarah's shate as well as his own.

The boy's eyes were on her with that little fire in their clear grey depths, while she was very gay, a little too gay, over-playing her part a bit, he thought grimly; not looking at Dominic, all her words and glances for himself. And the boy was so confident, so infernally confident.

Not just his looks, his magnificent strength, graceful as the great dog that rested its alken head on his knee. He was apparently calm, his strong, brown fingers, curiously smooth and unstrained for a farmer, packing and filling his pipe. Yet there was that about him that said, as he watched Sarah: "You are my woman. I've found you. Deny it if you can; run away if you dare." And Sarah, her cheeks nearly as bright as her robin-red jacket, gay, poised, brilliant, could not meet his eyes.

To be continued

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THE HOMEMAKER

April 6, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

FRESH AS A FLOWER...

THAT'S just the way you must be these days for true loveliness. And there's all the difference between just mere cleanliness and fastidious grooming. This involves attention to subtle details, but it's worth it if you would be "fresh as a flower."

By JANETTE

FASTIDIOUSNESS need not be expensive... it need not even occupy any more of your time than bathing does now. It's just a knowledge of little things that makes all the difference.

There's the matter of perfume, for example. You've probably been charmed by those rare women whose presence brings a delicate perfumed air—subtle and indefinable. How do they achieve it? Certainly not by merely dabbing some perfume on a handkerchief and behind the ears.

If you want this flower-like fragrance always surrounding you, you must first consider your bath soap, bath salts, and talc powder, as well as the scented sachets that lie in your lingerie drawer. If the same perfume is used for all these, then there will be no distracting clash of perfumes, but each will unobtrusively add to the fragrant effect.

As for your daily bath—if you haven't experienced the refreshing luxury of some of the new bath salts, or the blissful floating-on-clouds feeling of a foam bath, do treat yourself to these small luxuries without delay. And remember to use scent that is similar to your favorite perfume.

Brisk scrubbing

IT'S not enough just to loll in lots of warm water for thorough cleanliness. Brisk scrubbing is essential. Don't be frightened to scrub fairly vigorously—it's grand for toning up the skin. You can buy good bath brushes, or use, if you prefer, a loofah, stiff sponge, or towelling cloth.

Then after the bath one of the loveliest ways to get that subtly fragrant atmosphere is to have a brisk rub down with some perfume—you can't do better than eau-de-Cologne for this. It tones you up mentally as well as physically, especially if you're feeling tired before an important date.

A most important step in daintiness that should never be neglected is the use of an underarm deodorant. Use one winter and summer. You may think you don't perspire. But all humans do—if you didn't, you'd be a case for a doctor.

The use of some form of deodorant should become a habit, no more to be neglected than cleaning your teeth. You can choose be-



READY FOR THE PARTY—
Brenda Joyce, Fox star. In her girlish frock of organdie, simple hair-do, and dainty freshness her appearance is one of flower-like loveliness.



HERE'S THE BEST WAY of applying brillantines or perfume to your hair. Use a perfume spray and the scented brillantines will give your hair fragrance and a silken sheen.



TREAT YOURSELF to the luxury of a special beautifying bath regularly. Marjorie Weaver, Fox star, above, believes in foam baths for removing that tired feeling before an important date.



TESTS SHOW THIS THRILLING DIFFERENCE.
LEFT: Soap-washed side of head. Hair dulled by cloudy film.
RIGHT: Colinated shampoo-washed side of head. Hair shining. No dulling film.

To the girl who washes her own hair....

BUT NOT WITH SOAP!

MY DEAR! I've never seen your hair look so lovely... such fascinating silky softness. ... No risks for you—washing such beautiful hair with alkaline-laden soaps and powder shampoos. You found out long ago how alkali can make hair dull, brittle and hard-to-manage.

Remember the day on the beach when you got your hair wet? It was the caustic effect of the alkali in the salt water that made your hair so coarse, dry and "flat." Yes, just the same "burning" chemical found in soap and powder shampoos. And you know now why so many Society leaders and famous beauties are preferring Colinated, the only hair shampoo which has been through the amazing "colinating" process.

Every woman who values the full youthful lustre of her hair delights in washing it herself to feel the magic, pure-

cleansing bubbles "foam" deep down amongst the hair roots, and to revel in the glorious "loosened up" feeling of a refreshed scalp.

Just a little of this luxurious Colinated "foam" Shampoo is plenty to give a rich sparkling foam (5 times more foam than alkali-laden soap). Watch how only one quick rinse takes off every trace of dust, dandruff, "oily-film" and acid perspiration—and then, drying it with Nature's own Sun and Wind—you're sure nothing can spoil its natural radiance. So you discover, joyfully, a more vivid YOU, with hair so soft—with a new thrilling burnished sheen!

Get some Colinated "foam" Shampoo to-day from your chemist or store. A bottle gives many wave-preserving shampoos. Thrill to its wonderful beauty-cleansing! Know why it's Australia's best selling shampoo.

Delicious — when it's made with **KRAFT**

KRAFT CREAMED EGGS

3 tablespoons butter.
3 tablespoons cornflour.
1½ cups milk.
1½ cups shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese.
Chopped, cooked spinach.
Salt, pepper, eggs.

Make cream sauce with the butter, flour and milk. Add one cup of the shredded Kraft Cheddar, and stir until cheese is melted. Season to taste.

Place a generous amount of thoroughly drained spinach into individual fire-proof dishes. Make a hollow in the centre of each, and break one or two raw eggs into it. Pour a helping of cheese sauce around each egg and over the spinach. Sprinkle the remaining cheese over the eggs and bake the casseroles in a moderate oven, 350°, until the eggs are done. Serves four.

JUST everyday spinach and eggs and easy to make Kraft Cheese Sauce . . . and when these three get together you have a breakfast that will win cheers from the whole family. Or a light, delicious entree that's the very thing to serve when you have friends along for luncheon or Sunday night supper.

And this is only one of the dozens of appetising dishes you can fix in a jiffy, when you have plenty of Kraft Cheddar on hand in the pantry. Every packet of Kraft Cheddar has the same mellow-flavoured goodness. Every packet has the same creamy smoothness which makes it so easy to slice or shred, to toast or melt. Besides, Kraft is *extra* rich in the bone and tooth building minerals, calcium and phosphorus . . . first class milk proteins . . . energy units . . . vitamin A. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft.

Kraft, and only Kraft, gives you all these advantages. Look for the name Kraft on every packet you buy.

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KRAFT CHEDDAR, mellow flavoured, creamy smooth. OLD ENGLISH, the tasty, fully matured cheese. KRAFT CELERY, with a refreshing celery flavour. KRAFT GRUYERE, with a delicate nut sweet flavour. WELSH RAREBIT, slice and melt on toast.

SERVE KRAFT WITH EVERY MEAL

HAVE YOU TRIED THESE TASTY WAYS WITH VEGEMITE?



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Spread Vegemite on bread or biscuits for morning tea or supper—try it on toast for breakfast. Delicious!



Add a dash of Vegemite to gravies, soups or stews. Its intriguing flavour makes them twice as rich and tasty.

VEGEMITE—the concentrated extract of YEAST

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A CINNAMON SPONGE that could take pride of place at an afternoon tea party. It is made from the basic cake mixture published on this page.

SEND in your entry now for our weekly recipe contest. Cash prizes are given each week for the best recipes submitted by readers.

Just write down your tested recipe, stating ingredients first and then the method. Add your name and address, writing on one side of the paper only, and forward it to this office.

THISTLEDOWN SPONGE
Five Cakes From One Recipe
Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, scant

1 cup arrowroot, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt.

Sift arrowroot, baking powder and salt three times. Whisk eggs and sugar till figure 8 stage. Add arrowroot and beat ten minutes. Pour into ungreased sandwich tins (8 inches). Bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes. Time for cooking is very important with this cake.

Filling for Cake: When cool, join with whipped cream flavored with vanilla.

SPANISH Special. a dish in which scrambled eggs are heaped into a moulding of rice, cheese and onion. Recipe is given on this page.

Variations of Basic Recipe

Peach Blossom Cake: Color with cochineal when beating in arrowroot. Make white frosting as follows: 1 large breakfast cup of sugar,

First prize for a THISTLEDOWN SPONGE . . .

• A tested cake recipe that gives you five delicious cakes from the one basic mixture is awarded a cash prize of £1 in this week's cooking competition. All other recipes published on this page receive a consolation prize of 2/6 each.



WAHROONGA PIE

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup milk, 2 small teaspoons baking powder, 11 cups flour, essence of lemon, jam.

Beat eggs well, add sugar and melted butter and beat again. Add milk, mix baking powder and flour together, and stir into mixture. Flavor with essence of lemon. Beat well and bake in two round, shallow tins in a hot oven. Spread with jam and place one on top of the other. Serve hot with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Fitzpatrick, 16 Gilderthorp Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

DEVIL SAUCE FOR GRILLS

One gill good stock, 1 teaspoon each of made mustard, mushroom ketchup, sherry, Worcestershire sauce; 1oz. glaze, 1 teaspoon each of red currant jelly, chilli vinegar, and flour; 1oz. butter.

Heat all ingredients except flour and butter. Let them simmer for 5 minutes. Melt the butter in another pan, stir in flour smoothly, then whisk in gradually the strained liquids, chutney, etc. Stir till it boils, season carefully, and pour a little over any kind of grill, or serve it separately.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Slee, 155 Young St., Parkside, S.A.

GLORIFIED RICE

One packet lemon fruit-jelly crystals, 1 pint boiling water, 2 cups boiled rice, 1 pint pineapple or other juice, pinch salt, 1 cup whipped cream, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Dissolve jelly crystals in 1 pint boiling water. Add fruit juice. When cold, whip to consistency of cream, fold boiled rice into whipped jelly, then add 1 cup whipped cream which has sugar and salt added to taste. Chill thoroughly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. P. Nielsen, 26 Laureate St., Pt. Pirie West, S.A.

COCKTAIL BISCUITS

One tablespoon fresh lemon juice, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tomato, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 banana, wafer biscuits.

Whip butter and sugar together, bruise the banana and tomato after peeling, and add to butter with the lemon juice. Beat all together smoothly. Pile on the biscuits in fancy shapes and decorate with gherkin, olive or chilli.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Hooton, 25 Baden-Powell St., Rockhampton, Qld.

MARSHMALLOW VIENNESE

Four ounces marshmallows, 1 gill sherry or port wine, 1 fresh pineapple, or small tin pineapple, 1 pint cream.

Soak the marshmallows overnight in the sherry or port wine.

Next day chop the pineapple finely and put into a colander to drain. Whip up cream and stir in the pineapple and marshmallows. Put into a glass dish and garnish with cherries and nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Thelma Parr, Bringagee Station, via Hay, N.S.W.

"Miles More Flavour in KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES"

— agree the Johnston family after making Kellogg's famous Blindfold Test.

403 people, including the Johnston family, have now taken part in Kellogg's Blindfold Test! Each person, blindfolded, tastes four well-known breakfast flakes including Kellogg's Corn Flakes (During the test each cereal is referred to by number only) . . . And every one of those 403 people has voted Kellogg's Corn Flakes first for flavour . . . it's that rich taste of corn which makes them so much more delicious!



"THERE'S MILES MORE FLAVOUR IN KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES"

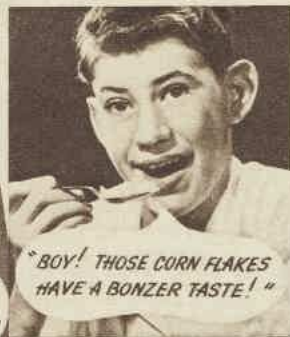
SCIENTIFIC PROOF OF THE GREAT ENERGY GIVING POWER OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES.



Recent analysis made at the Sydney University showed that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes gives you as much energy as two eggs and one pork chop. That's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes keep you going till lunchtime.



"KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES ARE A BREAKFAST IN THEMSELVES FOR ME"



"BOY! THOSE CORN FLAKES HAVE A BONZER TASTE!"



"NOW WE ALL WANT KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES - THEY'RE SO CRUNCHY AND DELICIOUS"



Always say
"KELLOGG'S
before you
say —
"CORN
FLAKES"

Get a packet
from your
grocer to-day.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are made from specially grown white Australian Corn, flavoured with malt, sugar and salt, baked crisp and crunchy in Kellogg's shiny ovens!



NEAT and cosy is this most attractive cardigan for the matron, knitted in 3-ply wool, designed to fit a 38 to 40-inch bust. RIGHT: This diagram will guide you in knitting the garment. Keep to these measurements and you should obtain a perfect fit.



CARDIGAN . . . for a matron

- Knitted with fancy stitch panels, long sleeves and neat-fitting basque.

MATERIALS Required:
7oz. 3-ply Ramada Super Fingering wool, shade 7584 (clover mixture), 4 buttons, 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 38-40-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 20 inches. Sleeve seam, 18 1/2 inches.

Tension: 73 stitches to 1 inch. 9 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together; m, make; sl, slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over. Note: Work into back of all cast on stitches.

BACK
Cast on 138 sts. on No. 11 needles. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 30 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern.

1st Row: K 26, p 2, * k 1, m 1, k 3, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., k 4, m 1, k 1 * p 2, k 52, p 2, repeat * to * once, p 2, k 26.

2nd and All Alternate Rows: P 26, k 2, p 13, k 2, p 52, k 2, p 13, k 2, p 26.

3rd Row: K 26, p 2, * k 2, m 1, k 3, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., k 3, m 1, k 2 * p 2, k 52, p 2, repeat * to * once, p 2, k 26.

5th Row: K 26, p 2, * k 2 tog, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., k 2, m 1, k 1, k 2 tog, * p 2, k 52, p 2, repeat * to * once, p 2, k 26.

7th Row: K 26, p 2, * m 1, k 2 tog, k 2, m 1, k 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., k 1, m 1, k 2, k 2 tog, m 1, * p 2, k 52, p 2, repeat * to * once, p 2, k 26.

9th Row: K 26, p 2, * k 1, m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 1, m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 1 * p 2, k 52, p 2, repeat * to * once, p 2, k 26.

These 10 rows form the pattern. Work 2 more patterns, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until 146 sts. are on needle. Continue on 146 sts. until 13 patterns and 4 rows have been worked.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Take 2 tog. at each end of next 8 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of next 8 rows (108 sts.). Continue in pattern until armholes measure 6 1/2 inches, measured straight up (16 patterns worked from cast on).

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT
Cast on 82 sts. on No. 11 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 30 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern.

1st Row: K 26, p 2, pattern 13, as in 1st row of back, p 2, k 26, place remaining 10 sts. on st. holder.

Continue in pattern as for back until 3 patterns have been worked.

Increase 1 st. at side edge on next and every 8th row until 4 increases have been made, at the same time taking 2 tog. at front edge on next and every 5th row.

Continue thus until 10 patterns and 4 rows have been worked.

Shape Armhole: Still decreasing at front edge, cast off 11 sts. work to end. Work back. Take 2 tog. at armhole edge on next 8 rows. Take 2 tog. at armhole edge on next 4 alternate rows.

Continue decreasing at front edge only until 30 sts. remain.

Continue on 30 sts. until 6 patterns have been worked for armhole (16 patterns and 4 rows in all, ending at armhole edge).

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 10 sts. work to end. Work back *. Repeat * to * once. Cast off.

Return to sts. left on st. holder and with No. 11 needles continue in k 1, p 1 rib for 4 rows.

Make Buttonhole: Rib 4, cast off 3 sts., rib to end.

Rib to last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib 4. Rib 12 rows. Make buttonhole on next 2 rows. Rib 10 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern.

1st Row: Rib 10, place on st. holder, k 26, p 2, pattern 13, p 2, k 29. Continue in pattern to match left front.

Return to sts. left on st. holder. With No. 11 needles continue in rib, making 2 more buttonholes with 14 rows between each. When ribbing measures 25 inches when slightly stretched, cast off.

SLEEVES
Cast on 64 sts. on No. 11 needles. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 29 rows, increasing 1 st. at end of last row. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern.

1st Row: K 24, p 2, pattern 13 (as 1st row of back), p 2, k 24.

Continue in pattern as given for back, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until 96 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 96 sts. until work measures 18 1/2 inches from cast on. Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 59 sts. remain.

Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP
Press work carefully on wrong side with warm iron over a damp cloth.

Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes.

Sew borders to front edge, last buttonhole level with first front decreasing.

Sew tog. at centre back neck. Press seams and edging. Sew buttons on left front to match buttonholes on right front.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in gd. jars.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Farnell & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vin.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blocks up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4



"Always merry and bright"—yes, but that's only half of it. The other half—the better half, as you might say—is this: 'Meat needs Mustard.' Mustard is the greatest and the simplest aid to good digestion that Nature has ever given us. Mustard definitely and directly stimulates the digestion, gets it going and keeps it going until its work is well and truly done. And how? By creating an appetite, by literally 'making your mouth water'—the first stage of digestion on which all the others depend. That's what Mustard does. And How!"

**MEAT
needs**

MUSTARD

Think of the economy of Mustard—25 good dabs for less than 1d. What a trifling cost for your health and happiness!

—KEEN'S Mustard



A dinky, smart "hair-do" . . . it draws attention to your pretty self . . . and then—horrors—the eyes see dandruff flakes working through from your poor "perm-ized," paralysed scalp!

BY all means have hair-do's . . . they are fashionable and attractive . . . but if you want to make the most of them, be very, very careful to guard your head from the unnatural effects of artificial setting chemicals, — heated, parching "perm" machines and hot air blowers. Tight, itching, burning, prickling scalp—dandruff flakes on your shoulders—weak, crackly hairs in your comb . . . these are danger signals of "perm-ized" scalp! Act now to waken up your scalp—stop the itching—cleanse out the dandruff—re-strengthen the poor suffocated hair-cells—and re-nourish. Get Crystolis Rapid, a specialist's successful stimulating tonic treatment. Start to-night. Crystolis is a clean dainty liquid you can apply every night—without messing up the waves!

Its special action penetrates deep down into the hair roots, cleansing out tight, choked-up pores—destroying the hidden, hair-wrecking dandruff germ—and revitalising hair richness.

Decide not to suffer even one more day from the discomfort and spoiling look of "perm-ized" scalp. Get CRYSTOLIS Rapid from your chemist to-day!

"I am a hairdresser, and coming in contact with scalp troubles of all descriptions, I have much pleasure in saying that in every case I have recommended Crystolis Rapid the results have been satisfactory."

R. E. GOLDSWORTHY.



Hands, knees
with SOLVOL
—daily!



Solvol's a popular hit. Specially with children —because it saves scoldings! Solvol's thick, rich, plentiful lather leaves hands and knees spotless . . . gets rid of even worn-in dirt in a jiffy. Hurrah, kiddies! No more scrubbing to hurt your sensitive skin. Hurrah, mothers! Solvol saves you time and trouble.

Whenever you wash
your hands use—



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

22,206-23



HAPPY MOTHERHOOD

Baby shouldn't be an anxiety to you when teething. Providing that the motions are kept easy and regular and the blood cool, there need be no fretting and peevishness when the first little teeth appear. That is exactly what Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders do. They keep baby happy because they keep him healthy, and they are absolutely safe.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Write for a FREE SAMPLE to PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD.
POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . By a Doctor

Beware of that PERSISTENT INDIGESTION

PATIENT: I have been suffering from chronic indigestion for years, and at times the pain is exceptionally severe. I fear I may have gallstones. Could you tell me something about this complaint and how it may be treated?

Doctor: Just as their name implies, gallstones are little masses of solid substance formed out of the bile—or gall—that is stagnant or diseased.

They range in size from that of a grain of coarse sand to that of a small hen's egg, and several hundred small ones may be present at once.

There are two main causes of the formation of gallstones. When tonsils, sinuses or appendix become diseased, the infection may spread to the gall bladder by way of the blood stream and set up an inflammation of the gall bladder and its contents, causing formation of stones.

The second cause arises from wrong habits of eating, such as over-eating, eating too rich and irritating foods, eating too often or too hurriedly, and especially eating too much fried food, butter or cream.

Lax condition

WOMEN have gallstone trouble much more often than men, especially women who have borne children. The reason may be found in a lax condition of the abdominal walls, due to tight corseting, a sedentary life, and constipation. Also, 30 per cent. of gallstone patients have appendicitis, which probably was the forerunner of the formation of the gallstones.

Persons of any age can have gallstones. There are numerous cases on record in which young people as well as very old people have been found to have gallstones. However, they occur most frequently between the ages of forty and fifty.

The sudden attacks of pain and nausea in a person who has gallstone trouble is a condition called gallstone colic. The pain is something like that experienced by the little boy who has been eating green apples.

A sudden sense of pain is caused by a gallstone getting caught in the small tube leading from the gall bladder to the intestine.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Choice of Toys for Baby

AS well as the physical and mental care of the babe and toddler, playtime must also be considered as part of "Mothercraft."

All young animals love play, and the higher we go in the scale of animal life the more we find that the young of those animals indulge in play. The puppy and the kitten continuing their fun much longer than the young calf and the foal.

Parents should give thought and care to baby's playtime hours and choose playthings that are safe and do not teach a child to be destructive.

By playing, a child is unconsciously learning many things and "trying out" various ideas which come to him, and the giving of constructive toys and wise guidance for playtime should be part of the parents' job.

A leaflet on this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and any reader interested in this subject can obtain this leaflet free of charge by sending her request with a stamped, addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



"WE ARE NOT AMUSED," announces his majesty, King Baby, in this delightful picture. There are wrong and right ways to keep babies and toddlers amused, which have an effect on their mental and physical development. Read below how you can obtain a free leaflet on the subject.

This causes severe pains in the pit of the stomach; in fact, it is one of the severest pains to which man is heir. Along with this the patient may have chills, fever, nausea and vomiting.

When some sufferers from gallstones have an attack their skin turns yellow. This also is due to a gallstone getting caught in the tube leading from the liver to the small intestine.

The liver sends the bile it manufactures down a small tube which connects with the tube coming from the gall bladder.

If this little tube from the liver should become blocked off by a gallstone, the bile cannot get into the gall bladder for storage or to the small intestine to help in digesting food.

It stays in the liver and is taken up from there by the blood stream. It is the pigments of the bile circulating in the blood which stain the skin and the eyes yellow.

It is possible to get relief from gallstone colic, but only in one way; that is through the use of a pain-relieving drug which helps to over-

come the spasm. The stone then either returns to the gall bladder or passes on to the small intestine.

It is not, however, possible to dissolve gallstones.

Strangely enough, if the gall bladder is removed the patient can afterwards lead a normal life.

The gall bladder is removed surgically and the liver seems to be willing to assume the work of the gall bladder and supply the small intestine with whatever bile is needed when it is called for.

If a patient has gallstones and does not have them removed, then he or she may have chronic indigestion for years. This leads to a gradual breakdown in health.

There are two other more serious complications: cancer and peritonitis. Arthritis, or rheumatism of the joints, is often caused by gallstones, and their timely removal will sometimes cure the arthritis.

Many of those who suffer from disease of the gall-bladder could be saved hours of pain and much ill health if they would have their condition properly treated by surgical means.



"WHY WORRY ABOUT WEANING?"

says

Mrs. MOTHERWELL

"MY BOOK." A complete guide to infant feeding will be sent if you write Colman-Keen (A/asia.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503 MM, Sydney, and enclose 2d. stamp for return postage.

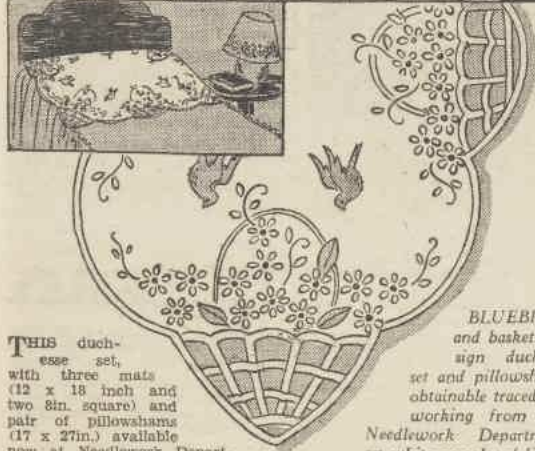


ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS

"Every mother is upset by her baby's crying. Well, if baby has reached the weaning stage the trouble may be indigestion. We all find a change of diet difficult to manage, and baby has only one way of expressing his discomfort! Now Robinson's 'Patent' Groats enables baby to change over from a liquid to a solid diet with the least possible trouble for everyone. It's a cereal food containing the elements which help to build bone and muscle, and is suited to baby's delicate digestion."

G340

DRESSING-TABLE MATS and matching pillowshams...



THIS duchesse set, with three mats (12 x 18 inch and two 8in. square) and pair of pillowshams (17 x 27in.) available now at Needlework Department traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen.

Prices are:
Duchesse set, 2/9 complete, extra small mats, 1/- each.
Pillowshams, 4/6 each, or complete set, three dressing-table mats and pair pillowshams, 10/6.

Embroidery cottons obtainable from Needlework Dept. at 2d.
To embroider, buttonhole outside edge, and double buttonhole bars. Flowers in satin-stitch and birds in satin-stitch or stem-stitch. Birds in blue, flowers and basket light brown, and edge to match linen.

BLUEBIRD and basket design duchesse set and pillowshams obtainable traced for working from our Needlework Department on white or colored linen.

To adorn the tiny tot
Dainty frock in pastel-toned linora



No. 1824: Little tot's frock, 2-6 years, traced for making and embroidering on linora.

SEND to our Needlework Department for this frock, No. 1824, for your wee daughter.

Traced for making up and embroidery design on cream, pink or blue linora.

Prices are: 2 to 4 years, 3/3; 4 to 6 years, 3/6.

Paper pattern also available in the same sizes for 1/-. No transfer available.

For embroidery, use satin-stitch and stem-stitch.



INSTRUCTIONS for crocheting these pretty gloves are available to readers for the price of 3d.

Hand-made gloves For the smart dresser

THERE'S nothing smarter than hand-crocheted gloves. And now you can make your own. All you have to do is cut out the picture shown above and forward to this office, together with 3d. in stamps, and directions for crocheting the gloves will be forwarded to you.

Don't forget to give your full name and address and State.

The gloves shown were crocheted in white, but you might like to do yours in beige, brown or black. Send in now for the directions.

Send To This Address!

Adelaide: Box 3883, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 469F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 155, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4296TY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Ballin House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

GET RID OF DANDRUFF



Dandruff is caused by tiny parasites which attack the scalp and kill the surface skin cells, frequently resulting in falling hair.

Massage the scalp each night with Rexona Ointment and wash thoroughly

by every morning with Rexona Medicated Soap and warm water. This combined treatment soon kills the parasites and restores the scalp to that perfect health so necessary for the growth of new hair.



BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE NOW!

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin. Also extra large tins, three times the quantity for 3/-. REXONA MEDICATED SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs).

The modern way to clean false teeth



The modern way to keep false teeth clean is the simplest—just put them into a glass of water in which "Steradent" powder has been dissolved (follow directions on the tin). This solution penetrates every crevice, removes stains, and sterilizes your dentures by its own harmless, active energy. Many people do this overnight; others regularly for 20 minutes while they sleep. Dentists recommend "Steradent" and all chemists sell it in tins, 2/- and 3/6.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Stockists (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney. A-1779-P

The Case of Mrs. MARY W.



CASE No. 17004
NAME: Mrs. Mary Anne W. Age: 37
Occupation: Housewife.
SYMPTOMS: Chronic indigestion. Fatigue. No energy for domestic work. Bitter and irritable. Irritable bowels. Action. No appetite. Easily irritated.
DIAGNOSIS: Constipation. Accumulated waste-water clogging the system, sapping energy, upsetting digestion.
TREATMENT: RESTORE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION IMMEDIATELY WITH NYAL FIGSEN

BANISH CONSTIPATION

Nyal Figsen is NOT a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and naturally—without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3 24 pleasant-tasting tablets.

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION



FOLDS AND PACKS FROCKS FOR YOU

In a lightweight, neat-looking Globite Robe Case you can pack 12 frocks in about 3 minutes. There's no folding to do. They don't crease or crush. They need no pressing when taken out . . . they're fresh and ready to wear. Available at all good stores.

GLOBITE ROBE CASE
FORD RHEBERGTON LTD., MANUFACTURERS (Wholesale only)

The last rinse in BLUE

is the only way to stop clothes from turning YELLOW

You cannot wash the greyish-yellow tinge from white clothes. Washing is to get the dirt out, but it is the last rinse in Blue water that makes clothes a lovely white. Therefore, have Reckitt's Blue in the last rinsing water every wash-day to keep your linens from turning a bad colour. . . . Never neglect the last BLUE rinse.



Reckitt's BLUE
Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!



**Women CALL IT
A BEAUTY BATH
but
MEN WHO SMOKE
A LOT WELCOME
IT TOO . . .**



After using Listerine Toothpaste for even a few days you'll wonder why you were content with any other toothpaste. Teeth become cleaner, whiter, more sparkling, and Listerine Toothpaste has the amazing ability to remove not only tobacco stains but other unsightly discolorations safely. There are no harmful abrasives, grit, soap or useless foam in it, but it is the only dentifrice that contains the active elements of Listerine Antiseptic itself.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

In two sizes, 1/3 and 2/.



Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe, and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vuculoid, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely banish any form of Pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.*

FLOWERS on your garden wall

FRONT fences should add to the attractiveness of a home and there's no reason why the rockery type should not be used for growing small shrubs and flowering plants.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

YEARS ago any sort of fence or wall, provided it kept out straying dogs and stock, was considered good enough for the front of a new house.

Cheapsness was the first and only consideration, with the result that unsightly paling, picket, and wire fences or plain brick or stone walls contrasted hideously with well-built, expensive houses.

It is refreshing to note, therefore, that architects and landscape gardeners have combined in an effort to remedy this serious state of affairs in many cities, with the result that front walls are now more in keeping with the general character, design, and color of the modern home.

Spanish bungalows must have a front wall that blends with the color and design of the house. Houses with expensive stone foundations are fronted by a dry stone wall, over which trailing plants lend color, and break up the straightness and drabness so often associated with stone constructions.

In the accompanying picture, an unusual treatment by means of stone terraces, with niches containing flower beds, is provided.

Pleasing effects

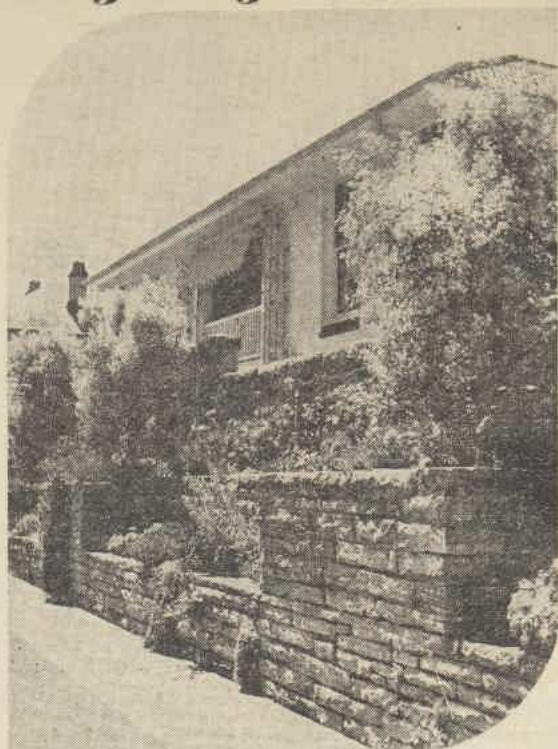
CAVITIES are filled with soil and rapid-growing alpine plants and trailers are set out, making a very pleasing effect.

Such treatment adds greatly to the outside attractiveness of a home, and if large cavities are provided on the high side of the terraces, as in this picture, even small trees and big shrubs can be successfully grown.

The use of plants such as mesembryanthemums, lotus, thunbergia, glaberrima, alpine geraniums, try-leaved geranium, crucianella (low-growing rock plant), and bernardia is advised for crevices and pockets.

For shady corners scutellaria, a tiny rock plant with violet flowers, is strongly recommended. Succulents of all kinds thrive in rock basins and niches of such walls and, as their colors are mostly green, reds and autumn shades blend well with the wall as it ages.

But this improvement of the front wall need not be left entirely to the stonemason. Good brick work can be used, providing the



A CAPTIVATING GARDEN WALL planted with small shrubs, flowering plants, succulents and climbers. This type of dividing wall is a vast improvement on the old picket type of fence.

planning is done by someone who has an eye to the beautiful.

Even a wire fence can be beautified by growing a climber over it, which hides up the wire and provides a thick, impenetrable hedge.

For such a place I recommend rosa moyessi, which will quickly take possession of a dividing fence or ugly wall, providing it has something to hang on.

The cherokee rose, and the variety known as sirica anemone, which has silvery-pink single blooms, shaded with rose, is a most useful climber.

I recently saw a very ugly dividing fence entirely hidden by a tall hedge of Sunny South rose. This is a hybrid tea rose, semi-double in character, with pink blooms flushed with yellow, and can be planted on the windy side of a garden owing to its vigorous habit of growth and the fact that it is strong and sturdy.

Providing front fences are well painted, the posts embedded in concrete, and the gate hangs straight, there is no need for such a fence to be an eyesore, but people mostly look at their homes from inside their fences, rarely going outside to see them as other folk do when passing.

Unkept grassy boulevards in front of suburban homes are an-

They "burnt" their fingers

SIDEWALK gardens have in recent years been condemned by public authorities as dangerous, but there is no denying that they add considerably to the appearance of homes and streets where they are well cared for.

Vandalism and the stealing of seedlings, shrubs or plants overnight have led to the planting of thorny subjects, cacti and others, with the result that many people have been injured in dark streets, leading to the condemnation of such gardens by officials.

However, there is no reason why a sidewalk should not be improved with a well-kept lawn, which would be neither dangerous in the badly-lighted street nor a temptation to the lovers of other people's things.

other cause of considerable shabbiness. Many people lack that civic spirit that induces others to get out their lawnmowers and grass edging knives, thus keeping the sidewalk grass tidy.

Most streets have a house or more in them tenanted or owned by someone who will not or cannot cut the grass, with the result that the rubbishy growth of weeds and tall grass spoils the whole effect.

Some municipal councils have passed by-laws compelling owners to keep the grass cut, much in the same way that European and American councils insist upon owners clearing sidewalks of snow within a certain time of the fall ending.

The Australian Women's Weekly NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 158-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

I SOON
DISCOVERED THE
ADVANTAGES OF
ZEBO



Says Mrs. J. AGUTTER
48 Inglethorpe St., London, S.W.6

"ZEBO LIQUID STOVE POLISH? Of course I use it; it gets my stove and grates done so much quicker and easier."

Just shake a little on to a cloth or brush, give the stove or grate a brisk polish and it sparkles. With Zebo there's no need for elaborate preparations. Use it straight from the tin—no waste, saves time. Zebo lasts a long while, too!



ZEBO

Also ZEBRA
in Paste and Packets

The Modern Polish
for Stoves and Grates



YOURS FOR ROMANCE
WITH Lips LIKE THESE

Soft but not greasy, alluring but not painted, that's as men like them! Tangee never gives that painted look! It isn't paint. Orange in the stick, it magically changes on your lips to your very own blush-rose. Smooth it on a second time and they become a rosy-red. For a still more vivid shade use Tangee Theatrical.

Tangee goes on smoothly, stays on longer for it has a special cream base. For natural beauty try Tangee today.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
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● SOFTLY rolling parklands surround the homestead of Talindert, which is aboriginal for "long bank." Deciduous trees and sheep grazing in lush grass give an almost English atmosphere to the lovely scenery. These lands are on the eastern slopes of Mt. Leura, which was discovered by brothers John, Thomas, and Peter Manifold in 1838.



● ABOVE, one of the bedrooms. It is decorated in a color scheme of blue and white, with dove-grey carpet. The bedspreads are of blue-and-white quilted satin, while a white parchment lamp stands on the bedside table. Walls are a soft shade of pale blue.

By Our
HOME DECORATOR

● RIGHT: Another view of the bedroom, showing the graceful window treatment. Long blue-and-white curtains hang in thick folds to the floor. The frilled draping round the dressing table and chair upholstery is of the same rich material.



● LEFT: The drive at the side of the house, which is bordered by garden beds brilliant with flowers of all kinds, before it passes through the old stables.

—Photographs by
Antoine.



● IN TRADITIONAL Australian style, wide verandahs with wisteria twining on slender white posts and tall french windows are features of the homestead, Talindert, which is built of local stone and weatherboards. Talindert is in the Western District of Victoria, and is the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Chester Manifold.



● SPACIOUS and dignified is the drawing-room of Talindert. The wide bay window is draped with floor-length curtains of chintz patterned in a large soft-colored floral design. The elegantly simple lounges and chairs are upholstered in brocaded satin, while soft wall-to-wall carpets add a comfortably luxurious note.

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NEW SOUTH WALES

THE RIVER of SKULLS



Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL
April 6, 1940

By ... **GEORGE MARSH**

Supplement — must
not be sold
separately.

THE RIVER OF SKULLS

By GEORGE MARSH



AFTER five months the grip of the "long snows" had loosened on the white, Ungava wastes while, for a space, the marching sun softened the snow.

Slowly over the crusted tundra that lifted above the timbered valley of an ice-locked river crawled three dark shapes, like crippled ants crossing white earth.

Twice within a mile as they labored over the naked ridge towards the valley the two hooded figures slumped to the hard snow beside the great dog.

When they rose to go on, rawhide thongs, slipped over their shoulders and made fast to the almost empty sled, aided the dog. Their caribou capotes were belted with sashes, from which hung sheathed skinning knives. Swaying like drunken men, the two made their way slowly over the good footing of hard snow. The dog's heavy coat of black-and-white failed to conceal his emaciation, as he limped stiffly at their heels, nose low, thick brush sweeping the snow.

Far back on their trail, unnoticed by the three, slunk four skeleton shapes. When the two men and the dog stopped to rest the four grey wraiths also lay down, slaver tongues lolling from red jaws rimmed with icicles. For hours the four stalkers had followed the slowly moving sled unseen by the men, while the dog, with the light breeze in his face, had failed to get their scent.

At last, as the sun hung like a ball of brass above the western hills, the two men and the dog gained the shoulder of the barren flanking the river valley and lay down on the crust, while their frozen breaths lifted above them like smoke.

After a space the larger of the two men raised his hooded head and pushed up his wooden eye-shields, pierced by slits, from frost-blackened features. It was the face of a boy of twenty, cracked skin tight on the bones of strongly modelled jaw and cheeks, deep-set grey eyes bright from starvation.

"If we don't find the Montagnais camp to-day--to-morrow--"

For an instant he buried his face in the thick black ruff of the dog that lay beside him, then sat up and gazed intently over their back trail. "Noel!" he said, quietly. "Did you ever eat wolf? If I can keep my sights lined we're going to eat some to-night, or they're going to eat us."

"What you see, Alan?" The other hooded figure got stiffly to his feet, pushed back the eye-shields and the long wolf-hair fringe of his hood and stared at the sky-line behind them. The face was that of an Indian.

"By gar!" he cried. "We boil de kettle to-night. You nevaire eat wolf but you eat wolf to-night!"

The breeze had shifted, and the great dog, following his master, painfully got to his feet, testing the air with dilating nostrils.

Swaying giddily on his feet while he rested a rabbit-skin mitten on the black-and-white skull of the husky, Alan Cameron pointed to the four wolves in the distance.

"See them, Rough?" he said to the excited dog.

The hair on the husky's back and neck rose. A deep rumble came from the hairy throat as the gaunt frame stiffened.

With shaking hands Alan drew his rifle from its skin case, where it lay lashed on the sled.

"You go on with Rough, Noel! They'll follow the trail up. I'll play dead on the snow and try for a shot. It's the only way we'll get one!"

The Indian scowled, slowly shaking his head. "Dose are white wolf from de nord--starved out! Dey see you lie on de snow, here, dey weel rush you! Suppose you miss dem, Rough and I weel be too far for to help."

"They won't come close in on us until dark I tell you. The only way we can get a daylight shot is to do as I say!" the other insisted.

Reluctantly, with much shaking of his head, the Indian acquiesced.

"Marche, Rough!" commanded Alan. "You go with Noel. D'you hear me?"

The gaunt husky stood stubbornly in his traces gazing up at his master with uncomprehending, slant eyes. There were enemies back on the trail and Alan was ordering him to leave him.

Bending over the bewildered husky Alan spoke sharply into a hairy ear: "You go with Noel! Marche! Y'understand?"

A low, protesting whine and the raising of a white muzzle as the dark eyes of the great dog searched his master's scowling face was the answer. Lifting his nose, his great throat rumbled in bitter protest as he slowly started the sled.

Harassed by uncertain vision and weakness, Alan settled himself on the snow to wait for the approach of the arctic wolves. Lying flat on the crust, his body shook with the pounding of his heart, but the fear that gripped him, as he practised fixing his sights on the slinking grey-white shapes, was that his uncertain eyes and jumping nerves would cause him to miss when food for Rough and Noel and himself lay within his reach.

Without food they would never have the strength to reach the trappers' camp--two days, perhaps more, beyond them. So the youth who was already known at the fur-posts along the East Coast as a better shot than even his dead father, Graham Cameron, once Hudson's Bay factor at Port George, lay hoping against hope that when

the time came the rifle in his hands would hold true.

Abruptly his thoughts turned back to his home at Port George far to the west on the coast of the great bay. If he and Noel and Rough never returned with the rest of the trappers for the spring trade, how long would his name linger in the memory of black-eyed Berthe Dessane? That sleek Arsene Rivard, clerk at the Revillon Freres, would win her over with his tales of life down at Quebec and Montreal.

Suddenly the man lying on the snow stiffened; the four white wolves were approaching at a slow lope. Then, not fifty yards from the man on the snow, the skulkers stopped and swiftly hunched together.

They were coming!

They started their charge! The rifle roared! It roared again!

With a yelp the lead wolf somersaulted in the air--then slid limp along the crust, followed by a second who rolled over and over, frantically snapping at his flanks.

Again the whip-lash crack of a rifle waked the tundra. The man on the snow got stiffly to his feet and fired. But, in his increasing weakness, his rifle barrel swayed like a branch in the wind. His lightly, one of the wolves loped stiffly away on three legs, followed by the fourth.

Firing again and missing, Alan turned to see a great black-and-white dog coming at a painful, stiff-legged lope over the tundra, slipping and falling in his weakness, rising again to struggle on, on to the master who was battling alone back on the trail. Behind the dog, stumbling forward in a half-trot, came Noel, rifle in hand.

"Bless their hearts!" panted the excited boy. "They sneaked back to help old Alan!" Then turning to the fast freezing carcasses in the snow, he cried deliriously: "But to-night we eat! Not much on their bones, but there's enough to keep us alive--alive! Wolf stew--a feast for a king! Wolf stew! Food for us all and--bones for Rough to gnaw!"

The sled was brought back from where it had been left by Noel and Rough and the dog and the two men with the food which meant life went down into the timber of the river valley where they made camp in the shelter of the scrub spruce and prepared to eat the meat that no man in the north will touch unless starving.

With a fire roaring in the snow-hole, scraped out with snowshoes, and over which a shed tent was stretched to hold the heat, Alan and Noel hungrily watched the boiling stew.

"We've got to go slow on this stew, Noel, or we'll be sick," warned Cameron, as he stirred the contents of the kettle, battling with the urge of his famished stomach for food. "We'll stay right here, and get our

strength back, then we'll take what's left and start to find the Indians. But suppose the Montagnais have left the Sinking Lakes?"

The Indian dropped his head as he muttered: "Den we are feenish."

FOR two days the famished boys and the dog rested in the shelter of the wind-break of timber beside the frozen river while the wind drove the fine snow before it like smoke over the crusted tundra. Wise in the lore of the "bush," they ate frequently but little at a time while their weak stomachs gained strength.

But the nourishment afforded by the leathery thaws and sinews of the two starved wolves was limited. While Rough, with the marvellous vitality of the Ungava bred on Hudson Straits, was fast gaining strength, Alan and Noel were still weak and unsteady on their feet when, on the third morning, the three set off up the river valley towards the Sinking Lakes in search of the camps of the Montagnais trappers.

"From the size of the river here, Noel, the headwater lakes must be a long way off for two skeletons who've lost their strength as we have," said Alan.

"Ah-hah! For us I tink dey weel be tree-four sleep!" answered Noel, with a grimace as he stretched a stiff leg.

It was morning of the third day of their march up the valley when of a sudden Alan's mittened hand brushed back the wolf-hair rim of his hood as his gaze focused on the timber, blue in the distance.

"Look, Noel! Look at the timber up there on the shore!" he cried.

"What you see?"

"In that black spruce up the river, Noel!" Alan pointed with a shaking mitten. "My eyes are tricky. Is that haze or smoke?"

"Smoke! Dai-ees smoke! De Montagnais!"

"D'you hear, Rough?" cried Alan. "Fish to-night for a hungry dog and two men. Maybe tea and—four, bannock! Maybe caribou!"

His great brush of a tail sweeping the crust in his excitement, Rough fidgeted in his harness while the arms of the men circled each other's shoulders in a delirious hug. Standing over his dog, two tears slowly froze on his frost-cracked cheeks, as Alan choked: "We eat—food—real grub! To-night we eat, Rough! Marche, boy! Marche on!"

The crust offered good footing and with snowshoes on the sled and with what strength remained in their uncertain legs Noel and Alan followed the dog over the river ice up the valley. But the timber where the smoke hung above the spruce tops was some distance away.

Time after time in their desire to reach the goal that beckoned them on they struck too fast a pace for men weakened by starvation, and the strength oozed from their legs. Then, slumped on the snow to rest, they would hungrily watch the blue haze that they knew was smoke hanging in the spruce tops up the river. Food, life, waiting for them!

Turning in shore at the waterhole in the ice they followed a beaten trail back into the timber.

"Something ver' strange here," said the puzzled Indian, shaking his hooded head. "Di sees no Montagnais camp. Were are de dog sign?"

"No, there are no signs of dogs, no signs of—well, look at that!"

"By gar, white men on de Talkeng Riviere!"

Standing beside the husky whose throat rumbled as he suspiciously sniffed the air while the hair of his mane and back slowly rose, Alan and Noel gazed in amazement at the substantial log building, banked high with snow, which stood in the centre of the clearing that opened before them.

"White men on the Talking River!" Alan repeated, his curious eyes noting the size of the log cabin with its large, mud-plastered chimney, the huge platform cache evidently piled with supplies which were covered by canvas, the two pairs of snowshoes and the toboggan sled stuck in the snow beside the door, and close by, the ample remains of what had evidently been an enormous woodpile in the autumn.

"Beeg cache dere! Plentie feesh and meat, eh?" whispered Noel, licking his cracked lips. "But, were are de dog?"

"Don't know—but to-night we'll eat, Noel; to-night we'll eat! Come on!"

Dizzy from weakness Alan started for the cabin. Reaching the slab door he struck it with his mittened hand and called out: "Hello! Hello there, inside!"

For answer the door slowly swung in, and the two pinched faces in the hoods stared into the black muzzle of an automatic pistol. Hunched behind the pistol stood a bearded giant of a man whose ice-blue eyes glittered hostilely beneath a livid scar that gouged his forehead.

In all the wide north, starving men were not greeted in this fashion. Alan Cameron's hollow eyes flamed with anger as he met the cold stare that probed his.

"You don't need that gun!" he rasped. "We're starved out. Our trap-lines are up on the Mad River. We trade at Fort George. A wolverine got into our cache and destroyed every bit of fish and flour we had."

The threat slowly faded from the cold eyes and the gun went back to its holster. "Starved out, eh? You look it!"

"We were on our way to the Sinking Lakes to find the Montagnais."

"Well, you'd have been out of luck if you hadn't struck this place. There are no hunters on the Sinking Lakes this winter."

Alan and Noel exchanged perplexed glances.

"Now, boys," continued the giant, "I've got some caribou stew in the kettle that'll wipe that hungry look off your faces. Come in!"

"My dog, here," said Alan, "you'll give him something, too?"

"There's plenty of stew for you all. Unhitch him and bring him in."

Dropping to his knees beside Rough, as he threw off his collar and belly-band, Alan whispered into a hairy ear: "You hear that, Rough? No more tough wolf! Stew! Deer stew for the big dog!"

"Drop your coats and moccasins and make yourselves cosy, boys," said their host, as the two starved men sucked in the appetising odors emanating from a huge copper kettle perched on a sheet-iron folding stove which stood at the side of the clay-plastered fireplace. The giant filled two aluminium cups and a pan from the kettle. "You'll get just one cup apiece, now. It'll knock you out, if you hog it in your condition. I guess the dog can stand a panful."

The speaker placed a dish, cooked with a handful of snow, before the ravenous husky, dropped some snow into the cups, and handed them to Alan and Noel.

"Steady, boys—not all at once!" he warned, as the two feverishly drank the nourishing and palatable broth.

"We've been living on wolf the last week—what there was of it," said Alan. "I got two but they were like rawhide—no strength in them."

"Timber wolves?"

"No, white arctic wolves."

"That explains it—hunting south for the caribou, and most of the deer have moved east out of this country."

"That's why the Montagnais did not winter on the Sinking Lakes," nodded Alan.

Seated on a chair made of split spruce slabs, Alan threw curious glances about the interior of the cabin while the big, yellow-haired man offered Noel a plug of smoking tobacco and cut fillings for the huge pipe he held in his hand. The spruce log walls were carefully chinked with moss plastered with mud. Two small windows made of caribou parchment through which the last rays of the sun dimly entered were aided in lighting the room by a large candle set in a horn stick.

On a wall a pair of caribou antlers held three rifles, while from their brow lines hung two belts with sheathed skinning knives. Built into a corner of the room was a double-decked bunk, mattress with spruce boughs and covered with Hudson's Bay blankets and dressed caribou and bear skins. Near the bunk a ladder of spruce poles reached to a trapdoor in the loft over the main room, and, at the end of the room, for the chimney was on the side of the building, a closed slab door, hung on rawhide hinges, communicated with a second room.

These details the quick eyes of Alan covered with a glance. The clamoring of his stomach was forgotten in his amazement at finding a permanent camp, which no man could build alone, on the headwaters of the Big River—on the frontiers of the unknown interior of Ungava. Who was this man and where were the others? For what were they here?

As the giant turned to him when he had lit Noel's pipe and his own, Alan pleaded: "Just one more cup of that stew!"

"No more, now," was the answer. "I'm boss here! Lie down, you two, and get some rest like the dog there. He's asleep already."

"Once we can more drink?" teased Noel.

"No, not a mouthful!" The bearded man lifted a big hand in a gesture of refusal. "In an hour you'll have more. Then, when you get some strength, we'll talk. You're weak as rabbits, now."

So Alan and Noel stretched upon the lower section of the slab and almost immediately the warmth of the cabin and the food in their stomachs brought sleep.

For a long space the owner of the cabin, with many a doubtful shake of the head, scowled down at the sleeping strangers, frowning that the white sea of the Labrador tundra had cast up at his door. Presently, satisfied that his guests were unconscious, he tiptoed on noiseless moccasins to the door and slipped outside to the sled. Feeling carefully the tight load under the lashed down wrapper, he muttered:

"Trappers all right! Queer that fine-looking Scottish lad should make a partner of an Indian. Fur-park and rifles, blankets and cooking kit, and—not a bite of grub. Story's straight, but I wonder if—"

Through the door of the shack, left slightly ajar by its owner, was thrust a white muzzle. Black nostrils quivered in a long sniff. Then a massive black-and-white head thrust the heavy door open and slowly, on stiff legs, with flattened ears and

back hair stiff, the gaunt husky limped towards the man at the sled.

"You're a dog, all right!" admired the giant, straightening, as he watched the advancing Rough, wrinkled muzzle baring his white tusks. "Don't figger I've got any business with the boys' outfit, eh? Well, how'll this suit you?"

Coolly watching the approaching dog, the speaker backed away from the sled towards a pile of birch firewood. Evidently satisfied, the dog curled himself in the snow beside his master's possessions, slant eyes following the amused owner of the scarred face who re-entered the cabin.

"Starved as he is, that's the handsomest husky I ever saw," muttered the giant into his beard. "Why, he'll go a hundred and thirty or forty when fed up—and the bones in those legs! Wish I had a team like him! Got to get one, too, or we'll never reach the—"

There was a deep yawn from the bunk.

"Well, ready for some broth, boys?"

ALAN and Noel rose from the bunk, their drawn faces beaming at the mention of food. They drank the nourishing liquid and asked for more.

"No, not yet!" refused their host. "It won't do to eat too fast. When did you lose your grub?"

"We left our camp ten days ago, with three rabbits."

The cold eyes softened. "Tough!"

Then Alan suddenly demanded: "Rough?"

"He's out by the sled. Call him in."

Alan opened the door and the husky limped stiffly inside, emptied the pan offered him and sprawled on the floor with a contented grunt.

"Mind telling me where you got that dog?" asked McCord.

"I got him as a pup from a north coast Eskimo."

"He's a beauty," said the man with the scar, admiring the massive head with its black-and-white markings, the great frame, with white chest and socks.

"Since we're going to see something of each other before you head for home," went on the giant, "what's your name?"

"Alan Cameron. My father was factor at Fort George. My partner's name is Noel Lecloup."

The big man extended a calloused hand to each of the boys. "My name is John McCord. Welcome to Castle McCord!" he added with a laugh.

Alan's mind was busy with the mystery of how this yellow-haired giant had found his way to the Talking River, whose head-water takes lie on the frontier of an unknown country. Who was he? Why did he come? Where were his men and dogs?

The cups and pan were shortly filled again. Then, lighting his pipe, McCord observed, "Worst tangle of lakes I ever saw—the head water country of these big rivers!"

"How did you get here?" The grey eyes of Cameron met the sudden scrutiny in the cold stare of his host.

"That's a fair question," admitted the latter, after an interval, the glitter slowly fading from his ice-blue eyes. "I came in from Rupert House with two canoes and six Indians. Some of my dogs were drowned in October on the young ice. My men took the rest and went to East Main for more."

"From Rupert House?" Alan and Noel exchanged puzzled looks.

"Yes, it took all the summer. We were lost half the time. But we finally picked

up a Montagnais who knew the portages to the Sinking Lakes. So here I am."

Alan's suspicions, aroused by their hostile reception, were fast fading under McCord's seeming frankness. But whom had McCord feared when he opened the door? Whom did he expect to meet here in the solitudes of the Talking River country? From the appearance of the cache he had plenty of supplies and men working for him.

"You know where you are?" asked Alan. "On the edge of an unknown wilderness. No hunter knows what lies beyond the Sinking Lakes. The Montagnais will not cross the divide."

The bearded man threw back his head with a great laugh. "I suppose there are evil spirits there, too, and giant Windigo who eat men alive?"

Into the dark eyes of Noel stole a look of uneasiness. Among his people belief in the supernatural was universal and to them the unknown heart of Ungava had, for generations, been a tabooed land, the home of demons.

"It's simply a question of grub," Alan replied. "To go far into this country, a man would have to winter there and find the caribou—or starve."

The big man nodded. "That's it! It's always a matter of grub in the bush. Ever hear of the River of Skulls?"

"Riviere of Skull!" gasped Noel, his small eyes wide with fear. "De spirit riviere, far en de lan' of de Caribou People!"

"The old Montagnais have many tales of this unknown country," explained Alan. "This River of Skulls is supposed to be haunted by spirits. No one has ever been there. It is old men's talk."

The man with the livid scar looked hard at the speaker, as he said: "How do you know no one has ever been there?"

Alan answered coolly: "No one from Fort George has ever been there."

"Guess you're right, lad! And it's supposed to flow into the Koksoak—this River of Skulls?"

"I don't know. It may flow into the Koksoak. Gabriel Desane, at Fort George, says that all the rivers north-east of here must flow north into Hudson's Straits. He was once trader for the Revillon Freres at Fort Chimo, on the Koksoak."

The eyes of the giant burned with sudden interest. "On the Koksoak, eh! At Chimo, and he's now at Fort George? By glory, that's interesting!"

The sudden rising of Rough who moved to the door, a low rumble in his throat, checked the speaker.

"Someone is coming," announced Alan, watching the face of the big man slowly expand into a smile.

The hair along the husky's spine slowly rose. The rumble deepened as he sniffed at the door. Then from the direction of the frozen river came a long call.

"Who—who, hoo-hoo, who—hoo-o-o!" Again the call of the horned owl drifted from the river to the cabin. The dog at the door sucked in his breath in a long snarl.

Alan and Noel exchanged puzzled looks, then watched the grinning McCord as he rose and went to the door, followed by Alan who seized Rough by his rawhide collar. "Steady, boy! Steady!" he crooned into a hairy ear.

McCord threw open the heavy alab door of the shack.

"Hello, dad! Where on earth did this sled and dog harness come from! I noticed the trail on the river."

Beside the boys' sled, with a 22 calibre rifle in one hand, the other holding three snowshoe rabbits, stood a slender, hooded figure clothed in white Hudson's Bay duffel.

"We've got some visitors," replied the man in the doorway. "Hang those rabbits up and come in before these boys eat up all your supper." Then he closed the door and turned to his bewildered guests.

"I didn't tell you I had a partner wintering with me," he explained, with a chuckle. "In fact I wouldn't have known what to do without her. I see from your face you think I'm crazy to bring a girl into this country," he added to Alan, who shook his head doubtfully. "But she wouldn't let me come alone. I know I was wrong, but what could I do? She's as strong and able as a boy; good shot, handy in a canoe and can walk me off my feet. Well, here she is!"

The door opened and the girl closed it behind her and stood leaning against it. With a toss of her head, she threw back the hood of her parka. Her face, browned by sun and wind, was framed in a tumbled mass of gold.

"Heather," said the giant, with a wave of the hand, as the questioning eyes of the girl sought his, then curiously met the embarrassed gaze of the boys. "Alan Cameron, here, of Fort George, with Noel and Rough, walked in to-day, starved out."

The girl gave her hand to each of the boys then, as Rough nosed tentatively forward, ears pricked, brown eyes watching her closely, she cried: "What a beautiful dog! Dad, if we only had a team like—what did you say his name was?" She turned to Alan, painfully aware of his ten days' growth of beard and his winterworn clothes.

"Rough."

"Come, girl, get off your coat and those heavy moccasins and socks and have some supper," broke in the giant. "It will soon be dark and we have no candles to waste."

The girl left the men and went into the connecting room while her father started a batch of corn bread and filled a teapot. Then he set a small slab table with aluminium plates and cups and moved it to the centre of the room.

Embarrassed, Alan and Noel heated water from the river and did their best to make themselves more presentable but without marked success. When Heather McCord appeared, Alan refused a seat at the table, where he could not eat, and placed his stool back in the shadows of the room lit by the single candle and the fire.

"I'm sorry," she said to Alan, "that you cannot eat with us."

"I'm living high on this deer broth, thanks. In a day or two Noel and I'll make up for lost time."

She seemed to Alan hardly more than seventeen or eighteen. But she was a head taller than Berthe Desane, down at Fort George. Still, he told himself, as he watched the candle-light pick up the deep gold in the unruly hair, bobbed at the nape of her round neck, lovely as was the picture she made, she was not lovelier than the raven-haired Berthe.

When McCord had finished setting his simple supper of corn bread, caribou stew and tea, he said:

"Daughter, these boys are all worn out and need sleep, so you toddle off to bed, and leave these dishes."

The brows of the girl almost met in a frown as she studied her father's face, then turning to Alan with a laugh, she said:

"That's a bargain, Alan, if you'll hitch Rough to the sled, as soon as he gets his strength back, and give me a ride on the river."

"He's a little lame now, but in a day or two he'll show you what a real sled-dog is," replied Alan, proudly, stroking the head of the sleeping dog at his side.

With a "Good night, everyone!" the girl went to her room.

McCord moved the table back to the wall, lit his pipe, then turned to the man who was watching him curiously.

"Are you afraid to travel beyond the Sinking Lakes?"

For a space the surprised youth sitting on the stool and the man who approached and bent over him probed each other's eyes. What was this—a challenge?

Alan's frost-cracked lips curled as he said contemptuously:

"You think I'm afraid to go into that country? I tell you it's just a question of common sense—of whether you'll starve out."

The bearded face with its livid scar was thrust closer. The cold eyes snapped with the glitter of challenge. The manhood of Alan Cameron was measured in that long stare.

"Would you go with me—next year?" the giant asked.

In frightened protest Noel cried: "De Land of de Caribou People? Not dere, no, not dere!"

Alan impatiently waved his friend back as he rose to his feet to meet the questioning eyes that searched his. "You're a stranger, Mr. McCord," said the boy, his lean face lit with suppressed excitement. "You've saved our lives. And we owe you much. But I don't go into the bush with a man I don't know. You've asked me a question. Well, I ask you one before I answer. Who are you, and why are you here?"

The man whose piercing blue eyes never left the speaker's face, laughed. "Fair enough," he agreed. "I'm from down Ottawa way but I've spent a good many years in the bush. I'm up here with the idea of doing some trading. They tell me that a big trade of black and silver-fox pelts comes down to the coast from these headwaters—black marten, too, and lynx."

But, as he talked, Alan recalled the fighting glitter in McCord's eyes, earlier in the day, when he opened the door of the cabin to the call of starving men—the desperate look of a trapped wolverine.

WHEN Heather McCord opened her door shortly after the sun lit the parchment windows of the cabin, she greeted her father's guest with a look of undisguised approval. Shaved, scrubbed and wearing a clean shirt, the embarrassed stranger of the night before was again, this as he was, the striking youth with bold, regular features and deep-set grey eyes, after whom, when the post was gay with the spring trade, the girls at Fort George, white, half-breed and red, flashed many an admiring glance. "Good morning!" she said. "Feel better after the food and sleep and," she added with a laugh, "after the shave?"

The blood flooded Alan's dark, frost-burned face. "I'll be as good as new in a few days."

"Why, you look pretty good now."

Rough, who had slept indoors as an

special favor to a starved dog, yawned

deeply, rose, stretched, shook himself, then

walked to the girl who boldly placed her hand on the massive skull. Ears forward, the husky measured her for a space through slant eyes, sniffed, then met her hand with the thrust of a red tongue.

"You've put a spell on him!" exclaimed the surprised Alan. "You're the first stranger he's ever made up to."

"We won't be strangers long." She knelt and calmly took the husky's jaws in her two hands, while his tail swept slowly to and fro as he looked into her face.

As Alan watched her he wondered what could have induced John McCord to bring such a girl into the heart of the Ungava barrens.

A loud yawn from the upper bunk announced the awakening of the giant and soon the room was filled with the odors of hot bannocks, frying caribou steak and tea.

During the following days, while the boys and dog were regaining their lost weight and strength and the crust stiffened under the March sun, Alan talked much with McCord. But his direct questions received evasive answers. The mystery of the giant's presence on the Talking River was still unsolved in the minds of the boys. The explanation that he was there to trade with the Indians did not satisfy them.

Nevertheless, in the intimacy of the life together, Alan and Noel gradually surrendered to the magnetism of the man who had saved them from a wilderness death. They were convinced that behind that bulk and power lay the mettle of a man.

So three weeks passed, working miracles in the two famished boys and the lean, stiff-legged husky who had drifted in out of the jaws of the white death to the cabin of John McCord. But their coming had made no lessening of the great food cache beside the cabin for, in return for the flour, sugar and tea they had consumed, Alan and Noel had brought in many a sized load of fish taken in a net set under the ice of the Sinking Lakes, and the meat of caribou.

But now there was no time to waste if the boys were to escape being caught on their way to Fort George by the spring break-up, when the crust goes suddenly soft before the advancing sun and water floods the river ice.

The afternoon before Alan planned to start for the coast, he and McCord, their snowshoes slung from their backs, were returning from a round of the trap-lines in the timber of the river valley. Suddenly, swinging round on the hooded figure of Alan, who walked beside his dog, McCord exploded, almost fiercely:

"I want you to bring back some real dogs—then winter with me!"

"Winter with you?" The pulse of the youth leaped.

"I've watched you alone and with your dog. I've seen you handle an axe and a rifle. I've listened to your talk. I haven't lived forty years for nothing. You're young, but you're the man I looked for and couldn't find—down in Ontario and at Moose and Rupert House."

"Huskies you want?" muttered the boy, his straight gaze meeting the look in the other's tense face. His heart beat with pride at what he had just heard. McCord, who had come from a world of many men, far south in the cities, had rated him high among them.

Then, in a flash came the vision of the face of the girl that had companioned his dreams through the winter—the girl to whom he had bidden good-bye that day when hope had died and they were crawling with

the last of their strength across the tundra to the valley of the Talking River. What would Berthe say if he spent the early summer on the north coast seeking dogs for John McCord? Would she believe that he still cared for her if he went north at once on his return to Fort George?

"Yes, I want a team like Rough. I'll get only scrubs from East Main if I get them at all."

"But Ungava dogs are hard to get," objected Alan. "There are few for sale. The Huskies want them for themselves."

With a quick movement McCord slipped his hand from the rabbit-skin mitten, slung by a thong from his neck, and wiped the ice formed by his breath from his short, blond beard.

"You're straight as a spruce—or I'm no judge of a face," he said. "I'm—I'm going to trust you, but how about Noel? He's Indian. Can you keep his mouth shut—if they try—to learn something?"

"Noel would die for me," answered Alan, wondering what was coming. "He will not talk."

"You're sure?" The bearded face of McCord went flint-hard in the hood as his eyes glittered under their frosty brows. "How is it you chose an Indian for a partner?"

"My father found him when he was twelve or thirteen years old, in a starvation camp in the White Bear Hills. He was barely alive. The rest were dead. Father brought him to Fort George and he grew up with me. He's white clear through; besides he's one of the best white-water men on the coast and a good hunter."

"I see now," said the other apologetically.

"They try to tease me at Fort George for he follows me around like a dog. But at eighteen, when my father died and I had to strike out for myself, I took the Montagnais oath of blood brotherhood with Noel. Nothing but death will ever separate us. No, you need not worry, when I've sworn him to secrecy he'll die rather than talk."

"You'll get the dogs, then?"

"Why not come to the coast and get them, yourself?"

"I don't want it known at Fort George where I am going to locate to trade with the Indians. That's why I came in by way of Rupert House—to throw them off the scent—to lose myself. Remember you've never seen me. Can Noel keep that locked in his throat?"

Suddenly across Alan's brain there flashed a suspicion. Could this man, facing him here on the river ice, be wanted down in the provinces for crime? If not, why all this secretiveness?

"You saved our lives," was Alan's answer. "They'll never know at Fort George that we met you."

"I believe you, boy," McCord laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "But will you go up the coast for the dogs?"

"I'll need plenty of tea, tobacco and sugar to trade for dogs with the Huskies," said Alan, weakening.

"I'll give you plenty of money, but you mustn't show it at Fort George. They'd want to know where you got it. And I don't want them to know this summer that you've met me."

"But what good will that do?" demanded Alan impatiently. "Your men must have reached East Main before Christmas if they left here in November. Fort George would learn by the Christmas mail that you were in here, somewhere."

McCord nodded. "True, but my men didn't know we were on the Big River headwaters."

"So you don't want Fort George to know just where you are?"

"Exactly. If they learn that you've met me, they might follow you when you come back with the dogs."

"Who were you expecting," demanded Alan, suddenly determined to make an end to this mystery, "when I pounded on your door? You met me with a cocked gun! Who were you expecting—somebody they were bringing back from East Main?"

Slowly the sombre face of McCord relaxed in a smile of amused interest at the dark intimation. He placed both hands on Alan's wide shoulders. "Steady now! You'll understand it all—later. You bring back those dogs this summer and you'll never regret it, lad. I give you my word you'll never regret throwing in with John McCord."

It was evident that the speaker had no intention of answering his companion's direct question.

As the perplexed Alan hesitated, silent, the man went on. "I'll give you plenty of money, but you get what you need to trade for the dogs on your own fur and credit, and hold the money. They mustn't see it at Fort George. Is it a go? Do you and I throw in together on this thing? It'll make you—"

"I'll get the dogs. I need them for myself, anyway," interrupted the excited boy, finally burning the bridges of his doubt. The lure of this mystery, the magnetism of the blond bearded giant had won.

The following morning, under the paling stars, four dark shapes stood on the river ice in front of the camp. One of the hooded figures bent over a great dog hitched to a sled.

"Don't you dare forget Heather, Roughy," the girl was saying as she roughed the pointed ears and great jowls of the husky who whined up at her, seemingly aware that parting with his playmate was near.

"Well, I'll expect to see you when?" asked McCord, as he gripped Alan's hand.

"Loaded as we'll be with that flour you want, it will be in August," replied Alan. "That is if we are able to get the dogs near Whale River. If we have to travel to the Little Whale and Richmond Gulf to meet the huskies, it may be later."

"We'll be here—waiting," said McCord. "If they follow you from Fort George don't come up the Talking. Cache the stuff at the forks and go in to your camp and bring out your canoe and traps and wait to see what they do."

"Good-bye, partner!" said Alan, at length. "I'll do my best." He gripped McCord's big hand, then turned to the girl talking to the dog.

"Good-bye, Heather!"

The blue eyes in the white hood that met his winked hard with the coming tears as she gave him her hand. "Oh, don't let anything happen to Rough, Alan! And—and be sure to come back. We'll be waiting—and watching—all summer for your canoe. You—you won't forget us and—not come, Alan?"

"You think Noel and I are that kind? We're coming back with three Ungavas to team up with Rough. Then won't you have fun?"

But she would not smile. "Oh, come back—come back to us, Alan!" she said brokenly, and, with a half sob, suddenly turned away.

"Good-bye, Noel," she said, shaking the Indian's hand; then dropping to her knees beside the fidgeting husky, with her arms about his neck, the girl kissed the star on the massive forehead while the white nose nudged at the neck of her capote.

"Until August, boys, and good luck to us all!" cried John McCord, his arm circling Heather's shoulders as the dog started down river.

ONE grey April day, two weeks later, Alan and Noel reached the mouth of the open river and saw in the distance, on the island, the straggling buildings of the Revillon Freres and the Northern Trading Company, and, below them, the old Hudson's Bay post of Port George.

"See the old place, Roughy!" cried Alan. "Duncan'll be glad to see us over at the old company, and Berthe and Big Pierre, too!"

As they approached the shore the dogs of the Company mail-team waited for them at the boat landing. Noses in air, the huskies challenged the approach of the strange dog. His deep throat swelling with answering yelps, Rough stood in the bow of the batteau, ears flat, hair stiff on neck and back.

They were close in to the log boat landing, when Alan called to Noel: "Hop out and drive those dogs back while I get hold of Rough. He half killed two of them last summer when the whole team jumped on him."

Swinging a paddle, Noel drove the mail-team from the staging while Alan tied the excited Rough to an upright and unloaded their sled and outfit from the boat. Then, hitching Rough to the sled, they went over to the big, frame trade-house of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"Well, upon my soul if it ain't Alan Cameron and Noel! What's bringing you two lads to the coast in April?" exclaimed the spectacled Scotchman behind the slab counter of the trade-room.

"Hello, Duncan! You haven't grown a day older since I saw you in the summer," laughed Alan, as the surprised clerk gripped their hands, searching the wind-burned faces for signs of starvation that drove men in to the fur-posts in early spring.

"And you're not starved out, boys?"

"Do we look it? We've come from the headwaters in fifteen days. That's why we look like caribou in fly time."

"But what drove you off your trap-lines then?"

"De carcajou," explained Noel. "He get to our cache."

"Oh-ho! Wolverine, eh? And you came down on the crust before your grub gave out? Did you breed much fur, lads?" added the always businesslike Scotchman.

"Better hunt than last year. I've got some black marten and fox that'll make your mouth water, Duncan. What's the news from outside?" asked Alan, casually, anxious to learn what the Indians of John McCord had told at East Main.

"Aye, lad, there's plenty of news," answered the clerk. "Some Indians came out at East Main in December with a pretty tale."

"What about? Starvation at Nichicun, again?"

"Naw. It seems there ain't enough traders already on this coast. There's another one—in on the headwaters."

"What do you mean—a trader—on the headwaters?"

"He went in last summer by way of

Rupert. He located somewhere beyond Nichicun, on these headwaters."

"Did you hear that, Noel?" demanded Alan of the Indian who lounged against the counter, running his eyes over the trade-goods on the shelves while he listened intently to the conversation. "Duncan says there's a new trader in on the headwaters."

"Ah-hah!" Noel's dark face was as bare of expression as though carved from wood. "Ver' strange 'ting!"

"You didn't run into any hunters who knew about this fellow, Alan?"

Alan Cameron slowly shook his head while he waited to hear whether McCord's men had deserted him or had started back with the dogs and supplies they had been sent for.

"Well," continued McNab, "the joke is on this trader McCord for the Indians took his dogs and money and headed down the coast for Moose. Now he's stranded in there alone, with what do you think? A girl—his daughter. Fancy taking one's daughter into that wild bush!"

Alan followed the other's announcement with an expression of well-feigned surprise on his dark features.

"Pretty tough on a girl," he agreed. "How does he hope to trade in there without help?"

"He can't. He'll be showing up down here this summer trying to hire it."

The cloud-masked ball of April sun was buried in the drifting fogs of the bay when Alan opened the heavy slab door of the Revillon Freres trade-house, a mile above the Hudson's Bay settlement.

"Ba-gosh! Alan Cameron! W'at you do here de las' of April?" cried a tall Frenchman, turning from the huge stove in the middle of the room and seizing the grinning Alan by the shoulders. "Allo, Noel! W'at happen to you boys?"

"We had bad luck, Pierre," replied Alan. "A wolverine got to our grub and the deer had left the country so we struck for the coast."

Pierre's expression suddenly sobered as he scanned the lean faces of the two men who had come in over the long river trail from the interior.

"But you had enough to get home wid—you did not starve?"

Alan thought of the two men and the dog who had barely reached McCord's cabin as he answered: "We met some Indians."

"Good! But you eat beeg suppa' wid me to-night. You have good luck wid de fur?"

"Yes, we've got plenty of marten and fox."

The big Pierre's round face lit with pleasure. "Ah-hah! You mak' de beeg hunt!" He smiled at the youth he held affectionately by the shoulders. "Tien! I am glad to see you, Alan, and dere ee another will be glad, eh? Many tam de winter we talk about you, togedder."

Alan's face was strained with color. "How is she?" he asked.

"Oh, purtee as evair—but, dis Arsene," Pierre shrugged his heavy shoulders as his face registered an expression of contempt, "he bodder her."

Rivard! Alan felt his temper rising at the thought. Arsene Rivard had had all the long winter to make love to Dessane's eldest daughter. It was what he had feared.

"Shush!" Pierre warned, as the door opened and three men entered the trade-room stamping the wet snow from their moccasins.

"Allo, Cameron! I heard that you had come in to-day." A dark young man wait-

ing a small moustache on his sleek, round face approached Alan with extended hand.

"Yes!" Alan's slender fingers closed on the other's until he winced. Rivard turned to the two men who had followed him into the room. "This is the man Dessane told you about," he said. "He hunts the headwaters; he'll take you there."

Alan's back stiffened. "How d'you know what I'll do, Rivard?" he rasped.

"What—you're Cameron?" demanded the elder of the strangers, a powerfully built man of forty with pale blue eyes, closely set beneath dark, shaggy brows. To the other man, the taller of the two, with light hair and nondescript features, Alan gave but a fleeting glance. The older man evidently was the dominant personality.

"Dessane says you're just the man we want, but we didn't expect to see you for weeks yet," the stranger was saying, as he shook Alan's hand. "My name is McQueen, James McQueen. Shake hands with Tom Slade, my partner. We want to have a talk with you."

Surprised by the situation which had so swiftly developed, Alan stared hard at the men.

"It's a long, hard river," he said, shaking his head doubtfully, as he caught the tense face of Noel from the tail of his eye. "You'd starve out in that country."

"Why, there's plenty of fish and caribou, they tell me," objected McQueen.

"Yes," Alan's lip curled as he studied the men who faced him, "plenty of deer if you can find them. This March we couldn't find them."

"When can you start back with us?" abruptly demanded McQueen.

Again Alan's eye caught Noel's inscrutable look as he yawned, shrugged his wide shoulders and retorted: "Mr. McQueen, I'm not starting back with you."

With a scowl McQueen turned to the smug Rivard. "Thought you said you had just the man for us who'd start when he had traded his fur?"

"Look here, Cameron," protested the clerk, "why can't you take these men back with you when you go? They'll pay you well, and anyway, they're—"

"I've got business on the north coast," interrupted Alan, then he turned on McQueen with: "Why do you want to go?"

There was a faint twinkle in McQueen's colorless eyes as he exchanged a significant glance with Rivard. "Well, my lad, we'll talk that over later," he replied good-naturedly. "Mr. Dessane tells me you're the man we want. If you've just walked three or four hundred miles, you deserve a rest. Later on, you and I'll talk business."

McQueen turned and engaged Rivard and Slade in conversation while Alan walked to the trade-counter where his friend Pierre awaited him with a wink of approval. Alan asked for tobacco. As he opened his skin pouch to hold the plug, a folded five-dollar bill slipped to the floor.

In a flash, Alan's moccasin covered it. Dropping the plug beside his moccasin, he bent over and scooped bill and tobacco from the floor with the same movement of the hand and put them in his pouch. But his body shook with the pounding of his heart.

Leaning on the trade-counter, answering in monosyllables as the voluble Pierre chattered, he heard the door close behind him.

"Are these people going to supper with Rivard at Dessane's?" he asked Pierre.

"Yes."

"Then I can't see Berthe until they are through?"

"No. Wait until dey come back here aftair dey eat, den you can see her alone, eh? She help her modder and de cook, now."

"That will make us late to eat with you."

"No, no! Julie, she be so glad to see you, Alan, she cook all night for to feed you," laughed Pierre. "You come after you see Berthe. I go ova'r and tell her now."

When the door of the trade-room closed behind Pierre, Noel turned to Alan. "Way you drop dat money?"

"I've done it, Noel," groaned the other. "I forgot I had that bill in my pouch when I got the tobacco."

"Mebbe dey not see eet," comforted Noel.

"If they did see it, how am I going to account for it? They'll learn that I drew no money here last summer—never touched our balance with Gabriel or the Hudson's Bay. Nobody takes money into the bush, so they're bound to suspect we met somebody. He trusted me and this is how I repay him."

The return of Pierre from his cabin interrupted the conversation. Later, when the sound of voices outside the trade-house announced the return of Dessane and the strangers from supper, Alan slipped out of a rear door and went to the factor's house. A black-eyed mite of a girl opened the door to his knock and, with a shriek of joy, threw herself at the returned wanderer who caught and tossed her high in his arms.

"Petite Manon! What a great girl she has grown!" he cried, as the delighted child clung to him. "All winter long Alan has missed his playmate and wondered if she ever thought of him far away in the snow."

"Alec, Alec!" laughed the child. "We all miss Alec! Berthe she miss him too, but Arsene, he try to make her not miss him. How is Roughy?"

"Oh, Roughy's fine."

Kissing her on each of her brown cheeks as he held her in his arms, Alan suddenly reddened with self-consciousness. Smiling in amusement at the man and child, in an inner room stood a girl of eighteen with large dark eyes and a wealth of blue-black hair.

"Welcome, M'sieu le voyageur!" Berthe Dessane ran to him and impulsively grasped his hands. Her straight, thick brows met for an instant in a frown as she noted the leanness of his face. "Oh, but you've not taken care of yourself, Alan, as you promised!" she protested. "You look tired and thin."

She had never looked so lovely as she did then, Alan thought, as she scolded him like a reproving sister. From her crown of wayward hair—too luxuriant for control—to her small feet in their beaded moccasins, his hungry eyes swept her.

"You are looking lovely—as usual," he said thickly.

Her face suddenly sobered. She sent her little sister protesting from the room, closed the door, and returned to the puzzled Cameron.

"Arsene saw you drop some money in the trade-room," she whispered. "I overheard him tell father just now at supper. They have gone to the trade-house to talk with the police."

Police! The bronzed features of Alan Cameron went slowly grey. He suddenly felt weak and cold.

"Alan, what is the matter?" Berthe demanded, shocked by his stricken face.

"Nothing, nothing at all!" With an effort he regained his self-possession. "That's a good joke on Rivard," he continued, forcing a laugh. "I've had that money in my pouch two years—got it at Whale River when I went with the goose boats."

"I'm glad, Alan. Arsene was so mysterious with father, I wanted you to know because—he does not like you."

Seizing her by the shoulders, Alan searched her dark eyes. "Do you still like me?" he demanded. "Has Arsene changed you?"

The long-lashed lids of her black eyes winked hard as she smiled back at him. "You know I do—Alan. I'm so glad—you've come back—so early."

"Thanks for what you told me, Berthe! I'm going to Pierre's house—for supper," he said at the door.

No, he reassured himself, as he walked away through the wet snow, Rivard hadn't poisoned her mind yet.

Over the hot supper at Pierre's the two boys talked with their host of the winter on the headwaters.

"Pierre," said Alan, at length, as he pushed back his chair and lit his pipe, "you are my friend and will tell me. What did Rivard say when he came back with those strangers to the trade-room?"

A smile lit the broad face of the head voyager. His small eyes twinkled as he answered: "He pull dose polece ova'r een de corner and whisper. He know Pierre ees your fren'!"

"So they're Provincial Police from Quebec? Who are they after?"

Pierre shrugged. "I do not know; M'sieu Dessane tell dem you know de headwater country, you and Noel, so dey want you to guide dem."

"How did they get here?"

"Yesterday dey come een ova'r de shore ice by dog-team. Dey got two half-breed wid dem—bad-lookin' feller."

"And Gabriel told them I was the man they wanted."

"Ah-hah, dey say dey pay you well to guide dem."

"Pay me well to guide them to John McCord," thought Alan, sick with the knowledge of what his carelessness might mean to his friend. Then he said: "Well, Pierre, Noel and I are going up the coast for dogs. They'd better get someone else for a guide. I might lose the way."

Back in his own house at the Hudson's Bay settlement, Alan and Noel considered the situation.

"It was hard to lie to Berthe after she had warned me about Rivard, but it's John's secret, Noel. We've got to keep it."

"Ah-hah, we keep eet for sure."

"These police heard the story McCord's Indians told at East Main. But John said his Indians didn't know just what waters his camp was on. They couldn't understand Montagnais and he never told them. Now the police are going in to try to find him."

"Dere are many riviers een de headwater countree. Dey not find beem eases."

"No, not if we can get to him first. But they'll be after us, to-morrow, about that money in my pouch. Don't talk to them. All you know is that you were with me when Neil Campbell gave it to me at Whale River. I don't know what McCord has done, but he saved our lives and trusted us. We stand by John."

Suddenly the great dog lying at their feet lifted his head. His throat swelled in a low rumble as he stalked to the door on

stiff legs and sniffed at the crack. The eyes of the two men met as they nodded significantly. Shortly there were low voices outside which were answered by the sniffing dog with a snarl. There was a knock and a voice called:

"Tie up that man-eating husky, will you?" Alan ordered Rough to lie down in a corner of the room, then opened the door. McQueen and Slade entered, casting furtive glances around the room for the dog.

"I don't like that dog," said McQueen. "Put him outside, will you! He might jump on us."

"Yes, he might. He's a good judge of men—that dog."

Alan realised that he was going pretty far. These men were Provincial Police, with wide powers. But they had not as yet identified themselves to him, and he had that excuse for his actions. He opened the door and let Rough out.

"We want a word with you, alone," said McQueen.

"Noel, here, is my partner," replied Alan. "We have no secrets from each other."

"But you sometimes have a secret together, eh?" broke in Slade.

Alan gazed blankly into his leering eyes. "Secret together, what do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, my lad, I'm kind of curious to know what a hunter just out of the bush is doing with a piece of Canadian paper money," said McQueen. "I suppose you got it from a bear."

To the horror of the watching Noel, Alan calmly produced his pouch from a pocket and drew out the bill. "You mean that?"

Cameron's cool audacity took McQueen and Slade by surprise. The former hesitated, swallowed, then demanded excitedly: "Where up river did you get that money? Who gave it to you?"

Alan yawned then calmly surveyed the exasperated McQueen from head to foot. "When you show me what business it is of yours, I may tell you."

McQueen's pale eyes flamed with anger. "We're Provincial Police! Didn't you know that? You'd better keep a civil tongue in your head, young man!"

"Why didn't you tell me who you were?" countered Alan, revelling in the discomfort of the thick-set officer. "Rivard didn't say a thing about it when I met you, and neither did you! I suppose you've got something to prove it?"

McQueen threw open his outer and inner coats, displaying a silver badge on his heavy shirt. "That satisfy you? I'm a sergeant of Provincial Police, Province of Quebec. I thought they'd told you, Slade, here, is a corporal."

"I haven't seen Gabriel since I got in and Rivard said nothing about your being police," avoided Alan, truthfully. He realised the danger of further antagonising his callers. They had wide powers in the hinterlands when in pursuit of wanted men. They might even force him to accompany them to the headwaters. But remorse over his carelessness flicked him as a whip flicks a harness-sore dog.

"Now will you tell us where you got that money?"

"I got that money from Neil Campbell, at Whale River, two years ago."

With a shrug and a smile of impotency McQueen turned to Slade. "Guess we'd better let these boys get some sleep," he said good-naturedly. "They're tired and cross, need plenty of rest and grub—then we'll have a talk with them."

"You'll have plenty of time to talk," said Alan, winking at the stiff-faced Noel. "After the ice from the upper river passes, the river will run high with snow water for weeks. You'll have plenty of time."

"Well good night, boys, no hard feelings! See you later!"

Alan stood motionless in the doorway until the two callers disappeared in the gloom, then closed the door and turned to Noel.

"I've got to see Neil Campbell before anyone else from Fort George reaches him. As soon as the ice clears the coast we head for Whale River."

IT was late in May and two men waited while the lifting sun and the rain winds from the foot of James Bay warred with the floe-ice that blocked the bleak East Coast. Not yet might a canoe hope to pass the treacherous Cape of the Four Winds and reach Whale River.

And while the anxious Alan fretted to be off, Officers McQueen and Slade made repeated attempts to entangle him in the details of the story of how he happened to have Canadian money in his possession; discouraged, they had centred their attention on Noel. But, much to the disgust of his interrogators, the wily Montagnais had shortly lost all knowledge of English and had insisted on carrying on the conversation in his native tongue. So the interrogation had ceased.

It had been bitter news to Alan when Gabriel Demane told him the details of the mission of the police.

"Alan, I don't blame you for being a little stiff before you knew who they were," said Gabriel, "but the law requires that we give the police any help possible. Their papers order us to furnish guides, supplies, whatever they require. They're after a man who went in to Nichicum by way of Rupert House, last summer—a man charged with murder."

Murder! John McCord with the straight-gazing eyes and the big heart—a murderer!

Yet Alan's level eyes met the friendly gaze of the factor as he replied: "But I don't go up river with these police. I've got to get some good dogs from the Huskies. That will take me weeks."

So the days passed while Alan and Noel made frequent trips to the mouth of the river to watch the condition of the floe-ice along the coast. Then, one day, they learned from Andrew Christie, Hudson's Bay factor, that McQueen had hired a York boat. That meant that the police were going to try to slip up the coast to Whale River to check his story.

"Noel," said Alan, as the two sat in Alan's cabin, "ice or no ice, we leave for Whale River to-night! We must beat McQueen to Neil Campbell or they will know we met John McCord and compel us to take them to the headwaters."

Early that evening Alan walked with Berthe along the high shore of the river near the Revillon Freres post.

"It won't be long, now, Berthe, before we can start," he said, watching the breeze whip a plume of her black hair across her face.

She laid her hand on his arm. "There's something I want to tell you, Alan. The police are going to Whale. I heard Arsenic tell father."

"Yes, I know that. They don't believe I got that money from Neil and are going to find out."

"But I believe you, Alan, and so does father."

Cameron winced as he turned from her candid eyes to watch the wind ripple on the lead-hued river that raced by below them.

"I know you believe me, Berthe. You're a wonderful friend—you don't know what that means to me. And I can't sneak away without saying good-bye. I may not see you—again—for weeks."

"Sneak away? What do you mean? You'll have plenty of chances to say good-bye before you go north."

"I—I'm going to-night. Berthe—when the moon is up. I've got to. I can't wait for the ice. You won't tell anyone?"

Her black brows met in a puzzled frown as she faced him. "Tell? Of course not, but I don't understand why you take such risks, Alan, and why you wish to hide your going."

He smiled down at her as her doubtful eyes searched his face.

"I'm afraid that the police will hold me up—order me to wait and go with them to Whale River." Then a wave of emotion drove him on as he bent over her dark face, at times half-masked by the wind-whipped strands of her unruly hair. "I can't wait—I've got to have a dog team, Berthe! I'm—I'm saving, trying to get ahead."

He wanted to take her in his arms—crush his lips to hers, learn what the look in her eyes meant. But he was a hunter of fur, without a future.

"Don't let your mother and Rivard turn you against me, Berthe!" he cried, and was away before the startled girl could voice his protest.

Deep in the night a nineteen foot Peter-bore canoe slipped from the shadow-packed shore below the darkened buildings of the Hudson's Bay post, rode the ebb tide down so the river mouth, and turned north up the coast.

It was a three days' race. But the frail canoe, driven by its desperate crew, reached Whale River, while, high and dry, on a mud flat the York boat waited for the next tide to float it free.

Neil Campbell, the trader, was puzzled and worried by Alan's strange request which, Alan assured him, could not be explained until later. Yet he staunchly agreed to corroborate Alan's story.

On up the coast, past the Little Whale and Richmond Gulf, went the canoe on its quest for dogs. At the Nastapoka, where the ice pack had brought in the walrus, seal and polar bear from the north, Alan met the first of the Kogaluk Eskimos. There he graded his canoe load of goods and groceries for three yearling Ungava puppies, bred from a pair of superb huskies which had crossed from Hope's Advance on Ungava Bay with their owners. He had kept his promise to John McCord. He now had a team of Ungavas for the coming winter.

With his two slate-grey and white puppies, Powder and Shot, and their seal-brown and white brother, called Rogus, Alan started back down the treacherous coast for Fort George.

ALAN and Noel stood on the high shore, holding their nervous dogs by rawhide leashes to prevent a general flight with the post huskies. Noel suddenly pointed upstream to the settlement of the Northern Trading Company, beyond the Revillon Freres, where a number of York boats and a small schooner lay at anchor far in the distance.

"Wat ees dat on de water, up dere? Dat's no boat," he said, his hand shading his squinting eyes.

"You're right!" cried Alan. "That's a sea-plane."

At the Hudson's Bay Company, when Alan had landed Rough and his priceless puppies in the small dog stockade behind his house, he was greeted by the sober faces of Duncan McNab and Andrew Christie, the factor.

"Well, young man," snapped Christie, "you seem to have made a fine mess of things! Your starting north the night after I told you the police had hired a York boat proves you wanted to see Nell before the police reached him."

Alan's face went stone hard. "Well, he told them where I got that money, didn't he?"

"Yes, but the police don't believe him!" snapped Christie. "By the by," he continued, after a period of silence, "a Canadian Airways plane came in a few days ago, bringing the mail from Moose, and there's a passenger who is waiting to see you." He winked at Duncan McNab, whose red face was widening in a grin.

"A passenger—to see me?" Alan stared at the speaker.

"Aye, and she's kicked up more rumpus in old Fort George than I've seen since the measles killed half our people."

"She? What can she want with me?"

Again Christie exchanged winks with Duncan McNab. "She won't tell, but you're a young, fine figure of a man, Alan. Look out for her when you meet her. She's had every man at Fort George by the ears since she arrived and every married one at odds with his wife."

On his way to Gabriel Dessane's house, Alan stopped to see his friend Pierre and learn if the Dessanes were still at supper. Opening the door of the trade-room, to his surprise he saw Arsene Rivard in close conversation with a woman. As he entered he caught her remark:

"He must have met—"

"Hello, Rivard!" said Alan, enjoying the embarrassment of the two. "Pierre's over at his house, I suppose?"

"Why, 'allo, Cameron!" The tone of the clerk was very cordial as he left the woman, who leaned gracefully against the trade-counter, calmly inspecting the handsome newcomer, from his moccasins to the deep-set twinkling grey eyes.

"Mrs. Hanbury, I would make you acquainted with Alan Cameron," said the clerk turning to the woman.

"How do you do, Mr. Cameron!" she said, effusively. "You're the very man I want to see. When did you get back?"

So this is the woman who has upset Fort George, he thought. She seemed hardly more than thirty-five, with a tall, graceful figure set off by her whipcord suit. Her face framed by wavy, bronze hair was the face of a girl, except for the hazel eyes, long lashed and large.

"We came in to-day," replied Alan, returning her calm appraisal with one equally frank.

"May I speak to Mr. Cameron alone?" she asked of Rivard.

"Certainly, Madame," replied the clerk with an insinuating smile as he left the trade-room.

Mrs. Hanbury lost no time in coming to the point.

"You're playing a dangerous game," she said, "when you start to work against the Provincial Police."

"How have I worked against the police," he asked, disarmingly, "by telling the truth?"

She burst into a paroxysm of laughter that did not fail to display the whiteness and regularity of her teeth. Drying her eyes with a handkerchief that filled the air with a subtle perfume, she said, standing very close to the uncomfortable Alan: "Why, you poor boy, do you suppose they don't know you're lying?"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Hanbury, I don't know who you are," he said, the blood darkening his bronzed face. "What right have you to ask me questions?"

She opened her large eyes with their long-lashed lids in amazement. "They didn't tell you—at the Hudson's Bay?"

"Not a word—except that you were here and wanted to see me."

"That's strange! I'm connected with the government, you know—special agent. I flew to Moose on another matter and wanted to have a look at the East Coast. Knowing Sergeant McQueen and Corporal Slade, of course I was interested in their search for this McCord whom you met in the interior last winter."

"I did not meet McCord last winter!" The cold glitter in the grey eyes had a decided effect on Mrs. Hanbury's manner. She suddenly dropped her air of easy confidence.

"When they get John McCord," she went on, dramatically, ignoring his flat denial, "do you realise that you will be tried for aiding an escaped murderer? Now, I promise you that if you'll tell me where you met this man and the girl—what you know about them, I'll square this whole thing with the police."

Again she approached too closely for Alan's comfort as her black-lashed hazel eyes narrowed. "It's going to go hard for you if you don't, for McQueen will take you down to the Deputy Commissioner at the railroad for questioning."

The conversation was interrupted by the return of Gabriel Dessane from his supper. Harassed by the certainty of being compelled to accompany the police to the headwaters, by doubt and misgivings which the mysterious Mrs. Hanbury had aroused, Alan went over to the factor's house. Received coldly by Madame Dessane, he found Berthe waiting.

"You have found her very agreeable, to talk so long in the trade-room?" she asked, giving him a lifeless hand.

"Arsene told you, then? She asked to see me alone—tried to threaten me, force me to say I had met the man these police are after. What is she doing here, Berthe, anyway? I don't understand."

"I think I understand very well," said the girl, soberly. "She is making fools of all the men at Fort George and—to-night, she seems to have added another to her conquests."

"Ah, so Rivard is up to his old tricks, eh?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why he came over here and told you that Mrs. Hanbury and I were alone in the trade-room," he said, heatedly. "She thought she could handle me as she's probably handled that snake!"

"Arsene is no snake!" she protested, the blood showing in her dark cheeks. "If you came here to say unpleasant things after being away for weeks, I think you had better go."

"Don't, don't talk that way to me, Berthe! I'm sorry—sorry for what I've said, sorry for everything!"

Her lip curled as she tossed her black head. "Oh, you men are all alike, even father, he thinks she's a grand lady. Mother and he have hardly spoken since she came here."

"So you think that woman—"

"I don't know what to think. Good night, Alan!" And she left the room, leaving Alan sick at heart.

THE following morning, when Alan and Noel returned from their fish nets and were playing with the huge puppies inside the dog stockade, they had a caller.

"G'morning, Cameron!" Alan looked up to recognise the thick-set figure of Sergeant McQueen behind the slabs of the gate. "I want to talk with you."

Leaving Noel with the dogs, Alan joined McQueen and entered his house. The policeman took the chair Alan offered and leisurely filled and lit his pipe, then asked abruptly, "When do we start up river?"

It was evident that McQueen intended to ignore the matter of the race to Whale River, was satisfied, as was most of Fort George, that Alan had met McCord. For a space the eyes of the youth met the other's in a fixed stare. "In about a week," said Cameron.

"That suits me. I'll pay you and your man two dollars a day," went on McQueen.

"What for?"

The close-set eyes of the policeman glittered as he said slowly: "To take us to the spot where John McCord wintered—and you left him."

"You're crazy—crazy as a hermit wolf!" Cameron's face went hard as flint as he met the other's eyes. "I never met this McCord. I'm going to my hunting country to get in our winter fish."

With a shrug of his shoulders, McQueen seemed to dismiss the matter as hopeless. "Forget it, Cameron! I won't say a word about your striking up the coast at night to see Campbell before I did. All I want is for you to take me to the headwaters."

"I'm starting in about a week," repeated Alan. "Are your men strong-water men?"

"Yes, they're good river men. Slade and I were brought up in a canoe."

"Good thing for you. There's some bad poling water on this river."

"Well, when you're ready to start, let me know," said McQueen.

Torn between pride and the desire to see Berthe, Alan was sitting in his cabin that evening, when the yelping puppies in the stockade aroused Rough from his sleep. He went to the door, listened, sniffed, then snarled.

"Hello, there! Alan Cameron! Please take care of your dog! I want to see you!"

It was the rich, throaty voice that had argued with Alan the night before at the French Company's trade-house. Alan's dark brows met in a scowl but he sent Rough to his corner and opened the door.

"Good evening, Mr. Alan Cameron! I want to talk to you a few minutes!" greeted Mrs. Hanbury.

Alan lit another candle and placed a chair for his caller. She smiled easily up at him while he leaned against the door.

"You're a foolish young man, Mr. Alan Cameron. Do you realise that you've ruined your reputation at Fort George?" Mrs. Hanbury leaned forward elbows on knees, chin cupped in her graceful, well-cared-for hands, as she watched Alan through her half-shut, hazel eyes. "Not only that,

but you're in serious trouble with the Government. You've given aid to a wanted man."

"You can't prove that!" he said, sitting down.

"I'm a special agent of the Government at Ottawa," she went on, her voice suddenly softened, "but I'd swap secrets with a man as—as handsome as Alan Cameron." She rose from her chair and stood in front of him. "Now, if you'll tell me where you left McCord, I'll tell you just why I happen to be here."

As he watched her, hoping that, in her brazen self-confidence, she would carelessly say too much, she suddenly placed both hands on his shoulders, and gazed triumphantly down at him as if already she had won. But he smiled inwardly at her easy assumption of victory. Calmly brushing aside her detaining hands, he rose from his chair and, while her brain fought with her offended pride as waves after waves of blood stained her face, he calmly lit his pipe.

"You—you—" she choked. "You block-head!" she finally managed to say. "But I can make it so! I'll see that fool of a girl you're mooning over hears of this—this meeting of ours—and your goose is cooked!"

She turned to find Rough standing at her elbow, hair erect, his throat swelling in a muffled growl.

"That beast! Take that beast away from me!" she cried.

"Here, Rough!" commanded Alan. "You're scaring the lady. Did you think she was going to bite me? I did. Good night, Mrs. Hanbury!"

Standing in the doorway he laughed bitterly into the night. He knew now that he could not make his peace with Berthe Dessane before he left Fort George.

THE remaining days of his stay were busy ones for Alan. There were supplies to be carefully checked, all of which he bought with his credit at the posts. The money McCord had given him he hid carefully under the floor of his cabin.

Fearing the havoc which the tongue of Mrs. Hanbury had undoubtedly created at the Rivillon Freres through the oily Rivard, for days Alan avoided the parling with Berthe. But at last, hungering for the sight of her face, driven by the desire to defend himself, he went to see her.

Berthe herself opened the door. "I am leaving in a few days," he said, probing her dark eyes in an attempt to read her thoughts. "I've come to say good-bye, Berthe."

"Come in, Alan," she said, with a faint smile.

"Berthe," he began. "I can't go, with you feeling this way! It's all Rivard and this woman, I know. You don't understand what she's up to."

"I understand this much," the girl retorted bitterly. "She was at your house."

"Yes. She came there to get me to talk. When she found I wouldn't talk she swore she would injure me with you—would tell Rivard! And she did!"

"Oh, it's not that! You're wrong! It's not this woman!" she protested. "It's your suddenly going up the coast when you'd been away—so long. You went to see Neil Campbell! You know you did! Everyone believes it! It's that you went away and did not tell me the truth. You couldn't care so

much for me and do that. It's that I've lost faith in you—that's all!" With a sob and a faint "Good-bye, Alan!" Berthe ran from the room.

Dazed, Cameron walked slowly back to the Hudson's Bay settlement.

THREE days upstream, where the Big River roars down from the high plateau in a series of falls and chutes and the Indian trail, for a hundred miles, follows a chain of lakes, Alan brought McQueen and Slade to his camp.

"We're going to see a lot of each other in the next few months," began the older officer, "why can't we shake hands on this and be friendly?"

"What do you mean, friendly?" demanded Alan, studying the insinuating, close-set eyes of the other. "You're police. You can give me orders. I've got to obey them. What more do you want?"

"Young man," replied McQueen, after a pause, "you're a pretty deep one, you are. I wish I knew your game. But why can't we have an understanding?"

"We've got one, haven't we? When the Montagnais leave you at the Lake of the Winds, we take you up to the big forks."

"What then?"

"Well, it's then up to you, Noel and I are bound for our hunting country up the Mad River. Where are you going?"

"We're going with you to get John McCord," McQueen leaned forward and stared hard into Alan's face on which there sat a look of grim indifference.

"Have the Indians told you anything about this headwater country?" asked Alan, after a space in which he slowly stroked the head of Rough, as he met the fixed gaze of McQueen.

"Yes, we've been all over that. It'd be like hunting for a needle in a haystack—finding a man there, if it wasn't that you know where he is."

Across the fire Noel moved uneasily. His swart face knotted in a grimace of unconcealed hostility as he watched McQueen, his sinewy fingers working nervously with the rawhide thongs he was braiding into dog harness.

Ignoring the statement, Alan said: "The Mad River, the Talking and the Conjuror join to make the three forks."

As Alan mentioned the Talking, Noel rose and hastily filling a tin cup from the teapail by the fire, swallowed the hot liquid in a gulp as he watched Alan's face.

"There are fifteen or twenty good sized streams," Alan continued, ignoring his friends attempts to warn him, "that drain into these and they head in fifty or a hundred lakes—no one knows how many. You've taken on a big job, Sergeant McQueen—finding this man."

With that, he abruptly dropped the subject.

Day after day, the men slaved at pole, paddle and tracking line as they ascended the great river. As the August days drew to a close and the nights sharpened with frost the canoes reached the forks in the high tundra country. North-east, three days' hard poling up the strong water of the Mad River, was Alan's hunting country.

Fifty miles to the east, on the Talking, stood a cabin in a clearing where a man waited with a girl for the coming of a canoe. Far to the south, the great lakes Nichicun and Patemisk emptied into the Conjuror, the largest of the three branches.

The night the canoes reached the forks, the police came to Alan's camp.

"Well, Cameron, we're here," said McQueen, with a sigh of satisfaction, lighting his pipe with a red ember from the supper fire. "Now it's up to you to decide whether you're going to stay stiff-necked and later pay the penalty of the law, or will you decide to be sensible and talk."

"We've been all over this, sergeant," demurred Alan, with an air of indifference which belied the anxiety that harassed him. "It's not up to me. It's up to you. You say McCord is somewhere in this country. Now which river are you going to take to the height-of-land?"

For a space McQueen closely studied the baffling features of the man whose grey gaze did not waver. They his shaggy brows met and his pale eyes glittered ominously. "We're going to cover all three rivers before the ice," he snapped.

Alan glanced at Noel. There was not time to cover the wide headwaters of even one river before the ice. His heart pulsed in his throat as he asked with seeming indifference: "Well, which first?"

"Your country's on this north branch, you say," McQueen leaned toward the other as he went on, insinuatingly: "Well, young man, I figure that's just where you ran into McCord—in your own country."

Like a flash, inspiration came to Alan. Here was his chance! Slowly over his bronzed features crept a look of frustration—of defeat. His eyes shifted before the fixed stare of the policeman as, expelling the breath from his lungs in a deep sigh, he horrified the listening Noel with: "What's the use! You're bound to get him before you're through—you police always do, they tell me. We met McCord last winter on the headwater lakes of the Mad River."

On the Indian's swart features there was a lightning swift transition from a look of pained surprise to one of stoic acquiescence. Gravely he nodded agreement with Alan's startling admission, as he met Slade's sudden glance.

"Ah-hah! So that's it, is it?" With a grunt of satisfaction the delighted McQueen thrust out his big hand and gripped Alan's. "Now you're talking like a good citizen, my boy!" he cried, slapping the hunter on the back. "Shake with the boys, Tom. I knew they'd come through!"

Rubbing his hands together excitedly, McQueen announced: "To-morrow we'll head up this Mad River for the lakes! Well, Jack McCord," he cried, waving his clenched hands above his head, then wringing the fist of the grinning Slade, "at last we've got you!"

ONE September morning, a girl stood on the shore of the river beside a path leading back through the timber to a clearing.

"The last of August!" she exclaimed. "Alan said he'd surely be back by the last of August. And now it's September. Has he forgotten us? Oh, what's to become of us if he's forgotten?"

Suddenly her mouth opened in surprise as she stared at the opposite shore. "Why!" she gasped. "It can't be! Yes, it is, it's—who-hoo! Roughly! Roughly!" she cried, delirious with excitement as she danced on the beach.

Like a statue, on the opposite shore, stood a black husky with white face markings, chest and socks, intently watching her.

"Roughly! Roughly!" she called, frantically waving her arms at the motionless

animal, while tears blurred her eyes. Oh, they're back! Alan's back!" she repeated ecstatically, between sobs. "He didn't—forget us! Alan's—back!"

"Who-hoo-o-o! Heather!" drifted across the water. There, on the stony beach stood a man, a tump-line across his forehead supporting the pack on his back. Beside him romped three huge dogs.

Heather waved in return, her knees shaking with excitement and the joy of seeing him. "Who-hoo-o-o, Alan!"

Her canoe lay close by on the beach, and running to it she slid it into the stream and paddled hard.

"You—you kept your word! You didn't forget us?" she choked, winking back the tears as the boat grounded. "Oh, dad'll be so glad, Alan! He was beginning to think

Cameron's bronzed features sobered as he thought of the police he had left over on the Mad headwaters. "But you, Heather, you knew I'd keep my word?"

She nodded. "Yes, I knew. Oh, you got your dogs and what beauties!" she cried as the three Ungavas dashed in the water of the shore yelping at Rough.

"Here you, Shot, Powder!" Alan called. "Come here! Don't try to touch them now, Heather. You're shy of strangers, aren't you, Rouge, you old sinner!"

The dogs came in from the water and gathered around Alan.

"They're wonderful-looking dogs, Alan," she agreed, with a swift glance at the Ungavas, but her eyes could not long leave the tall figure of the man; they lingered on the crisp hair, the bold features and the laughing, deep-set eyes.

"Better not try to get acquainted too quickly, eh, Shot?" He seized an ear of the slate-grey, who stopped in his romping to nuzzle Alan's head. "Where's John?"

"Chopping wood, he'll be back for lunch." "Lunch? Say, Heather, I'm starved," said the traveller. "I ate a bite at daylight and have been crossing these hills all the morning."

"You poor man! Come over and I'll feed you! But you came up river by canoe! You had to? Where did you leave it and Noel?" she asked, perplexed, as they started for the opposite shore with the dogs swimming.

"It's a long story, Heather. Better wait until your father is back to hear it, too. Noel will be up with the canoe, later."

"Have you come cross-country from the Mad River with that pack?"

"I've been walking three days—straight south."

Later, as the savory odors of corn bread, caribou and tea filled the cabin, the fierce yelping of the Ungavas brought Alan on the run to the clearing.

"Call off your dogs! By the Lord Harry, Alan Cameron, you're a partner after my own heart! Look at those pups! Welcome back, my lad!" The great voice of John McCord boomed at Alan as he quitted the younger dogs.

"There's your dogs," grinned Alan, "straight from the Nasapokas. Like 'em?" "Like 'em?" cried the delighted McCord. "They're beauties! How old?"

"About fourteen months. They'll be full grown, almost, by spring." "Cost and bone and size, they've got everything, Alan! Now you and I own the world!"

Alan searched the blue eyes of the older man. Could it be true that John McCord was a murderer—a man who would kill his wife? He could not believe it.

"You've forgotten one thing, John," he finally said.

"One thing—what d'you mean?"

"The police!"

McCord's brows knotted beneath theashed forehead. "Police? What have the police to do with us?"

So honest was the look that met Alan's searching eyes, that he hesitated, perplexed, and did not answer.

"You must tell me your story over a pipe," went on McCord. "Let's eat first, I can smell the deer. Come in."

"Wait, I—I don't want Heather to hear it all, John."

The big man looked hard at the other. "What's on your mind, boy? You haven't been followed from Fort George? They don't know I'm here?"

Alan nodded. "That's just it. The police know!"

McCord thrust his puzzled face close to Alan's. "The police? You mean police at Fort George?"

"Yes."

"What in thunder are they doing there?"

"Looking for—you."

The big man scratched his head, then turned an uncomprehending look on the other. "What am I wanted for?"

"Murder."

Alan watched the other's eyes as a lynx watches a wood mouse. But a look of blank amazement was their sole expression. "Who've I murdered?"

"That's why I wanted to keep it from Heather. They say at Fort George that you killed your wife."

McCord's face suddenly flushed under the bronze. Then his eyes hardened to ice-blue as he sucked in a deep breath. "Murdered—my wife!" He took a step and turned, running his fingers through his thick hair. "She's dead—then—murdered?"

Alan waited as his friend paced to and fro deep in thought. This was not the way a man would act who had been suddenly told that the police wanted him for crime. Rather McCord seemed mystified, puzzled.

"Where's Noel? McCord suddenly demanded, stopping his pacing.

"I left him with the police in the head-water country of the Mad River. I slipped them and travelled overland with the dogs."

John McCord scowled into Alan's sombre face. "The police came with you up river?"

Alan nodded. Then, drawing McCord back beyond earshot of the cabin, he swiftly related what had happened on his trip to Fort George. As he talked, the face of the older man slowly changed from a picture of frank amazement to one of stark rage.

"Before I begin, I want to ask you a question," said McCord, swallowing hard, as he fought for self-control. "Did you believe their story that I killed my wife?"

"That was not the question—whether you killed your wife," retorted Alan. "You had saved my life. You were here with Heather, alone, deserted by your Indians. I had given you my promise to come back. That was enough."

Partner, give me your hand."

The two men gripped hands as their eyes unwaveringly met.

"I told you I knew a man when I saw one," continued McCord quietly. "You've proved your mettle."

"We ought to keep this from Heather—if we can." Alan's grey eyes probed the giant's face as he went on. "Does she know—about—what happened? What brought the police—here?"

McCord stood with hands on hips, his bold features knotted in a scowl. Slowly he shook his head. "No, she does not know, Alan. Poor kid, she does not know." Then he took the other's arm. "You're hungry, so am I! We'll go in and eat. Later we'll take the net up to the island and set it. We've got four big dogs to feed, now. Then I'll tell you a story."

SOME hours later, McCord went out with Alan, ostensibly on a fishing expedition.

They paddled up to an island some distance away, and set the gill-net in the thoroughfare on the side of the nearest shore, where the fish travelled. Then, lighting their pipes the two sat down on two small boulders facing each other.

"First I want to know about the police and Noel and how you got away with the dogs," said McCord.

"I told them we had met you in the headwater lakes of the Mad River. So Noel and I took them there. We always camped with water between us to keep the dogs apart. Four nights back, Noel started for the forks with the canoes and, at daylight, I struck straight south cross-country with the dogs to warn you. And here I am!"

McCord's eyes lit with approval. "You left them where they couldn't find their way back to the main stream without a guide for weeks?"

Alan laughed. "That country's a network of lakes and muskeg. They're likely to get into Whale water and be on their way to Lake Bienville before they find out their mistake. They'll be lucky if they don't strike the freeze-up before they get out."

"Good boy! You did a good job on them, Alan. Now let's get back to Fort George. This Sergeant McQueen, as he calls himself, would be about five feet ten." He's thick-set and rugged, carries his head a little forward and what you'd notice about his face, except a mean mouth, are his eyes—too close together and a faded blue."

Alan's jaw dropped in amazement. "Why? You—you must know him?"

McCord exhaled a cloud of tobacco smoke as his eyes wrinkled in an amused look. "I ought to know him," he said dryly. "I had to look at that face for two years or more."

"And Slade—you know him, too?"

"Let's see, Sanford, well, you know him as Slade, would go a little over six feet, medium build, sandy hair and blue eyes. But the thing you'd notice about him are his hands and feet. They're too large and, somehow, you always notice them."

Alan nodded. "That's right! You do! That's Slade all right!"

"So much for these officers of the law," sneered McCord. "Now for this Hanbury woman who came in by seaplane; you had a chance to look her over that night when she came to your place. Did you happen to notice a trick she had, when she laughed, of throwing her head back and looking at you through half-closed eyes? She's pretty handy with her eyes. Notice that, Alan?"

"You've met her?" Alan demanded, recalling only too clearly the hazel eyes of Mrs. Hanbury, half-masked by the long-lashed lids.

"Yes, I've seen her before—used to know her fairly well, in fact."

"I know, but how did you guess she was the woman I told you about, unless it was the name?"

"The name was strange. She's used several. It was her knowing this fellow, McQueen. Alan, those birds are not police!"

Cameron's jaw dropped as he stared at the other's grinning face.

"Not police?"

"No, and she's got nothing to do with the government!"

"But they had regular government papers—signed in Quebec, identifying them and ordering all fur-posts to give them assistance. I made McQueen show me his badge. They must be—"

McCord threw back his head and blew a great cloud of smoke from his mouth. "Those papers were forged! These men are looking for me, all right, Alan, my lad, and she's their partner, but they're not police."

"And you're not wanted—by the government?"

McCord slowly shook his blond head. Then he asked: "Did this Mrs. Hanbury look like a murdered woman to you?"

"A murdered woman? What d'you mean?"

"You heard I was wanted for the murder of my wife."

"Yes."

McCord gazed across the river up to the shoulders of the tundra above the forest as he said bitterly: "Mrs. Hanbury is—my wife."

"Your w!—Heather's mother?" A heavy load suddenly lifted from Alan's shoulders as he realised what this startling revelation of John McCord meant. John not an outlaw—a wanted man! He, Alan Cameron, a free man at Fort George. This McQueen—

"Yes — Heather's mother," repeated McCord, in a strained voice.

Inarticulate from the shock of his surprise, Alan allowed his pipe to slip through his fingers to the pebbles of the beach. The nightmare through which he had lived had proved, after all, only an ugly dream.

"It's wonderful, John, wonderful—to know you're not a wanted man!" he cried. Then he suddenly sobered, as a look of bitterness crept over McCord's face. For a long space they sat in silence while they smoked. Then McCord drew a deep breath and turned to his friend.

"Not knowing what I was — murderer, crook, hunted by the police, you stuck by me through gratitude, pity for Heather, and the fact that we had pledged each other our friendship," he said. "I knew what you were when I first looked into your pinched face, Alan. I knew you'd stand by. You have. Now I want you to hear my story."

And so, there, on the shore of the Talking, John McCord told Alan why he had come into the heart of Labrador, bringing a girl of seventeen on a strange quest.

The years preceding the World War had found him living in a small town in Ontario with a young wife and a little girl. Occupied as a timber superintendent for a pulp and lumber company, he had been compelled to spend much of his time away from home on various timber limits of his employers.

Pleasure-loving, his wife chafed at his absences, at his limited means. Rumors reached him of her actions in his absence, but he brushed them aside. By the time the war broke out she had left him and Heather. She loved life in the cities and went and found it. Leaving the child with his mother, he enlisted and went overseas.

For two years he served in the same battalion with a man who had been a prospector and had talked much of his wanderings from the Yukon to Labrador.

After Mesines Ridge, where he got the ugly gash on his forehead, McCord found himself in the same hospital with his friend, Aleck Drummond. In Montreal, before the war, Drummond had met a Hudson's Bay man who had once been stationed at Fort Chimo, at the mouth of the great Koksoak River, which rises somewhere in the heart of Labrador and flows north into Ungava Bay.

The fur man had been told by some wild Naskapi, who once came to the post, of a branch of the Koksoak called the River of Skulls, because of a battle between Koksoak Eskimos and Naskapi, in which they had wiped each other completely out. Later, when Indians found the bodies, they were afraid to bury them because of the meaning of the spirits of the dead in the gorge above. So the skulls and bones lay strewn along the shore and flats. After this the Indians called it the River of Skulls, and the gorge, The Gorge of the Spirits, Manitou Gorge.

"That's exactly the story Dessane told me," observed Alan.

"Yes, but listen to this," returned McCord, and went on with his tale.

One year some Naskapi, more daring than the rest, were camped on the sand flats that reach a long way below this gorge, spearing caribou, for the deer were crossing here and the Indians overcame their fear of the spirits to get the deer. They had built a fire against the roots, full of clay and gravel, or a spruce that had come downstream and grounded on the shore. The heat of the fire softened the blue clay stuck to the roots and one of the Indians noticed some small stones, as he thought, in the clay.

He was playing about with them when he realised that the small particles were much too heavy for stones. He scraped off the clay, and pounding them found them malleable and dull yellow in color. These he brought to Chimo and showed to the Hudson's Bay people. They were nuggets of pure gold.

The following year the supply ship of the Company brought Aleck Drummond to Fort Chimo. There they warned him he would never reach the mythical River of Skulls and, if he did, he would starve because he couldn't hunt for gold and caribou at the same time. And he'd have to find the deer, or starve. But Aleck had reached the River of Skulls and he had found gold, and had not starved.

"You mean to tell me that he poled and tracked hundreds of miles into the interior, found gold and got out to Chimo before the ice?" demanded the doubtful Alan, thrilled with anticipation of what was coming.

"I do. If you'd known Aleck you'd realise that he was one of the few men who could have done it."

"He must have had a streak of luck with the deer."

"He did. And he had a streak of luck locating the River of Skulls. It looked at first," went on McCord, "as if he wouldn't find the river. He got into several, but finally followed a trail of blue clay and rusty quartz up a river and came to an alluvial flat below a gorge. The river was full of sand and gravel bars and he dug out some skulls and bones. Then he went to work panning the bars and struck it rich."

Late in September, when the snow was falling and the small lakes frozen, he worked with his pan below that gorge, and as luck would have it part of the deer migration crossed below him. So he shot meat for

his trip to Chimo. But he didn't show at the post the dust and nuggets he had in his pack bags and he would not admit he had found the river. Then, before he could find men with the backbone to travel with him to this River of Skulls and bring back a fortune, the war broke out."

McCord continued his story as Alan refilled and lit his pipe.

Through their convalescence McCord and Drummond had studied the sketch map that the latter had carried on his body through the war; they made plans for the long journey into Ungava on their return. With them in the hospital were two men of their own battalion, who had enlisted under the names of Maddock and Sanford. They manifested marked curiosity in the whispered conversation of the two friends.

One day, as John and Aleck were comparing Aleck's sketch with a map of Labrador they had obtained from London, they looked up to find Jim Maddock (now calling himself McQueen), who had noiselessly approached on slippered feet, staring over their shoulders.

"What did you do?" demanded the indignant Alan.

"What could we do in a hospital, except send him about his business?"

"So that's where Mr. McQueen comes in, eh?"

"Yes, he and his partner, Sanford, known as Slade."

"And they've followed you like wolves ever since!"

"And I'm going to give them what wolves deserve," McCord laughed.

Alan sat with chin in his cupped hands while McCord resumed his narrative.

From time to time this man Maddock had caught fragments of their conversation and now, with the evidence of the sketch and map, knew that the two friends were concerned with a gold strike in Labrador. From then on, he had hounded them with his curiosity.

The last week of McCord's stay in the hospital Aleck Drummond had had a secondary operation from which he died. Before he became unconscious he gave McCord his sketch map and his blessing.

"So that's how you happen to be on the Talking River?"

"Yes."

"You decided to go in from the headwaters of the Koksoak—if you could find them?"

"Yes."

"Did McQueen know that Drummond went in from Chimo?"

"He overheard Drummond speak of Chimo and told me so."

"But we may starve before we find the headwaters of the Koksoak."

"Let me finish my story then we can go into that," said McCord, knocking his pipe out on his moccasin and going on with his narrative.

On their return to Canada after the war, McQueen had hunted him up and made repeated overtures to be taken as a partner on the expedition he knew McCord contemplated, and was refused. Following this, McCord's wife, who had deserted him, suddenly appeared at his mother's home in his absence and manifested great interest in Heather.

Suspicious, he learned that his wife had been seen in a car with McQueen on the day she saw Heather. They had joined forces to watch his movements and it was evident that if John McCord boarded the supply ship of the Hudson's Bay Company or of the Revillon Freres, bound for Chimo and the River of Skulls, he would find McQueen a fellow passenger.

So McCord decided to avoid Fort Chimo and attempt to establish a base somewhere on the headwaters of the great river, where they could renew their supplies from the East Coast of Hudson's Bay and pretend to carry on a trade with the Indians.

When he had decided on how he would try to reach the River of Skulls and keep his secret, McCord had worked a number of years in the lumber business and the Rouyn-Quartz mines to make enough money to finance his expedition. Finding no suitable white men who would undertake the gamble with him he, at last, decided to hire Indian voyageurs from Ontario, withholding the real purpose of his venture until they found the Koksoak.

But there was Heather. She had begged to go with him. He refused at first; then the death of his mother decided it. Wrong as it seemed, he preferred subjecting her to the dangers involved in the search for the River of Skulls to leaving her without protection in the hands of her mother. So, in the previous summer, John McCord had started from Rupert House with Heather and his crew of Ojibways to find the headwaters of the Koksoak and the gold sands of the River of Skulls.

McCord's eyes suddenly went hard and cold as he concluded bitterly: "Now it's war to the knife, Alan! I've worked years to get here and if Jim McQueen and his pair of half-breeds try to follow us to the Koksoak to steal our gold, I'll wipe them out as I would vermin."

Leaving Rough with Heather, Alan and John took the puppies and dropped downstream to meet Noel at the forks and bring his heavy cargo up the strong water of the Talking.

That night, while Heather listened, the three men went into their plans for the winter. There was, indeed, much work to be done if Alan and Noel were to find a water trail to the Koksoak in the spring.

"When are you leaving for the Sinking Lakes?" asked Heather of Alan who sat at the table poring over the much handled sketch map of Aleck Drummond and comparing it with McCord's Government map of Labrador.

"To-morrow," he answered, without lifting his eyes from the maps to the watfuleyed girl who watched him. "We've got no time to lose. If Noel and I strike the last of the migration, we've got to cache all the meat we can get, then, later on, build a cache on these Koksoak headwaters we're going to find and leave a supply of food. This will be our emergency cache, when we come up the river over the ice in the fall, with all that gold."

"You seem pretty sure of finding the Koksoak headwaters and the gold," she replied, doubtfully.

"Of course. We've got to be, Heather! Or—we'd never dare to make the try!"

REARHING the Sinking Lakes, Alan and Noel worked to the limit of their strength against the coming of the "Freezing Moon" that, in October, would ride high over the barrens. As they sat in front of their tent before their fire on the frosty evenings, with the dogs lying around them, they made plans for the search for a waterway to the Koksoak when the large lakes froze and the snow packed hard for sledging.

"Our finding this River of Skulls is just a question of meat and fish, Noel, if the Indians leave us alone," said Alan.

The Montagnais shook his head, doubtfully.

"We're going to have a lot of pemmican, flour and beans in that emergency cache at the head of the river. Pemmican keeps all summer and we'll make plenty, for there are deer wintering in this valley."

Day by day the platform fish-cache, mounted on high, peeled spruce saplings ringed with inverted cod-hooks to baffle climbing wolverines, received the night's catch of the two gill-nets.

Deep in the spruce and tamarack swamps that circled some of the chain of Sinking Lakes and gave them their name, Alan and Noel were much relieved to find scattered bands of caribou that had lingered behind the migration to winter in the valley and feed on the moss, called "old man's beard," that draped the dry spruce.

Before the October freeze-up closed the river and the large lake on which they were camped, the boys made a hurried visit to the McCords with a canoe load of trout and meat and the piebald skins of young caribou to be turned into hooded parkies and mocassins. There news awaited them.

"Boys," announced McCord as they sat down to supper, "Heather got her first bear last week. Had a pretty close call, too. She also got something else that will surprise you."

He went on to tell of a suspicious visit by two Indians one day when Heather was alone; and when she shot the bear she had seen a white man and an Indian lurking in the forest.

"McQueen and an Indian!" exclaimed Alan, after hearing her description of the men. "So McQueen, after all, reached the forks and ran into the Montagnais!" he commented. "Sure they didn't see you, Heather, when you left the valley?"

"Yes, it was almost dark when I came down across the barren."

"By gar, I don't see how dem peopl' got out of de Mad headwater so soon!" exclaimed Noel, shaking his black head.

"Well, they did!" replied Alan, "now what are we going to do about it?"

"Not a thing," said John McCord. "You've got those pups to break to a tandem hitch, your trap-lines to cover, and meat to hunt until the snow is right for you to search for the headwaters. We've got to stay here, with the grub. McQueen might be crazy enough to bother me this winter, try to get the map, but I doubt it. He'll wait. Our trouble will come in the spring."

IN the middle of December Alan and Noel started with the dogs to search for the headwater lakes of the Koksoak.

For days they travelled north of the valley of the Sinking Lakes but, in that direction, beyond the dim blue hills they had often seen from the valley, they found no watercourses flowing north; no headwater lakes.

One morning they headed into the southeast. In the sparsely wooded valleys, snow-white arctic hares, their long ears tipped with black, jumped from willow thickets to race away at the coming of the dog-team. Once, at a distance, three curious white foxes danced grotesquely on the snow, inspecting the approach of the team, until the excited dogs, getting their scent, set up

a frenzied yelping which drove them away over the tundra, like wisps of white smoke.

Because of the wood, the boys had stopped in a small valley, where a stream headed, to boil their kettle. After eating, they continued south and came out of the fold in the hills to higher country. As Alan, who was leading the team, reached the lip of the valley and looked far into the east, he raised his hands with a shout.

"Noel!" he cried. "Look at that lake over there! We've found it!"

Noel joined him and the two gazed in amazement across the tundra. There, miles away to the east, beyond the low hills of the foreground, reached the level, white shell of an enormous lake, until it was lost in the haze of the distance.

"Why, it's as big as Lake Bienville on the Great Whale!" exclaimed Alan excitedly. "Noel, this lake is surely the headwaters of the big river, or of one of its branches. It's got to be, flowing north as the river does. And we'll soon find out."

Snug in their caribou sleeping-bags, the tired boys slept beside their fire. In the morning, they started along shore over the wind-brushed ice in search of the outlet. All day they travelled rapidly north until, shortly after noon, when the light died, they were at the end of the lake, but as yet had found no outlet which would lead, as they hoped, into the north and the great Koksoak.

The next morning they saw what appeared to be a long island lying off the shore. Cutting in beyond the island they found that the lake reached to the north, like the fingers on a hand, in three separate bays. And from each of these ran an outlet.

"Look, Noel," said Alan, as they stood on a low hill and followed the channels of the three streams with the binoculars. "These outlets run right into the north through a flat valley and must join, later, I tell you we're on Koksoak water. To the east the ridges all run north and south—not a break in them. We've found it, boy! We're on the Koksoak!"

Camping at the head of the lake, the following day Alan and Noel started over the young snow for the shoulders of the nearest hill to search for a spring water route from the Sinking Lakes.

Here in the timber the boys broke trail on snowshoes ahead of the team for there was three feet of new snow and, without firm footing, the dogs wallowed to their shoulders.

At last Alan discovered a water route to the big lake, by way of a chain of ponds lying in the Height-of-Land. The object of their exploring trip was accomplished. It only remained now to spend the rest of the winter wisely, storing food and making preparations.

ITs honey-combed ice flooded with pools of water, and entirely open in wide areas, from which rose clouds of vapor, the great lake reached, under the June sun, to the hills dim on the eastern horizon. For days the big Peterboro had waited while three men and a girl watched its frozen shell soften and break up.

"A few more days and we'll be able to start for the cache at the outlet," observed Alan, as he and McCord removed the grey kokomesh and silvery white-fish from their gill-net and returned to the hungry dogs who stood, breast-deep, in the icy water clamoring to be fed.

"Probably the ice at the foot of the

lake is out by now," replied McCord, "and a good south wind will start these big rafts up here. I wonder how close behind us McQueen is."

"Not far, I'll bet. But he'll never get two Conjuror River Indians to go down the river with him. We'll only have four to handle when the time comes. What are we going to do—let him dog us clear to the River of Skulls or—"

"What d'you say?" interrupted the big man in the other end of the canoe.

"I say I don't want to slave all summer and then fight for our dust. I'd rather fight now!" Suddenly Alan's grey eyes softened, as he added: "But then, there's Heather."

"Yes, there's Heather. Their game is to trail us, then wipe us out to get that gold, and what would become of her?"

"I've been thinking of her. I didn't want her to come. Now she's with us, I've turned Indian."

"You mean?" The cold eyes glittered beneath the livid scar on McCord's forehead.

"I mean when I think of Heather in their hands, I forget all law. It's a finish fight, John, and no quarter. They're going to make it their lives or ours!"

McCord's big knuckled hands closed convulsively on his paddle. "A finish fight and no quarter, partner!" he repeated, huskily. "All law's off on the Koksoak! I know McQueen. He'd wipe us out without a quail. Then they'd murder Heather, later, before they reached the coast—leave no witnesses, no evidence against them. And they'd have our gold."

"There's another thing, John—the Naskapi. We're bound to run into them somewhere on the Koksoak. We're passing their country. We'll need luck when we do."

The giant nodded. "Let's hope McQueen meets up with them first."

At last the south wind and the high June sun cleared the lake of its rotting raft-ice and the big Peterboro, in which they were to make the voyage, reached the hidden cache at the outlet. There the precious bags of flour, beans and pemmican which they were to leave with the extra canoe and equipment were wrapped in tarpaulin and stored on the high platform.

The water dropped rapidly after that, and Alan and Noel returned one night from an inspection of the central outlet, which they were to follow, with the news that the river was now passable for a canoe. Following their daily custom, when the boys had eaten, they climbed to the nearest high ground to sweep the lake with their glasses.

Dipping behind the ridges the sun rimmed the western tundra with fire. Before them like a burnished floor, the great lake reached mile upon mile without a ripple until it vanished in haze. At last, miles to the south, Alan's glasses picked up something of interest.

"What you see?" demanded Noel. He handed the binoculars to Noel and waited for the Indian's verdict.

"Ah-hah!" grunted Noel. "Camp smoke!"

"Smoke hanging over that spruce point all right, but whose smoke? McQueen's or the Naskapi's?"

"De Naskapi hunt deer on de barren. Dat es McQueen."

Back at camp McCord listened to the news.

"Right on our heels, like wolves after

deer, eh? Well, they won't find much deer in us!"

But Heather sat gazing into the fire, her brown face grave with foreboding. Noel, too, was silent as he worked on a paddle with his draw-knife, for the tales he had heard since childhood of the spirit-haunted rivers and the fierce nomads who roamed the interior following the caribou herds harassed him.

Shortly after daylight, the Peterboro slid into the slant of the first drop of the outlet on its long voyage north. Past shores rimmed with red willows and alders, behind which the young leaves of the aspen shivered in the breeze, apple-green against the olive of the spruce, they rode the strong water. Farther on, past bold, boulder-strewn shores and through lake expansions, they travelled beyond the sunset and into the afterglow.

Good river men though they were, the next few days taxed the skill and strength of the crew. Chutes and white-water and flumes followed each other endlessly. Past boulder-choked shores where great cakes of ice left by the high water still melted in the sun, with terraces of stratified sand rising above them, the Peterboro plunged. Packing around roaring falls and rock-scarred reaches, they labored day after day, while always beyond the valley reached the tundra, its white moss slopes stippled with flowers and mapped with caribou paths.

Then, one day, the country ahead began to fall away, the valley narrowed, and a muffled roar reached their ears from below, where the river entered a long, rocky gorge.

For three days they slaved with the canoe and outfit over rocks and boulders, Heather insisting on doing her share of the portaging with the tump-line strap over her blonde head. Below the canyon the canoe was again put in and shortly the river widened into a lake where they camped for a day's rest.

There is no spring on the high Ungava plateau. Winter dies hard with occasional snow flurries and frosty nights in June, then summer, the magician, touches the land of the tundra overnight with its wand. Myriad flowers spring to life. The rolling barrens between the innumerable lakes and rivers become grey-green carpets of caribou moss, velvet to the feet, splashed with the white blooms of the bake-apple and service berries, the pale rose of the fragrant twin-flower, and the pink patches of the Irok.

And now summer had come to the wild valley of the Koksoak, and almost daily rainbows arched the river, for Ungava is the land of rainbows.

"When are we going back to look for caribou on the barrens, Alan?" asked Heather as the tired voyagers lay on the warm sand beach before two small travelling tents with cheesecloth mosquito linings. "I'd like to see the country up there."

Alan opened his eyes where he drowsed in the sun to consider the graceful figure of the girl near him. How many women could have come through the days of hardship behind them and hardly look tired? He thought of the girl back at Fort George, so lovely in her dark, feminine way. But compared with this tall girl who lay near him on the warm beach Bertha was frail, too soft for hardship.

"We can't waste even a day now, Heather," replied Alan, sitting up and stretching. "It's a long way yet and it's a hard river."

Like a long caress, her eyes drifted slowly over him as he sat, fingers locked over knees. Pleasant, indeed, for any girl to look upon was this young man in his tattered duffel shirt and the caribou skin leggings adopted by the men of the party for the hard river trip.

Then she frowned at his brown profile. "But you promised me, Alan, that we'd go back in the barrens to learn if the last of the migration is coming near the river. I want to see all those deer moving north. It must be exciting to see thousands of deer like that!"

"It's too late for the big herds. There'll only be stragglers now. And do you realise we're in Naskapi country? We've got to be very careful and keep to the river. They probably won't see us then."

The following morning the Peterboro continued down the river valley. Packing with infinite toil around impassable reaches of rapids and white falls leaping headlong over towering ledges to plunge into wide basins beneath, they pushed on towards the goal that beckoned their paddles.

Then, one day the rocky ramparts of the valley began to fall away. The country flattened out and they entered a long lake filled with islands.

"How far have we come, John?" asked Alan as the canoe nosed a wide ripple across the windless surface of the lake.

"According to my record," said McCord, "we've made good time, on fourteen days, and been held up on portages, or rested, on six. We must have come over three hundred miles. Aleck claimed he travelled two hundred miles upstream. I believe we're not far from the River of Skulls. All day the valley's been changing and back there, before we hit the lake, I saw a lot of cliff faces that were reddish, due to the oxide of iron in the rock. This is what the geologists call Cambrian strata. We've left the granite and entered a region of shale and limestone."

"That's where you find quartz veins and gold, eh?"

"Sometimes you do—if you're lucky. According to Drummond, the River of Skulls cuts through granite and limestone to make that gorge. See? It's the quartz veins in the granite that carry pyrites and galena, from which the river, once upon a time, washed the gold into those sands."

"There's the old mine for you, Alan!" laughed Heather. "Give him a squint at a rock and he's lost for all day."

"I believe we'll see the mouth of this river in three or four days," went on McCord. "Then we'll give Heather and Noel a job sewing up moccasins and patching old clothes while we locate those sands."

"Yes, but I'm going to pan gold, too," she insisted, "and I'm going to hunt deer."

For hours they paddled down the long lake.

The canoe travelled on and on, past boulder-strewn points and scrub-covered islands. They were about to turn inshore to boil the kettle for a midday meal, when the bowman, trailing his paddle in one hand, looked fixedly towards a point of boulders thrusting out into the lake ahead.

"What d'you see, Noel?" asked McCord. Noel reached back his hand without removing his eyes from the far point. "De glass!" he demanded.

Shipping his paddle, the bowman focused the binoculars.

"I can't make out anything, can you, John?" said Alan.

"No."
Then the muttered "Ah-hah!" of the Bowman centred the attention of the other three. "Man on dat point, dere!" he continued. "He got fire dere, al-so."

"A fire!"
"Ah-hah, he mak' some smoke. I see smoke leetle piece back."
"But if he's trying to make signal smoke to Indians across the lake, he knows we can see it, too."

"I think he signal to us," said the Montagnais.

"To us?"
"Ah-hah! Just now, he wave hees arm en de h'air lak he was kiskew, crazee. Den he fall down."

Noel handed the glasses back to McCord. "Noel's right!" exclaimed the giant, with the binoculars at his eyes. "He's got the smoke going now and is waving his arms! Now what does it all mean?"

"It may be a Naskapi trick to get us into range of the shore," suggested Alan.

"The puppets!" suddenly cried Heather. "They're coming up the shore and will get shot! Oh, Alan, we've got to save the puppets! Dad, d'you hear?"

"We'll turn in, head them off, and make them swim across to that island. It's not far, Heather," consoled Alan, reaching for his 30-36 and pumping a shell into the chamber, followed in the manoeuvre by John and the girl.

"Who saw the dogs last?" asked John. "They're quite a ways behind us. Come on, Noel, we've got to take care of those dogs."

But the Montagnais was again studying the rocky point through the glasses.

"Dat feller ees kiskew, for sure," said the Montagnais, after an interval. "He raise hees shirt on a stick now."

"You don't think he's trying to draw us inhere so they can reach us with their muzzle-loaders? We'll take no chances!" said John McCord, making the water boil behind his heavy paddle.

"Eet may be. But he mak' de strange move for sure."
The Peterboro headed in to the shore and when the dogs appeared coming up the beach, they were called into the water. Following the canoe, they swam directly across to the island, avoiding the boulder point. In the meantime a heavy smoke lifted from the point and the man at the fire appeared to wave frantically at the distant canoe.

"Now we got de dog off dis shore, mebbe we get better look at dat Naskapi. I tote you he ees kiskew," urged Noel.

"No, we'd better get out of this country," objected McCord.

"Let's paddle over to where an Indian's muzzle-loader can't reach us, John, and have a look at this man," suggested Alan. "I'm beginning to think Noel's right."

So while Noel watched the point and swept the shores behind it, the canoe moved slowly across and stopped out of range of the shore. It was clearly evident now that the man on the point was greatly excited. Dropping the stick which he had been waving, he began to shout as the canoe cautiously approached with two rifles levelled on him.

When the boat was within calling distance, cupping his hands, Noel shouted in Montagnais: "Kekway! Kekway! Why do you build the fire? What do you want? If you have people hidden behind the rocks we will shoot you when they fire. Our guns have great magic. They shoot straight and far!"

The Indian understood the Montagnais, for back came the reply in a shrill voice: "I trade at the big Fort Chimo. I am alone and starving. I have no gun!"

Noel was giving the Indian a careful inspection with the binoculars. Shortly he grunted as he handed them to McCord. "He so weak he not stan' up. He lean on rock, and he ees ver' poor een de face. Where is your gun and canoe?" demanded Noel in Montagnais.

From the shore came the answer which Noel interpreted: "He say not to shoot, he run away from de Caribou People. Dey keel all hees familie."

"There's no doubt about that Indian being starved, Alan," said McCord, with the glasses at his eyes. "He's thin as a spruce. I can almost see his knees shake. And he knows if he's got an ambush behind him in those rocks he's a dead man himself, at this range, whatever happens."

"Shall we go in and look him over, Noel?" asked Alan.

"Ah-hah, dat man ees starve for sure." So, under cover of three rifles, Alan pushed the canoe in to within a hundred feet of the point of boulders.

As the canoe approached the Indian, it was evident to those who watched him that he was in a starving condition. His dark face was pitifully thin and he was apparently so weak that he leaned against a boulder while he talked with Noel. He was dressed from head to foot in deer skin, coat, shirt, leggings and moccasins, and he wore his hair in the Naskapi manner, chopped off at the shoulders.

"He's sure wild looking with that long hair," said McCord. "Not much more than a boy, too."

"He does look starved, Dad," sympathised Heather.

Alan, understanding most of the conversation, listened closely to Noel's talk with the Naskapi. Then Noel turned to the others in the canoe while the stranger stared in undisguised amazement at the golden-haired girl in the clothes of a man.

"He say beeg band of Naskapi ees toward de rising sun, east of here, on de barren. Dey apcar deer at cross-o'var on lak."

"What is he doing here, alone?" demanded McCord. "Why he is starving when the lake is full of fish?"

"Dis ees not hees cuntry. He hunt de Quiet Water down de Koksoak. Dees Caribou People keel all hees familie. He run away from dem."

"That explains it then. He wants to get down river, does he?"

"Ah-hah."
They took the young Indian in the canoe and crossed to the island where they had left the dogs. There, while Noel made some caribou broth and fed him sparingly, the Indian told his story.

His name was Napayo; in Naskapi, the "One Who Sees Far." With his father, mother and brother, he had left the Quiet Water and journeyed up the Koksoak in search of the deer, for this spring no deer were crossing the Quiet Water where they always passed and the salmon had not started to run. His family needed, not only dried meat for the winter, but summer skins to make clothes and they were in despair.

Living on river fish, they reached the Nipi, the River of Death, long ago agreed on between the Fort Chimo Naskapi and

the Caribou People of the upper Koksoak as the frontier, the dead line, between their hunting grounds, beyond which there should be no passing. But Napayo's family so feared that they would miss the deer migration and later starve that they took the chance of travelling into the forbidden country.

A week before, on the Koksoak, below this long lake, they were surprised by the Caribou People. He alone survived and was taken into the barrens where they were to burn him at a stake. A night later, he had escaped and reached the lake, but, having no line or net, was starving.

"You passed the River of Skulls on the way up the Koksoak?" asked Alan, abruptly, in Montagnais.

Into the pinched features of the Naskapi crept a look of awe. The eyes, brilliant from fasting, were filled with dread as he avoided the straight gaze of the white man. "It is the Forbidden Water. We pass the mouth on the Big River, but no one journeys to the Gorge of the Spirits."

"How far from this lake is the mouth?" Napayo held up three then four fingers as he said: "Not far, three-four sleeps. There is much white water and falls between."

Alan and John exchanged triumphant looks. They were within a few days of their goal. But Noel looked uneasy. He still remembered the talks of the old men. Still, wherever Alan went, he would go.

"We do not go to Fort Chimo," explained Alan to the Indian boy whose hand holding a cup of broth visibly trembled. "We stop, four sleeps down the river. We will take you with us."

Evidently, from the greyness of his smart features, Napayo was greatly disturbed, but he did not reply.

There was nothing else to do but take him along in the canoe, crowded though it was with people and supplies. Later he would be more than useful as a hunter, when the deer headed south on their autumn migration.

In camp that night at the outlet, the Naskapi's eyes seldom left the girl who dressed like a white man. The marvel of her blonde hair held him spellbound. Often he failed to hear Noel's questions so intense was his interest, and when the mosquitoes drove her to wrap her golden head in netting, his lean face went grave with disappointment.

"Look out, Heather," teased Alan, "or you'll have an Indian trying to touch the gold in your hair."

"It's only Indians who seem to notice my hair," she answered wistfully.

His brows contracted as he thoughtfully searched her face. "See here," he said earnestly, "you don't mean that, do you? Why your hair is beautiful, Heather, and when it comes to dimples—"

But she flung herself away, coloring swiftly while Alan closely watched her.

In the morning the Peterboro left the lake and entered the river. Down past towering cliffs, where the river gradually dropped off the higher plateau over black shale and limestone ledges to the country, they travelled. Outcrops of iron ore rusting the rocks at the water's edge brought joy to the heart of John McCord.

"To-day," he told the eager Alan, "we've been passing millions of tons of iron, but what I want to see is the granite and limestone, streaked with quartz veins

carrying pyrites, that Aleck Drummond found on the River of Skulls."

They passed the mouths of large rivers flowing from the east, and the canoe again entered a lake filled with islands rimmed with boulders that were strewn along beaches of sand and pebble. It was late afternoon of the second day and the canoeists were tired from the constant toil of carrying around falls and impassable white-water, so it was decided to make an early camp among the islands.

Kneeling beside his small clothes-bag on the sandbeach, Alan got out his steel mirror, soap and razor, for he shaved and took a plunge into the cold water of the Koksoak whenever opportunity offered. In the clothesbag with his few personal belongings was a small parcel wrapped in deer parchment to protect it from moisture.

Squatted on his heels, beside his bag, Alan's eyes rested on the flat parcel and he took it from the bag and unwound the skin envelope. Inside was the photographic print of a girl with a wealth of dark hair, her hand on the massive head of a great black-and-white husky which looked up into her face.

Temporarily oblivious of his surroundings Alan gazed at the likeness of Berthe Desnans. Then he was aware that someone stood behind him, and, turning, saw Heather stumble blindly toward her tent.

He watched her crawl into the tent, then he wrapped the print in its parchment and put it back in his bag. There was nothing to do about it. She had seen him unwrap the snapshot of Berthe, looked at it over his shoulder, gone to her tent. What he had for some time sensed was true. And it had come about through no fault of his. It was just life.

At supper Alan avoided Heather's eyes and listened while Noel talked to the Naskapi, but, to his surprise, there was no change in her manner toward him. After the meal he went to her, where she sat playing on the beach with the puppies, rolling them on their backs, making them open their cavernous jaws filled with white tusks.

For a while they watched the puppies in silence, then:

"That girl's picture you carry," Heather said suddenly. "She—she's the one at Fort George Noel told me about?"

"Yes."

"But Noel says there's a man there—that she didn't treat you well after you went north to get the dogs. That was because of us."

"Noel shouldn't talk about it."

"But I asked him, and he's my friend. It was because you met father and me and denied it, and, instead of staying at Fort George, went north for the dogs, that she let you go away, unhappy. Noel has told me!"

"It doesn't matter, Heather," he objected, ill at ease.

"It does matter. You're unhappy now, thinking about her. Perhaps, when you come back to Fort George with gold—perhaps she will change."

"She is not like that, Heather."

"But she made you unhappy and—I hate her!"

THE following day the valley steadily widened. The hills to the west of the Koksoak entirely flattened out and in the afternoon they reached their goal—the mouth of the River of Skulls. The western slope of its valley rose in a succession of

spruce-clad terraces to merge with the white moss tundra beyond. It was unmistakable.

Eyes moist with emotion, McCord gazed up the valley of the branch. Here was the picture that Aleck Drummond had indelibly etched in his memory. The thousand-mile traverse of forests, lakes and roaring rivers was behind him. He had kept his trust with the spirit of Aleck. He had reached the River of Skulls.

"There she is!" he cried, his voice husky with feeling. "Just as Aleck described it a thousand times. The western shore terraced for miles, and east your eyes on that rusted limestone over there!" He pointed upstream with his paddle. "Plenty of iron there, boys!"

"Well, here goes for the River of Skulls!" shouted Alan, carried away by McCord's excitement, as he swung the bow of the Peterboro from the main stream. "Heather, you'll soon be picking gold nuggets right out of the sand!"

Heather smiled bravely back at the sternman, but her eyes were haunted by fear. Somewhere on the long trail back over the river ice and snow, McQueen and his half-breeds would be waiting. She smiled gallantly at the bronzed sternman whose grey eyes so reassuringly met hers, but in her heart was a lurking fear.

The actions of Noel in the bow drew the attention of those behind him.

"What d'you see, Noel?" asked Alan, as the bowman squinted at the long gravel point piled with boulders forming the tongue of the fork.

"Someth'ing een de edce ova'r dere," replied the Indian. "We have a look."

The canoe approached the drifting object caught in an eddy, inshore, which had held Noel's sharp eyes.

"A broken paddle! White man's, too!" cried Alan.

"Ah-hah! McQueen lose dat paddle," commented Noel, lifting the broken blade from the water. "By gar, she een split by a bullet!" he went on excitedly. "Look!"

He passed the shattered paddle back to McCord.

"True as you're born!" grunted the giant, showing the paddle to Alan. "They've been shot at by the Naskapi, above here! That was made by the ball from a muzzle-loader."

"Maple paddle, that's McQueen's," agreed Alan. "He had two he brought with him to Fort George. I saw them coming up the river. That's his paddle! And it was dropped in the river below the last lake, or it would have grounded there. I'll bet the Naskapi ambushed McQueen at the long rapids of the gorge, John."

The giant laughed joudly. "That would save us a heap of trouble if they had. I didn't figure he was so close on our heels."

"Neither did I! Did you, Noel? They're only average river men and we—"

"You two are the best white-water men I've ever seen, and I've seen plenty," interrupted McCord. "I don't see how they came so fast." Then the big man shook the broken blade savagely at the valley through which the Peterboro had come. "Come and take it, McQueen!" he roared. "If you're still alive, come and get our dust after we've slaved for it! But when you do, have your guns in your hands!"

Late the following afternoon, as the four men were poing around a bend, Napayo suddenly held his pole suspended in air, standing as though carved from wood, his head thrust forward, listening.

The slight breeze blowing down stream brought to the ears of the crew the faint monotone of broken waters. The uneasy Naskapi called to Noel.

"Eet ees de gorge. Napayo say he feel ver' bad," Noel announced.

Alan reached and patted the shaking Indian, who stood in front of him holding his pole. "We will not go to the Gorge of the Spirits, Napayo," he said in Montanais. "We will camp below. We will not let the spirits harm you."

Before them, for a mile or more, stretched an alluvial flat filled with sand-bars where the river, leaving the gorge above, suddenly widened to flow slowly through a basin flanked by sandy shores. Above and beyond the shores extended wooded terraces to lift at last into barren hills.

"Here it is, Alan!" cried McCord, excitedly. "Just as Aleck described it! These sand-bars and gravel beds have been washed down here for centuries! We're going to find gold here, boys, gold!"

"There's the spruce to build the sluice boxes!" cried Alan, infected with John's excitement, pointing to the wooded terraces.

"Most of those bars can be free panned without the trouble of handling so much gravel by sluicing. That's where Aleck got most of his nuggets—big as cranberries!"

"Gosh, dad! I'm excited!" laughed Heather. "Think of it, gold in those sand-bars! If we only get back with it!"

Napayo's black eyes shone with a hidden fear as he stared through his mop of hair at the distant narrowing of the river where the stream left the gorge and spread out over the shallow bars. He was approaching the Gorge of the Spirits, taboo among his people for two generations.

The wrath of the spirits of the Naskapi and the Eskimos whose bones lay on these sandy shores would vent itself on these white men and on the girl with hair like the sun. But these people were his friends—had saved his life. With terror-filled eyes, he took up his paddle and followed the others up the slower water of the wide flat.

So great was the evident distress of the Naskapi, and so grave the dark features of Noel, that, a half mile below the foot of the gorge, Alan turned in to the gravelly shore. On the first timbered terrace above the river they made camp in the spruce. After supper he took the Naskapi and Noel aside for a talk while John McCord paddled the canoe among the sand-bars, examining with his prospector's eyes the nature of the alluvial deposit brought down by the river.

Alan impressed upon the two Indians the fact that the Naskapi who had brought gold nuggets to Chimo had escaped the bad medicine of the spirits because they had not gone near the gorge. Napayo would not be asked to go near the gorge. He would hunt caribou, spear salmon and make snowshoes and clothing. They would camp where they were safe from the danger of the demons.

Napayo seemed somewhat relieved, then Alan put an arm over Noel's shoulder, led him to one side and talked to him as a brother. The moaning in the gorge, he explained, was nothing but the confused sound of the wind and of broken water.

This gorge had been filled with the same noises long before the battle—the same sounds and noises. Was he, Noel Lehou, the blood brother of Alan Cameron? Or was he a poor, ignorant bush Indian, full of superstition and belief in the foolish talk of the medicine man?

Into Noel's swart features crept a look of pride. He reached and took Alan's hand in his alnwy fingers.

"I not tink of dat. You spik true, Alan. De same soun' was here before de battle! Ah-hah! De same soun'! Et es ole man's talk. I feel better, now."

But Alan smiled to himself as he joined the others at the supper fire, for he knew Noel would never overcome much of his Montagnais belief in a spirit world.

It was already August by John McCord's record. So two short months were all the prospectors could count on in which to wash from the sands the gold dust and nuggets they had come so far and toiled so hard to reach.

Having lived largely on fish coming down the Koksoak, they were now ravenous for red meat. Therefore Noel and Napayo were to start at once on a hunt into the barrens.

For Alan and John there was much to be done; spruce to be cut and split into slabs for sluice boxes through which to wash the river sand for the fine gold it held; sea trout netted and salmon speared and smoked when the run from the salt water began; and when the hunters had sufficient chocolate-and-white skins of the pie-bald, fawn caribou, there were winter parkas, shirts and leggings, smoke-tanned moccasins and mittens to be made, for the men were all in rags from the hard portages of the Koksoak.

And all the time over the heads of those who toiled with rifles at their sides would be the constant menace of the Naskapi who would now not hesitate to cross the dead line of the Nipw to reach the canoe that had passed down the Koksoak—all the time the knowledge that Jim McQueen, if he were still alive, was waiting for their return over the river ice.

Industrious prospecting of some of the bars in the river by John and Alan with the miner's pan and the help of the shovel, fitted with a long birch handle, proved the truth of Aleck Drummond's story.

"Look at that color, boy!" shouted McCord one morning, when, standing with breeches rolled above his knees beside a hole they had dug on a gravel bar, he had rotated a pan full of river sand and gravel until the two men stared at the sediment of black sand and dull, yellow flakes remaining.

"Boy, we're rich!" he yelled in his excitement. "Look at the coarse gold there! And look at that nugget—big as a pea!"

Alan stared in open-mouthed wonder at the dull yellow grains of coarse gold in the pan. So this was the stuff that men for centuries had fought and killed and died for; gold, that would buy what the heart desired. He ran it curiously through his fingers.

"We've got over two months before the ice to pan these bars! We may not have to use sluices if it runs this way, nor that pint of mercury I carried, either! Shake, partner!" The giant danced a jig on the gravel, holding the pan high above his head.

For three days the two men worked with the pan from daylight to deep twilight, while Heather did the cooking and then joined them to stand, breeches rolled above her knees, in the cold water, rotating a frying-pan filled with gravel and sand to add her share to the increasing weight of dust, coarse gold and small nuggets in one of the small caribou-hide bags they had made for the purpose. For the moment all thought of the future was lost in the

desire to see the first, small skin bag filled with gold.

In three days Noel and Napayo returned carrying long faces. They had travelled far back on the barrens to the west and had not seen a deer. There were many old trails deep in the caribou moss, but the deer had not started south. A bear that they had worked hard to get had slipped them in a creek bottom.

At the camp, the gill-nets set in the river had taken nothing but small river trout and the dogs were on short rations. If the first run of sea-trout and salmon did not appear shortly, it would be serious, for they could not feed the dogs from their small stock of dried caribou, and the emergency rations must be held for the trip home.

That night, over the fire, for the evenings were always cool, the prospectors held a council of war.

"We can't go on this way and trust to luck," said Alan, "gold or no gold. We've got to get fish or caribou shortly, or starve. The dogs haven't had a square meal in a week. I suggest that Napayo, Noel and I pack the canoe past the gorge and travel up the river, then cut into the tundra. If we strike deer, we can load the boat down with meat and skins and run downstream."

"Aleck Drummond told me the sea salmon run in August," objected McCord. "We'll only have to wait a few days for the first run. Why not drop down to the Koksoak and set the nets?"

Noel shook his head. "Napayo say onler small feash een Koksoak below here, ontil salmon and sea trout come een from de salt water."

"The dogs need almost twenty pounds of fish a day to keep fit, and I'm not going to see them grow poor on rabbit, if I can help it. I'm going into the barrens, John! The salmon may be a week or more late."

"The berries'll be ripe soon," chimed in Heather. "I was up on the barren to-day. We'll have bake-apple and blueberries soon, and I saw bushels of cranberries. We can have berry bannock. Won't that be good?"

"So that's where you were! And you promised never to leave camp alone," said Alan, sternly.

"I had my rifle," she answered, "and I always carry this." She touched the pistol on her belt. "Anyway, does it make much difference, Alan? I've given up all thought of our ever getting back."

He took her roughly by the elbow and looked into her defiant, blue eyes. "Stop that kind of talk! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" he said sharply. "What's the matter, anyway? Why, you were wonderful, Heather, most of the way down the Koksoak—never complained—look everything as it came with a smile, and it was hard, mighty hard! But lately, you seem to have lost your nerve. Brace up, girl!"

Suddenly the courageous eyes that had met his so frankly, defiantly, grew soft, misty. With a deep breath, she released her arms, as she said, as if to herself: "Yes, I suppose I've lost my nerve and—everything else."

He watched her as she walked away, the glory of the golden hair, the clean lines of her shoulders in the patched blouse, the strength and symmetry of her lithe figure in the worn whipcords and leggings, and then into his memory flashed a picture of a girl standing on a sand-beach at the water's edge. Unstrung by the conflicting emotions that stirred him, he turned to

where McCord was busy fashioning a wooden shovel with axe and draw-knife.

"We can't touch our flour, bacon or beans, now, John. We save that for November. Noel and I will take Napayo and carry the canoe around the gorge. I'm going on a caribou hunt and may not be back for a week."

McCord shook his head. "Need you here, Alan!" he objected. "We've not scratched this shore yet and look what dust we already have in the bag!"

Alan's glance met Heather's. "I'm going on a hunt, up the river," he repeated, his eyes still on the girl who stood listening. "I'm taking the dogs. We'll feed them on Arctic hare and ptarmigan if we don't strike game. Don't expect us back for five or six days."

McCord was so immersed with his gold washing and the building of a sluice-box that he refused to consider the danger that threatened them if the sea-salmon were too late.

But, even if their fish racks above the smoke fires had been heavy with salmon, Alan Cameron would have gone into the barrens after deer. For that morning, as he talked to Heather, he had made a discovery. He had learned what he had felt vaguely for weeks—that Berthe was fast booming a shadow, something unreal, and that this girl toward whom he had once felt as an older brother had suddenly become a magnet to his senses.

The touch of her arms, that morning, the nearness of her as she had said: "I've lost my nerve and—everything else," had touched depths within him of which he had been unconscious. It had left him dazed, dazed at his calm acceptance of the fact that Berthe seemed very far away, as unsubstantial as a dream, that morning when he held Heather's arms and watched her shining eyes grow dark.

The realization of her appeal confused him. He must get away, get away into the barrens, have a chance to think. She was hardly a woman; it seemed unfair.

THE following morning Alan and Noel took the Peterboro on their shoulders and carried it past the gorge, while Napayo, to avoid the wrath of the spirits, made a wide circle and met them above.

With the dogs running the shore, the canoe made good time upstream. They camped far above the gorge and, in the morning, went back on the tundra, but no game except the ever-present ptarmigan, an occasional loping hare, or a curious fox, met the sweep of Alan's binoculars.

On up the river pushed the canoe for three days, while Napayo kept abreast of them on the high shore, watching for game. At the third camp, when again the search of the barrens for deer had been fruitless, Alan began to have misgivings about the man and the girl he had left at the camp below the gorge. Suppose the Naskapi had followed the Peterboro down the Koksoak from the rapids.

A feeling of impending calamity depressed him. If they missed the deer on their way south, they would lack proper clothes as well as food. The salmon would surely reach the river some time in August. Salmon would keep them and the dogs alive, but they needed rawhide for snowshoes and skins for clothing.

On the next day they made a last hunt into the barrens. At a fold in the tundra where scrub spruce, deer bush and berry heath had made a stand against the fierce winds of winter, Napayo suddenly stopped and pointed. Three crossed poles marked

where a deerskin tent had once stood. A spruce twig, an Indian date record, hung at the intersection of the poles. Napayo and Noel studied the dried twig, then Noel reported to Alan, who held the dogs on thong leashes:

"Deer hunter camp here many sleeps—a moon ago."

"They were Fort Chimo hunters," explained Napayo in his native tongue. "They came across from the Quiet Water. But there are no bones here. They missed the deer passing north."

"And we may miss them passing south! Then what, Noel?"

"De gôle een dose bag do us no good den. We freeze widout plente deerskin and meat."

Attracted by the moving shapes below, an eagle circle above them. "If we could strike a bear or two, it would be something to take back to camp," lamented Alan disheartened. He swept the barren with his glasses. Suddenly he stiffened, interested. The others intently watched his face. Presently he said, "I'm sure I saw a bear on the skyline. He went down into that little valley over there. We'll circle and work up wind along the other side of that hill."

The dogs which Alan had carefully trained to silence when on leash thong were taken with them. Cautiously, behind the protection of the ridge, the three men with the silent but excited dogs approached the hill above the valley, where Alan had seen the bear. Leaving Noel and Napayo with the huskies, Alan worked along, taking cover behind boulders and rises in the ground until he commanded a view of the little valley.

Two hundred yards beyond him, feeding on the ripening berries, was a large, barren-ground bear. Here was the meat they so badly needed. He began to stalk for a closer shot, for bear will carry much lead. At fifty yards he fired at the shaggy, black shoulder in the heath and ground jumper.

The shot went true to its mark. The bear stumbled, slid into the berry heath and lay still.

"Two-hundred pounds of meat on him!" cried the hunter as he called to the others, and hurried to the black bulk that lay in the grass.

While the dogs had their first full meal in days, the men cut up the bear meat and back fat, and, lashing their tump-lines to the heavy loads packed them down to the river. The caribou hunt was a failure, but they now had food to tide them over until the salmon run without touching their emergency rations. So they started for camp, for Alan was worried.

Three nights later, over an aluminum plate heaped with bear steak, the meat-hungry McCord listened to the story of the hunt, while Heather's eyes seldom left Alan's lean, brown face as he talked.

Then, when supper was over, McCord went to his tent and returned with a deerskin bag. Spreading a blanket on the ground, he emptied the contents of the bag upon it. Alan stared in amazement at the heap of dull yellow pellets, for the most part the size of shot and peas, but a few as large as the slug from a .45.

"What d'you say to that?" demanded McCord, his blue eyes glittering with pride. "Where d'you suppose I got those big ones, Alan?"

"Where did you find them, John?"

"Up in the gorge in some eddies. I thought the heavier stuff washed downstream might land in the eddies and be held

there. So I panned the gravel and blue clay sediment in two and, sticking to the clay, I got these big ones."

"How much is that pile worth, John?" asked the dazed Alan.

"Oh, about five thousand dollars. Glad you came, boy? It's just a matter of how much weight we can take back on the sled. We're rich, Alan! We're rich! Next year we'll come back, make a clean-up and go out by way of Chimo in canoes. We can take more weight that way."

Alan lifted the bag into which McCord had replaced the nugget, then with crossed brows and half-shut eyes made a mental calculation.

"When we've loaded the sled with enough grub for ourselves and the dogs to reach the headwaters, there'll be a limit to what we can carry of this."

McCord's blue eyes widened. "We'll carry every pound of gold we've got, lad!" he cried. "Are you crazy? The sled will lighten as we eat the grub. We'll travel slow at first."

But the doubtful Alan shook his head. "I've figured it out, John, more than once. The dog food, our grub and outfit should weigh six hundred. We can't count on picking up game, then, you know. You can see from that how much weight in gold we can take."

But McCord was obviously unconvinced, and soon after they retired for the night.

As they started for their tents, Heather drew Alan one side.

"While you were gone I had a terrible dream, Alan. I haven't shaken it off yet."

"What was it?" She seemed very warm and human as she stood there beside him, but he fought off the desire to touch her, to tell her how much he loved her.

"I dreamed that you and Dad were dead—all of you, and I was here, alone, by this terrible river with bags of gold everywhere—row and rows of bags of gold. You'd all been killed, Alan, by the Indians or McQueen, and had left me alone with this gold. Oh, I'm so glad you came back, Alan, so glad!" And, shivering as if suddenly cold, she left him with a low good-night and went to her tent.

BY the last of August, the deerskin bags had grown heavy with flake gold, dust, and nuggets, but the caribou did not come. In sinking their pits down to hardpan to sluice the substrata, where most of the gold lay, they often unearthed human skulls and scattered bones, buried by the years of accretion of sand and gravel washed down in the spring freshets. The River of Skulls was no misnomer.

The second and third run of salmon filled the fish caches, but the men were in rags while Heather laughed at the patches on her tattered whipcords, her extra skin breeches and faun-skin leggings.

Then, one crisp twilight as Alan stood with his dog on the gravel shore, watching a flock of snowy geese cross the rose-flushed sky, the swart features of Napayo, who was near him, exhibited a sudden interest in the water line. He left Alan and Noel to follow the water upstream, dipping his fingers repeatedly as if picking something from the surface. Presently he returned on the run and thrust his fingers before Alan's surprised eyes. They held long white hairs. "The deer!" cried the excited Indian. "The deer are crossing above here! The migration is coming! We must start under the stars—when the moon is up Attikwok! Attikwok. The

deer, the deer! They have come at last!"

Noel started on a headlong run for the camp to break the news to McCord and Heather while Alan stared incredulously at the hair in Napayo's fingers.

"Yes, it's shed hair, Napayo!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "I've never seen it before on the water, this way! They're shedding their coats and, swimming the river, leave this loose hair in the water. But how do you know it's the big migration?"

For the first time in weeks the Indian's black eyes snapped. "It is always this way!" he said, shaking with the desire to be off on the hunt at once. "The first of the herd are crossing, sometimes days before the main herd. Soon, in one-two sleeps, there will be much hair along the water, line of the river. We must start to-night—Noel and I. When it is light, you and the yellow-beard must take the canoe and bring the meat and skins. It may be far where the migration is crossing."

Convinced that Napayo spoke as a hunter who knew, Alan hurried up to the camp.

"We win!" he shouted, as he hurried to join the three figures at the fire. "We're going to get out, John! We'll get the skins and meat and make the headwaters! We all start to-night on a deer hunt, Heather!"

The eyes of the girl shone like sapphires as Alan reached them. She danced around the fire, her wavy golden hair tossing about her head, while her father reached a big hand to grasp Alan's in a fierce grip.

"All aboard for the caribou, Alan, my boy!" roared the giant. "Now shed those worries of yours! We'll soon have meat and skins for clothes, old kill-joy!"

Even the dogs grew excited at the feverish activity at the camp. Everything left behind was cached safely out of reach of wolverines. Then the impatient Napayo and Noel started with rifles and light packs, while John and Alan waited for the aid of the moonlight to make their way with the canoe and the heavy packs up the trail through the spruce and around the gorge.

On up the river in the morning went the canoe, while Heather walked the shore with the dogs for company. In the middle of the afternoon the signs of caribou hair along the water line increased. The deer were passing in greater numbers, but how far upstream?

That night the tired polars made camp late in the twilight but there were no signs of the two Indians ahead of them. At sunrise, Heather and Alan went back from the river to sweep the barrens with the glass.

Rolling away before them reached the white moss hills studded with boulders, Alan handed the binoculars to Heather, who focused them on the distant tundra while he held her rifle. As she stood like a statue slowly searching the skyline, his eyes feasted on her.

Tall and strong and straight she was in her tattered clothes, as she swept the tundra with the glasses, all unconscious of the silent tribute in the grey eyes of the man beside her.

He wanted to touch her—touch the gold that curled at the nape of her neck; wanted to take her in his arms, there on the barren, and kiss the dimples in her brown cheeks.

As she turned and handed him the glasses, her violet eyes, deepened in hue by contrast with her tanned face, caught the warmth of his gaze, and she looked away as she said, "I don't see any deer."

"If you knew how you looked, standing

there—" he began, but she interrupted, hoarsely:

"Why do you say this to me, when you carry her picture? Oh, don't think I'm not sorry for you—leaving her as you did with your heart sad—"

He reached swiftly and placed his hand over her mouth. "I'm not sad, Heather!" he cried. "I'm glad—glad that I'm here with you—you! Do you hear that! Do you understand? It's you, Heather! Only you who count!"

"Why do you still carry her picture?" "It went into the fire long ago. It's you, Heather! You, I've been carrying in my heart!" He impulsively reached to take her in his arms, but she stepped away from him.

She shivered as if suddenly cold. "It's only because I'm here with you, Alan. You're lonely—you only think you've forgotten her. If we live—get out of this terrible country, you'd be sorry, if I believed what you say now. No, it's because you're lonely. You'd only be sorry!"

He smiled as his grey eyes met hers. "You mean everything to me! Everything! Getting out with the gold means little to me, now! It's bringing you out safely, that counts."

Without answering, she started back over the caribou path towards the river. Her moccasined feet seemed uncertain to the man who followed.

Hour after hour the two men slaved at the poles, pushing the canoe up against the hard-running water. Heather was somewhere behind with the dogs when they turned a bend where the river broadened into a long reach of quiet water and Alan shouted, "Look ahead there! We've struck them, John! We've got our meat and clothes now."

Above them, splashing the water in all directions, four caribou plunged into the stream and started to cross.

Seizing his rifle, Alan dropped to a knee, while McCord steadied the boat with his pole, and fired as the deer reached the shallows. Again, as they left the water in a wild panic, he fired and two bucks wavered, stumbled, and, reaching the beach, fell.

"Red meat for supper!" cried McCord. "That's good shooting, boy! From this distance in a canoe, good shooting!"

That night Noel and Napayo appeared at the camp. It was only the vanguard of the migration, the Naskapi told them. The big herd had not reached the river. It would be crossing for days and they could select the fittest for meat and the best fawns and yearlings for clothing as they passed. He and Noel had already shot, dressed, and skinned a number from the scattering bands and placed them in a cache upstream.

While the rest of the hungry hunters revelled in deer chops, Noel and the Naskapi roasted the head and tongue, the best part of the animal, in the opinion of the Indians.

The following day in small bands the migrating caribou continued to cross the river, headed for the protected valleys and wooded country far to the south. Stationed along the river shore, at the well-beaten paths leading down from the tundra, the hunters chose their deer. By night they had enough chocolate-and-white fawn skins for their winter clothing and sufficient meat to be cured and brought back to the camp.

It was deep in September and each morning, now, a film of ice reached out from the shores of the bars where John and Alan still worked with sluice and shovel and pan while the others were busy sewing hooded coats, breeches and leggings, sleeping-bags and smoke-tanned moccasins for use on the snow; pounding pemmican and storing it in bags, and stringing the bows of snowshoes with rawhide.

The narrow, ten-foot toboggan sled with its wrapper of deerskin and the dog-harness, hung in a tree waiting for the long trail up the Koksoak with its load of twenty-pound bags of yellow dust and nuggets and still more precious food for man and dog.

Before the water grew too cold and silt ice stopped them, John and Alan worked on the eddies in the gorge and filled two more skin bags with large nuggets and flake gold.

When light snow blanketed the barrens, Napayo went on a mission up the Koksoak to look for signs of McQueen or the Naskapi. Fear of an ambush of the dog team on the river ice, later, was constantly with them. A week passed and the Indian did not return. Another week, and each night around the fire in the spruce the faces of the waiting men and girl grew more grave, for the boy had won his way to their hearts.

"If Napayo does not show by to-morrow," said Alan, "Noel and I'll take the dogs straight over the barren to the Koksoak and follow it up a day or two. The snow is beginning to pack. It's all right for the light load we'll carry."

"Yes, and run into what he's probably met—an ambush!" objected McCord. "No, let's hang together. When we start up the Koksoak, we'll travel like an infantry column with flank-patrols out on the shores."

"I've felt it all along," burst out Heather. "It's McQueen! He's got poor Napayo! It's this terrible gold in the bags there! For two months, Dad, you've thought of nothing but gold! You've been mad—crazed about it! You want to load the sled down with it until there's not enough food to take us through! You'd kill the poor dogs to carry your gold!"

"Heather, Heather, girl," soothed McCord, "you're tired and worried. You don't mean what you say. We're going back all safe and sound. Honey, and we have a fortune with us. McQueen'll never bother this outfit—if he's alive, but he's not. We'll never see hide or hair of McQueen again. The Naskapi took care of him."

"The Naskapi may take care of us, too," she objected, winking back the tears her emotion had aroused.

"No, Heather," said Alan. "The Naskapi don't winter in the Koksoak valley. Napayo told me. They're probably in the timbered lake country, hundreds of miles south of here, by now."

"Then where is poor Napayo?" she cried. "You say McQueen is dead and the Indians are not near us, and yet you're going to look for signs of both McQueen and the Indians. Neither of you believe what you say! You're only trying to keep your fears from me!"

In the morning, the river answered Heather's question. When Alan and Noel went down to the shore to the hole they kept broken in the ice for water, they saw something adrift in the swift, unfrozen channel.

"What's that, floating out there beyond the ice in the channel, Noel?" asked Alan. "Couldn't be a deer, could it?"

The Montagnais gazed at the submerged flotsam reaching out from a bar. Slowly Noel's swart features changed color and his face went grave. "We tak' canoe and see," he said. "No deer. Deer float high."

As they ran the canoe out over the shore ice and into the open channel Alan knew that the dread in Noel's heart was the same dread that sickened him as they poled the canoe up to the submerged shape bobbing at the ice edge. They turned over the battered body, floating face down, and looked into the glazed staring eyes of Napayo.

"They got him, Noel! They got him!" groaned Alan. "Look at that hole in his head and here's another in the back. See? He was shot from the rear! No muzzle loader did that! That was made by a Ross and that Ross belongs to McQueen!"

"How dey come up dis riviere?" demanded Noel, dazed with the grim evidence of the presence of McQueen somewhere above them on the River of Skulls.

"They must have crossed from the Koksoak and struck the migration," Alan sadly surveyed the broken body of the Indian boy who had been their friend.

"He was good fren' of me," lamented Noel, his dark face distorted with grief. Suddenly he stood up in the canoe and, drawing his knife, raised it above the frozen body in the water. "For dis ting, Napayo, McQueen weel pay to me!" he said, and, for a space, held the knife handle against his forehead in consummation of the Montagnais oath.

They carried Napayo's battered body up among the spruces, and there they buried it under a pile of small boulders to protect it from the wolverines and the foxes. Kneeling, Heather said a prayer for the soul of the untutored boy who had given them his trust and devotion.

"The next few days," Alan announced when the four gathered for a council of war, "we spend in caching, somewhere back in the spruce, the gold and all our food and outfit for the trip home. We're being watched. Some night they may try to surprise us, but we'll keep the dogs on light leashes they can break, in a circle around the camp. They can't get by the dogs."

John McCord ran his fingers through his thick yellow hair as his face pictured the perplexity and amusement under which he labored.

"I can't realise it! McQueen getting past the Naskapi—and following us clear through to this gorge. How did he know we turned up this river?"

"You're wasting your time, John," said Alan. "The fact is, he got by the Indians. He knows where we are and he's out to wipe us out and take our gold."

For three weeks while the ice thickened on the rivers, those at the camp never relaxed their vigilance. The extra supplies were hidden, separated from the gold, deep in the spruce and the new snow had long since covered the trail to the caches. A fish cache for the team and the temporary supplies were also hidden near the camp. If McQueen should come, in the absence of the party, he would find little to steal or destroy.

Daily the three men and the girl went out with the dogs and the long sled, loaded heavily, to harden the huskies for the long trail back.

Twice they travelled far up the river over the tundra, where an ambush was impossible, to search for tracks in the snow or signs of their enemies. They found none.

November came and the cold grew more intense while the snow made deeper, except where the wind scoured river ice and barren. Then, gradually, McCord and Alan became convinced that Napayo had met his death at the hands of Naskapi who had ambushed the McQueen party and taken their rifles.

There was still a cache of dried caribou meat that Noel and Napayo had left far up the river and, one day, Alan and Noel decided to take the dogs and bring back the meat while they made a wide swing into the barrens towards the Koksoak to look for tracks in the snow. Because of the heavy load and the fact that the men intended to travel fast, staying out but one night, Heather and her father were to remain at the camp.

The afternoon before the start, John and Noel were back in the scrub with the team drawing firewood. It was two o'clock but the dusk was fast gathering in the valley. Before Heather's double tent, wind-broken with a brush barrier filled in with snow, and heated with the portable folding stove, Alan and the girl stood talking.

Never since that walk on the barren, when he had told her what she had come to mean to him, had Heather allowed Alan to talk to her alone, until this day when they had come back on the frozen tundra for partridge.

And through the two hours that their shoes etched their webbed trail on the snow she had refused to listen when he started to talk of what lay deep in his heart. So he had given it up and now stood looking down into her anxious eyes.

"I haven't told you, Alan, that I've had another terrible dream," she said. "I can't throw it off. It haunts me!"

"There's nothing in dreams, Heather." "But this one was so vivid. Poor Napayo came to warn me. He talked in his native tongue and I couldn't understand him. But he pointed to his wounds, and his face—oh, I can't forget his face, just as you found him, Alan. There was such agony in it! He tried so hard to make me understand."

Deeply moved, the girl stood, her eyes starry with tears, as she talked there in the bitter air to the man who loved her. With a rush of tenderness that swept him off his feet, he took her, unresisting, into his arms.

"You must not think of it—the dream!" he murmured, trembling. "Nothing is going to happen to us, Heather! Nothing! I love you! I love you!"

He kissed her cheek, her mouth. Sobbing she clung to him, madly returning his kisses. Then, as if waking from a dream, she broke from his arms.

"Oh, what am I doing? What am I doing?" she cried. "You're only trying to forget her! You're lonely and trying to forget her!"

"I've long since forgotten her. I've loved you, Heather, for months! Won't you believe me? Won't you?"

They heard the voices of the men returning with the dogs. "I love you," he said, huskily. "Some day you'll believe me! Some day you'll know!"

TWO days later, when the early November dusk hung in the spruce forest of the terraces below the Manning Gorge, the dog team pulling the sled load of frozen meat angled down off the tundra, and followed the ice-hard trail through the scrub to the camp. The absence of two days had seemed long to Alan, companioned by the memory of Heather's kisses and her circling arms.

As they approached the tents from the rear, the dogs broke into a trot and Alan called, "Hello, there!"

There was no response. No flicker of light from the supper fire in front of the men's tent stabbed the murk of the circling spruce.

"They must have been hunting back on the barren and are late reaching camp," suggested Alan.

As the team neared the tents, Noel's black brows knitted. His apprehensive eyes wandered back and forth, striving to pierce the gloom. Suddenly the dogs became disturbed, sniffing the air and whining.

"By gar, something happen here!" whispered the Indian. "Eet look ver' strange!"

Tortured by fear of what ghastly discovery the dusk-filled camp concealed, Alan approached the tents.

Again he called: "John!—Heather! Are you there?"

The sound of stertorous breathing and a muffled moan answered from the dusk-shrouded tents.

"Good heavens! Did you hear that? Something's happened! Heather! Heather!" he cried. "Where are you?"

They reached the camp and stood staring around them in the gloom.

"Heather!" cried the agonised Cameron, groping in her tent to find her personal belongings strewn upon the spruce boughs of the floor. He rushed outside to join Noel kneeling beside the body of John McCord in the men's tent.

"John! John! What have they done to you?" cried the shocked Cameron, throwing off the skin robe that covered the still shape breathing heavily on the bough floor. "Light a candle, Noel, quick!" he ordered as he searched with trembling fingers for wounds, while his tortured heart was calling: "Heather! What have they done to you?"

Noel held the candle while Cameron pushed back McCord's hood. Across the giant's mop of yellow hair ran the blood-caked scar of a grating bullet, but a large calibred slug had entered his back.

"Shot in the lungs with a .45! That's McQueen, Noel, not the Naskapi. They would have looted the camp—taken the tents! McQueen's got Heather, Noel! They've got Heather!" Alan cried, despairingly.

"Dey got her!" sighed the Indian. "But we get her soon, nevalre fear!"

"He crawled in here to die when they left," said Alan. "How long ago did this happen?"

"Eet might be las' sleep, but eet look lak dis morning to me."

They cleaned and dressed the wounds in McCord's head and back, and carried him into Heather's tent, where they started a fire in the folding stove. But they knew that John McCord would never again see his daughter. While the life ebbed slowly from the man who had toiled so long only to find a grave on the shore of the River of Skulls, they made their plans for pursuit.

Shortly there was a moon and Noel went out and found the trail of a toboggan sled leading to the river, with the prints of snowshoes. They were not the bear-paw prints of the Naskapi but the longer webs of the Cree shoe worn on the East Coast.

There was no doubt. At last McQueen had struck!

Gradually the wound sapped the enormous strength and vitality of the man who lay unconscious. Toward dawn he opened his eyes and seemed to recognise Alan, who knelt beside him.

"Heather, John! Was she hurt?" Alan asked.

The dying man's lips framed the word, "No!"

"It was McQueen, John?"

After a period of labored breathing came the gasped words: "McQueen—got—Heather!"

Then a grimace of pain knotted the bearded white face. Shortly McCord again opened his lips and essayed to speak. Alan bent closer as he held the limp hand of his friend.

"Shot me—but—I got—two!" Alan heard faintly. "Heather—she loves—you—Alan! Poor—Heather!"

"I love Heather, John! Do you hear me? I love her!"

For an instant McCord's strength returned. Again in his eyes flashed the blue of the washed bergs as his fingers closed on Alan's.

"Hunt them! Hunt them!" he gasped hoarsely. "They've got my girl—my girl! Hunt them—gold—Heather—yours!"

"We'll hunt them, John! We'll get her! I promise you we'll get her!"

The glitter slowly faded from the feeble eyes. They softened as they met Alan's tortured face. It seemed as if John McCord were trying to smile. He moved his lips and Alan heard a whispered: "Heather!"

Then, with a gasp, the wounded giant died in Alan's arms.

The bitter dawn streaked the lead-bowed east, when, numb with shock, Alan left his friend, groped out of the tent, and, like a man in a dream, prepared to take McQueen's trail.

When it grew light it became evident, from the newly-broken trail in the spruce and the empty gold cache, that for some reason McCord had brought the eight bars of gold from the secret cache and McQueen had found them at the camp. But to the food caches the snow lay unmarked. There the boys took the team and loaded the sled. McQueen had got all Alan held dear, but he had not found the food that would keep the great Ungavas strong as day after day, they followed his sled-trail up the Koksoak.

The gold that McQueen carried would be a dead weight on his dogs and Alan smiled grimly—smiled as he realised that that one hundred and sixty pounds of gold would only the sooner bring Heather back to him—nearer, day by day, as the Ungavas travelled like wolves, eating up the white miles on McQueen's trail.

In the scrub they found the dogs howling dismally. Everywhere the snow was trampled down where the mortally wounded giant had fought for Heather and his gold. Then, back in the spruce, the dogs found a Montagnais shot through the body with a .45.

"Now we've got three, maybe four, men ahead of us, with Heather, Noel," Alan said. "They won't dare try for Chimo with the gold. They'll head up the Koksoak."

Before they covered the body of John McCord with a cairn of boulders, standing beside the dead man in his hooded parka, Alan said:

"Your hand, Noel!"

Noel reached across the body of their friend and took Alan's hand.

With their left hands they held the hfts of their knives against their foreheads in consummation of the ancient oath of the Montagnais as, followed by Noel, Alan solemnly recited:

"We, Alan Cameron and Noel Leloup, blood brothers, swear that we will follow

McQueen until we meet him face to face and make him pay. Sleep well, John McCord and Napayo! Your friends will not forget!"

It was four hundred uphill miles to the cache at the headwaters, and, tempted as Alan was to risk starvation and follow McQueen night and day with a light sled until he overtook him, it would have been sheer madness in a gameless country. For Heather's sake as well as their own, it was necessary to carry sufficient food for men and dogs to reach the high plateau.

Gradually, the powerful Ungavas, well fed, would wear down the fleeing team ahead with its light load. For it was evident from McQueen's trail that, together with the gold, he was not carrying enough food to reach the head of the river where he probably had a cache.

"They've got forty or fifty miles' start on us, Noel," said Alan, bitterly, as the four Ungavas threw their weight into their collars and the long toboggan creaked off over the river ice with its heavy load. "They've been lashing their dogs to get a big lead and shake us off."

"Ah-hah!" answered the tight-lipped Indian. "But some day dey come back to dese fallers." He nodded at the shaggy huskies and their black leader pacing at the heels of the hurrying men.

"It'll be a long race if they still have the six dogs they brought from Fort George," groaned Cameron, tortured by the thought of Heather's agony at being torn from her father-of her despair.

"More dog you got, more feesh you mus' carry or dey starve. Before manee day Rough and de pup weel run dem off dere feet. Den wan day we see starve dog on de trail—den more starve dog. An' w'en our sled grow more light from good feed of our dog, we run—run all day. Dat Rough weel eat up de snow. You see! Dey keel dere dog now w'ile we save ours."

"I know our four dogs are better than their six," agreed the broken Alan, "but I can't bear to think of her with McQueen. I'd like to take a week's grub and travel night and day until we reached her!"

"Den we starve before we see de head of river—and Heather starve, al-so."

"You're right. This load will slow us down at first but we'll soon start to gain. They'll run their dogs ragged trying to reach their cache and get away."

"We get dem soon!"

"But think of her watching the back trail—day after day, wondering why we don't come!"

"She know we follow. Every day, Alan, she know we come faw' wid Rough an' de pup. She have de strong heart," consoled Noel as the two led the team down the white valley between the barren hills. "She know, some day she see us."

It was a long trail to the cache at the head of the river, but, as the willing Ungavas took the heavy load over the river ice, Alan's mad desire to lighten the sled by abandoning food in an attempt to overtake at once the girl he loved still fought with his better judgment.

The horror of her situation tormented him through the hours, spurring him on—on. Somewhere up the Koksoak these men he followed were lashing their dogs—taking her farther and farther away while she called to him—called his name. He could hear her.

At the fork of the headwaters McQueen's trail swung up the Koksoak, as they anticipated it would, and not towards Chimo. He was making for the East Coast, but well Alan realised that McQueen, if he got away,

would carry to the coast with his stolen gold no witness to the murder of John McCord. Somewhere on the trail, later on, they would desert her—leave her young body to the foxes and the wolverines.

As they stopped to give the dogs a "breather," Alan dropped to his knees beside the black lead-dog. Taking the husky's jaws in his two mittened hands, while the dog's frosted breath lifted in a cloud from his panting jaws and lolling tongue, Alan looked long into Rough's brown eyes.

"They've got her, boy—got Heather! They're a long way ahead of us, but we're going to wear them down—going to run them off their feet before the end. We're going to get Heather, Rough, Heather who always loved you."

At the name, the husky pricked his ears and looked around, as if searching for his comrade of the golden hair who rolled with him in the snow.

Alan's voice was rough with emotion as he went on. "She's calling to us, boy. I heard her—calling to you and me to save her. It's a hard pull now—that sled load, Rough, but we'll need it, every pound."

The dog thrust his nose towards Alan's hood and sniffed as his deep throat rumbled.

"It's going to be hard on the big dog, running most of the day with little rest. But it's for Heather, Rough—for Heather!" Again the dog pricked his ears and stood up in his harness to sweep the river ice with a quick look. Then, with a whine, he looked in his master's face as if asking for an explanation.

In turn Alan patted and talked to Powder, Shot, and Rogue.

"You three pups," he said, "are going to break your backs to help old Rough! We're going faster and faster and some day I'm going to ask you to give everything you've got—every last pound to bring Heather back to us."

The great huskies hunched against the skin leggings of the man, nuzzling his hand, as he talked to them while he rubbed their ears.

In the morning, starting in the freezing November air, under the stars, they pushed on up the desolate valley to make camp in the dusk of a wind-break of spruce. When fed, the tired dogs at once dug sleep-holes in the snow and, curling up, noses in tails, defied the frost with their thick, double coats.

At the gorge of the Naskapi ambush, while it was still light, they reached McQueen's first camp, in the thick scrub of the river bottom below the rapids.

"By gar, he drive dose dog all day and all night," said Noel, examining the snow about the camp ground.

"They must have jumped our camp before daylight, then travelled fifty or sixty miles before they slept. They must be that much ahead of us now," groaned Alan.

"Sleep-holes of seek dog, here," announced Noel. "Dey keel dose dog for sure!"

"Yes, but we're two days behind them. Noel! It's going to be days and days before we begin to gain on them with this load. I wish—"

"Ah-hah! Wat dis?" Noel held a scrap of inner bark which had been stripped from a dwarf birch. "Somet'ing on dis, Alan!" cried the Indian, handing the sheet of bark to his friend.

"Where'd you find it?"

"In dis spruce, here!"

Alan's mittened hand shook as he read the scrawled words burned with a charred stick on the bark. "Safe!" he read, huskily. "I—love—you! H."

"Noel! Noel!" cried the half-frantic Cameron. "She left this for us. She left this message! She's safe—safe, but she's waiting for us!"

His anxiety to reach Heather lashed him like a whip, tortured him as the sombre spruce of the river shores moved slowly past.

But that night as he crawled into his sleeping-bag, the scrap of birch inside his inner vest of fawn skin, he repeated again and again, "She believes me now. She knows I love her! She knows!"

On went the dog team up the frozen Koksoak. Husbanding the strength of his beloved huskies, buttressing their vitality with big meals, but, as the sled slowly lightened, travelling faster with longer hours, Alan held to the tracks on the river ice and over the shores around open rapids and gorges, as a fox hangs to a rabbit trail. They passed the mouth of the River of Death and pressed on to the long lake where they had picked up Napayo.

Mile after mile, through two days, they took the still heavy sled at a trot. But McQueen had lashed his dogs over the good going of the lake ice and, from his camp-sites, was still two days ahead. Desperate, he was gambling with starvation and the strength of his dogs to out-distance the inexorable fate that hung to his heels.

As they approached the narrows, at the end of the second long day on the lake ice, following the tracks that did not swing in to the shore but still kept on until they faded into the distance, the disheartened Alan turned to his friend.

"It's no use, Noel! They're more than two days ahead, to-night! They've gained on us coming up the lake. I thought we'd pick up on them, with our dogs travelling the way they have, but they've gained!"

"Dey have whip dere dog hard on dis lak!" consoled Noel, "but aftair dis, eet ees uphill, uphill ovaire de shore—rapide aftair rapide. Dat ees we're our strong dog run dem down. Tired dog weel not pull up-hill."

But Alan would not be comforted. McQueen was still gaining and, day after day, Heather was being taken farther and farther from him, to what a fate? Six dogs with a light load against four still pulling a heavy sled. By the time the sled was lightened so the team could begin to race, McQueen would be far in the network of lakes beyond the head of the river where any new fall of snow would wipe out his trail and Heather lost beyond reach—lost forever. For McQueen would never bring her alive to the coast.

Through the early sunset that tinted the white lake surface and the snow of the bleak hills to red, and into the bitter dusk, the tired team pushed on. At last, in the river above, they made camp, while over the lake to the north, the aurora gleamed and glowed and, above them, ribbons of mist ceaselessly coiled and uncoiled to coil again in snake-like writhings across star-studded heavens.

It grew colder and through the night lake and river ice split with a dull booming, like muffled gun-fire, while the spruce snapped as it contracted under the increasing frost.

Starting in the withering cold of the dusk before dawn, they reached McQueen's camp of two nights before. Searching the brush and snow Alan and Noel looked everywhere for a message from Heather, but found only her small moccasin prints in the snow.

Later in the morning, Alan, who was ahead of the team watching for treacherous ice over quick-water, suddenly stopped, gazing intently upstream. The dogs moved up to him and lay down.

"Hand me the glasses," he called back to Noel at the rear of the sled.

Taking the binoculars from where they lay beside three rifles in skin cases, lashed to the wrapping lines, Noel brought them to Alan. As he looked through the glasses a nameless fear sliced through Cameron like a knife thrust.

"Something dark—on the trail ahead," he faltered. "Wolverines at something dark—on the trail!"

Handing the glasses to his friend, Alan went to the sled for his rifle.

"Marche, Rough!" he called in a strained voice. The team sprang to its feet, and, breaking out the sled where it had started to freeze in the snow, Alan pressed ahead on the run.

As they approached, the yellowish-brown, long-bodied beasts watched him for a space, then, leaving the dark thing on the trail, set off on a lunge for the shore. Raising the sights on his rifle, Alan knelt, took careful aim, and fired. One of the brutes fell, rose, and fell again, to lie still, while the men and the excited team approached the shape on the ice.

Freed from the tension that had tightened his nerves, Alan shouted as he saw what it was: "One gone for Mr. McQueen! No more beatings for him! He's out of his misery now!"

On the trail before them lay the torn carcass of one of McQueen's dogs which the excited Rough and his team mates endeavored to reach.

Ordering the dogs to lie down, Alan examined the body of the husky that had given him all for a pitiless master.

"Worked to the bone, Noel! He's driving them to the limit!"

Noel pointed to the rugged Ungavas, panting on the trail, still in the pink of condition, their coats shimmering with vitality. "Look at dem! They are good as w'en we start! Dat ees from pientee grub. Ben tree four day, dey show McQueen how dey can travel!"

But that day the sun set in a leaden sky, and, later, the warning of the ringed moon flicked the men with fear. In the night they were waked by the roar of the "drifter" that drove across barrens and river valley burying their camp in snow. When they rolled out of their drifted sleeping-bags, the fire was out and four white mounds marked the spots where the dogs slept, and from which they burst, when called, in showers of snow, as a salmon leaps from water.

"To-day we gain on you, McQueen!" cried Alan, starting his dogs. "To-day you won't travel with your tired dogs, but old Rough and the pups'll show you what bone and beef'll do through the drifts! Marche, boys!"

Steadily, hour after hour, with the white slant of the northern on their backs the snow-sheathed Ungavas plodded up the river ice.

In places the boys broke trail ahead of the team through drifts heaped shoulder high by the wind, but most of the river ice was brushed clear of snow as if swept by giant brooms. Later, the treacherous ice over strong rapids drove them ashore over tumbled boulders, up steep banks, to buck and flounder through the drifts, and the heavy sled cruelly sapped the strength of men and dogs. Lashed to the bow by thongs

Alan and Noel strained and pulled with the willing Ungavas as they fought with their load, until exhaustion forced them to camp.

Through the night the "drifter" pounded the valley. In the gloom of the bitter dawn, two lean-faced, slightly-bellied men again hitched the dogs and started into the snow amoke. With his exhausted dogs McQueen would never wallow through the shifting drifts which blocked the portages. He would wait and rest his team, thinking the men behind would do the same, until the wind blew itself out.

Here was the chance to gain on the sled ahead with his stronger huskies and Alan made the most of it. On through the short day he drove himself and his team, trotting over the good going of the swept river ice and lifting and hauling at the heavy sled up over the boulder-piled shores where the river was still open or the ice dangerous.

Blinded by snow constantly masking their tortured faces, bucking the deep drifts of the portages, panting men and dogs pushed on and on until the black night fell like a tent and drove them to shelter.

At dawn the wind had blown itself out. The snow stopped. Stiff in every muscle from the long strain, Alan dragged himself out of his sleeping-bag, the pinched face in his hood black from frostbite and his lips cracked from the two days in the stinging wind and snow.

"How far do you guess we travelled in that drifter, Noel?" he asked the Indian who limped as he brought wood for the fire.

"Eet was all gain? McQueen nevaire move. We travel thirty-forty mile for sure. Oh-oh!" groaned Noel, dropping the wood to rub a leg. "I got de mal-racquette!"

"I'm stiff as a spruce stick, myself," replied the other. "Wrenched my shoulder with all that lifting! Let's have a look at the dogs! Here, Rough, Show!"

Slowly the dogs responded to the calls of their master. One after another they broke from their snow blankets to shake themselves, but the iron bodies of the Ungavas were, after all, but blood and thews and bone, and, along with the men, they had paid the penalty of the two days' battle with the drifts and the uphill slavery of the river shores.

Poor Shot, who had never faltered when asked for the last ounce of his strength, limped around with a wrenched shoulder. The footsore Rogus and Powder, growing thinner day by day, hobbled on stiff legs. The veteran Rough, lean as a lynx, still carried his plume of a tall bravely arched above his back, but he failed to frisk and roll in the snow at the call of Alan. The "drifter" had taken its toll of the Ungavas.

"They're pretty stiff, Noel, but we've got to go on—on!" insisted Alan.

He made the dogs lie on their backs, feet in the air, while he and Noel examined their shaggy bodies, banded with muscles like wire cables, and searched their paws for pad cracks and balled snow between the toes which would cripple them.

Then, over the young snow left by the storm, the sled pushed on up the river, drawn by its crippled team, and led by two men with tightened belts, and, in the eyes of their pinched faces, the fire of desperation.

Towards noon Noel, who was in the lead, raised his hand, stopping the team, then pointed to the shore ahead. The two men tore their rifles from their cases.

"Fresh trail, made this morning!" said

Alan. "But that can't be McQueen. He's a day ahead of us yet, if he never moved in the blow. Let's have a look at it!"

They started the team and soon reached the toboggan trail which led down from the spruce through the alders and over the heaped shore snow to the river ice. Back tracking to shore, the two men stared in amazement at the bear-paw snowshoe prints in the new snow; then gazed into each other's startled eyes.

"Naskapi!"

"By gar, dat ees bad—veree bad!"

"If they're headed up river far, they're going to strike his trail where he started in the young snow after the drifter! They'll follow him and sneak on his camp!" Cameron's frost-burned face greyed.

"Mabee dey not hold to de riviere."

"They will and we've got to overhaul them, Noel—travel all night! If the Naskapi get her! It's too horrible! We've got to reach her, Noel, if we kill ourselves and the dogs!"

On went the stiff and footsore Ungavas at their master's urging. But, when the early dusk fell, it was evident that the Indians were travelling fast with a light sled.

Still, against his will, but knowing he must rest his dogs, Alan decided to camp. Starting later, in the murk of the bitterest part of the night, the hour before dawn, they reached the camp of the Naskapi. But they had gone. The sleep-holes showed they had six dogs and the trail in the new snow of the shore proved that their sled was light. But the tough Ungavas with the heavier load had gained.

Later, white foxes on the ice faded to the shore at the approach of the team. There the bones and hair of two huskies told the grim story.

"McQueen's down to three dogs, now! He's licked, Noel! But the Indians know, now, that a dog-team's ahead of them."

McQueen was killing his dogs, but that meant, also, that the trailing Indians would soon overtake him.

The Ungavas were working out of their stiffness. At noon they reached McQueen's blizzard camp, for they found his trail in the new snow leading out from the shore. Desperate for word from the girl who could not now be more than thirty or forty miles away, Alan searched the drifted camp-site. The ashes of the fire lay in the large snow-hole bedded with spruce boughs, over which had been spread a tent supported by spruce logs.

The marks of moccasins were everywhere in the young snow, and after a careful inspection Noel said: "Onlee tree wite man here! No Indian! De Naskapi nevaire step out ov dere snowshoe but jes look and start hard up riviere. Dey are aftair McQueen!"

"That means that McQueen brought but one Montagnais to the Koksoak and we left him on the River of Skulls."

"Ah-hah! But look, Alan! Something undair de snow ovair dere!"

Alan, who had been searching everywhere for a message from Heather, looked in the direction Noel pointed. Near the camp in the spruce was a suspicious-looking mound of snow. Cameron suddenly sickened with dread.

"See—what it is—is!" he ordered brokenly. Turning from his friend, he walked slowly to the shore, where the team lay resting on the ice. Rough lifted his massive head and his tail brushed the snow in greeting. Kneeling beside his dog, Alan pressed his frost-blackened face against the skull of the husky.

"If it is—if she's there—Rough," he

groaned, "what's left for you and me? She loved us both. Roughly—loved us both!" Two great tears stood on the wind-burned cheeks of the man, who held the lead-dog's head in his arms, and froze, as he waited, hardly breathing, for Noel's voice.

"Alan! Come 'ere!"

Noel stood waving his arms in manifest excitement. The dread which chilled the heart of the man on the ice vanished like river mist before the sun as he leaped to his feet and ran to the camp.

"Trudeau!" said Noel, standing beside the frozen body he had uncovered. "Shot tru de head!"

Alan bent over the grimacing face of the dead man sprayed with powder burns, to study the bullet hole in the forehead. Then he turned quizzically to his friend. "You don't shoot a man in the forehead with a rifle at close quarters; you shoot him in the body. This was a pistol bullet and smaller than a .45. McQueen and Slade carried .45's!"

"She—" Noel stared into the glittering grey eyes of the other. "Yes," said Alan. "she has had—to use—her gun!"

THROUGH the day the team put the miles of spruce shores behind, urged on by the grim-faced men who ran with them.

It might be that night that the Indians would overtake the two men and the girl ahead. The thought drove Alan on and on through the day until the heads of his dogs slowly dropped and their tongues swung to and from open jaws, while their tails brushed the snow. But the man who urged them on shared the punishment with the dogs he loved.

At last, when the muzzle of the black lead-dog, who had paced and run through the day as if his stamina knew no end, sagged lower and lower and Powder and Rogue began to falter while the game shot stumbled on, reeling in his traces, Alan called a halt. Exhausted men and dogs sprawled on the trail while the ice froze to the panting huskies' slaving flews.

They had given their all and it was not enough. Still, there was no camp that night while unspeakable misery menaced the girl who waited for their coming.

When dogs and men had rested, Alan tossed a huge bag of frozen salmon into the snow and started again on his hopeless quest. As they travelled, but one thought burned in his brain: "We must reach them to-night! To-morrow will be too late!"

The sun went out in the south-west and the spruce of the river shores went black with dusk. The slowly-moving team was approaching a bushy point where the river made a sharp turn. Beyond rifle shot from the point, Noel entered the spruce with his gun to reconnoitre while Alan waited with the team, for they were taking no chances of being surprised.

Presently Noel appeared at the point and waved the team on. Rounding the bend with the dogs, Alan gaped at the river trail ahead. He drove the team to the spot where Noel stood staring at two stiffened shapes that lay shot, beside an empty sled.

"The Naskapi!" Alan gazed in stunned amazement at the bodies on the ice. "He was expecting us, Noel, and ambushed them, instead!" Cameron's mind was freed from a heavy load. From the Naskapi, she was safe.

"But now he have more dogs!" lamented Noel.

"He's got nine dogs and the fish and meat the Indians carried. He's laughing at us to-night, Noel! He thinks he'll run away now, with the fresh dogs!"

The Indian nodded.

"All right, we camp here," rasped the white man whose eyes glittered in his gaunt face with the fire that would burn to the end.

Eight hours later, with the team rested, two men, with sunken eyes in faces bitter with grim resolve, started in the gloom with barely enough dog food to reach the cache at the headwaters. The rest was abandoned.

The four huskies, lean as timber wolves, started stiffly with the light sled. They had not travelled far through the dusk of the river valley when they passed the frozen effigies of what had been two dogs, driven until they died in harness, and then out loose. At daylight they reached McQueen's camp of the night before. And there in a bush was a message. It read: "Trouble over gold. Dogs weak. Come quick! H."

Desperate with the realisation that he must reach her at once, if he hoped to save her—reach her before the madmen, ahead, destroyed each other and her, Alan went to his team.

"We're going to see Heather, soon, boys!" he said, dropping his mittens to stroke the massive heads. "She's only a few miles away. There're seven dogs ahead of us but we're going to run them off their feet. They haven't got Ungava hearts in their chests and Ungava bone in their legs. We're going to run and run and run with the light sled—until we find her!"

Then he said to the black lead-dog: "It's going to be all we've got left, Rough—you and I. All day and into the night—all we've got left for Heather! Then there'll be no more! March!"

Far in the south-east the sun lifted on their last long day, for dogs and men were near the end. The long, uphill, Koksoak trail with its cruel odds against the Ungavas was commencing at last.

Cautiously the two men watched the bends in the river, sweeping the snow far in advance with the glasses to look for a sudden angling of the sled tracks to the shore which might mean an ambush. Then, in the afternoon, to their astonishment, they found the bodies of three dogs abandoned on the trail.

"Noel, we've got them! We've got them, now!" Cameron cried exultantly, hugging the Indian, then the lead-dog. "It's four dogs to four! The Ungavas win!"

The stars lit the river ice. The spruce went indigo black; and still, like six avenging furies, four wolf-lean dogs, and two men with eyes glittering with the light of victory, crawled on up the river trail. They stopped, now, every few hundred yards, to save the strength they would soon need. Then, as they turned a bend, Noel cried:

"Look! Eat ees-ovalt! De firelight on de spruce!"

Ahead, in the blackness of the scrub, was the glow of a fire!

It seemed to Alan as if his heart would burst. She was there, by that fire—Heather! They had reached her—at last! His brain went giddy with joy.

He turned and threw his arms about Noel's shoulders, while his knees shook with his weakness.

"We've got her, Noel! We've got her!" he sobbed. "John! John! We've got — Heather!"

THEIR plans were quickly made. They moved into the timber and, throwing a salmon to each of the exhausted dogs, made them fast with wire leashes which they could neither chew nor break. While they rested, for the swift shooting that was coming would call for steady nerves, they wound rawhide around the inside length of the bows of their snowshoes to muffle any possible click.

Then Alan slung McCord's shoulder holster, with the automatic, to his belt and, taking their rifles, the two men began the stalk of McQueen camp from the timber in the rear. They counted on the dogs being too dead with fatigue to wake until they reached the fire. Then it would be quick work. Nearing the camp the two stalkers separated to close in with cocked rifles from different angles.

At last Alan stood where he commanded a view of the fire which lit the surrounding trees with its flickering glow. Near the fire a tarpaulin or shed-tent, banked with snow, had been stretched across two saplings to reflect the heat. In the snow hole, beside the fire, huddled a bulky figure in hooded parka. Beyond, in the trail from the shore, stood the loaded sled. The four dogs, too exhausted to note the silent approach of the stalkers, lay somewhere asleep in the snow.

The shed-tent faced away from the anxious eyes of the man who sought the girl's familiar parka. He could not see her. Under that snow-banked canvas Heather doubtless slept, dead with fatigue. He moved closer through the black murk of the spruce and stood directly behind the man hunched at the fire. This was McQueen, where was Slade?

"Well, Tom," mumbled the man in the parka, "y' wouldn't listen 'r reason. Got tricky! Now you're 'yin' out to-night—playin' for it! It's a cold bed out there, sh' Tom?" A belloy of a laugh followed.

"Figgered on John McCord's gold and his girl, too, Tom, old pal!" chuckled McQueen. "I said: 'Hands off her!' But y' were too smart—got tricky! Well, Trudeau got his and now—y' got yours! The gold's mine—all mine, Tom—and her, too!"

McQueen twisted round where he sat and faced the river short. "Sleepin' warm, Tom?" he jeered. "If you're cold, I'll bring your bag!"

For a space he muttered into his hood before he went on, aloud, talking into the fire: "With this Indian fish and meat I'll reach the cache. Then, Cameron, goodbye to you! Heavy chance you had—with four dogs! We started with six," he chuckled, "and got a present of six more with fish and meat thrown in. Pity you didn't get what the Indians got at the bend. Too bad it wasn't you, Cameron—too bad!"

Thirty feet from the man raving at the fire a rifle covered the middle of his back. But the shed-tent beyond was in the line of fire.

Then a husky somewhere in the snow suddenly waked and snarled. There was no sound from the other dogs, too dead to stir from their beds.

McQueen got stiffly to his feet and fumbled in his parka as he squinted into the blackness beyond the circle of fire glow, listening. He swung around and stared toward the river shore.

The rifle now covered his heart.

"You here, Cameron?" he roared. "Well, you're too late!" Drawing a black automatic from his parka he started toward the snow-banked tent. "Come and get her, now!"

Before the man in the muck could fire, a black body lunged from the gloom and catapulted into McQueen's back, hurling him headlong into the snow. There was the muffled explosion of the pistol as a knife flashed in the firelight, flashed again and again. Then the dogs broke loose from the spruce beyond the sled.

A girl's voice cried: "Alan! Alan!" And the yearning arms of Cameron reached her. Above the sprawled body of McQueen, a Montagnais, hollow eyes glittering, stood, stiff as a spruce, while he held the haft of his knife to his forehead and repeated:

"Sleep well, John McCord and Napayoi!"

"Heather!" Alan held the girl in the sleeping-bag to his pounding heart.

"You came at last!" she sobbed hysterically, clinging to his neck. "It's been so long, Alan—so long! I was asleep! Then I heard your name and saw Noel leap."

Dumb with the wild joy of emotion that choked him, he gripped her in his shaking arms as if he feared he would lose her, kissing her thin face again and again.

"I've loved you every minute—through those awful days," she whispered, "hoping and praying that you'd come—come soon! It was so awful to leave poor Dad—lying there in the snow! They shot him, but he fought them until—he died. And I had to leave him there! Oh, it was so hard to leave him!"

"He was unconscious—not dead," said Alan. "That night he died in my arms. Before he died, he smiled and whispered, 'Heather!'"

"Dear, dear old Dad!" The stricken girl gave herself up to her grief. When the paroxysm of sobbing ceased, she said wearily: "I'm so tired—so tired! I walked and ran—most of the way—except on the big lake. They let me ride there!"

"You're going to rest now—for days, dear. We're all going to rest."

"You're so thin, Alan! You and Noel and the dogs must have killed yourselves to reach us. Rough and the puppies—they're all right?"

He pressed his face close to her as he said:

"You'd always think of them—our dogs! They're down the shore—worked out, but all right. Now you stay here in your bag and keep warm while I bring up the dogs."

Before he left he asked her: "Do you believe I love you now?"

She impulsively drew him close to her. "I knew you did that day at the camp when you took me in your arms, but I'd been so hurt. I've loved you so long—ever since you left us on the ice to go to Fort George."

He kissed her, then pushed back her hood to touch the thick gold of her hair. Replacing the hood he suddenly sensed the ugliness of the sprawled shape beyond them in the snow. Standing by the fire on which he had placed fresh wood, Noel waited to speak to her, but Heather spoke first.

"Noel, Noel!" she cried. "Noel, come here!"

Heather impulsively reached and hugged the embarrassed Montagnais.

"Thank you, Noel! Oh, thank you for what you've done for me! You're both so thin; you've worked so hard! It makes me cry!" And she burst into tears.

"Get was work all de work, Heather—to get you!" Noel's bony face shaped a grin, but there were tears in his winking eyes.

The men placed McQueen down on the river shore beside the body of the partner

he had shot while Heather slept, then Alan went for his dogs. Somewhere back in the bush the Indian huskies again lay quiet, indifferent to the actions of the strange masters.

When Alan brought his weary and stiff dogs up to the camp with the sled, a hooded figure stood on the ice.

"We'll have to wire the dogs away from the camp to-night, Noel," he said. "They'll pitch on those Indian scrubs if they're loose."

With a laugh the hooded shape moved through the gloom to the Ungavas.

"Roughy! It's Heather!" she cried, dropping her mittens and thrusting her hands at the doubtful lead-dog. "Powder! Shot! Rogue! It's Heather! Don't you know Heather?"

Sniffs, whines, then a mad chorus of yelps greeted her as the dogs recognised their old playmate. Trail stiff as they were, the four emaciated Ungavas overwhelmed her with the pawing of forefeet, nuzzling muzzles and the swift thrusts of red tongues.

"Oh, you poor darlings!" she choked. "You're all bones! And you did it for me! Dear, dear old Roughy!" She impulsively kissed the white star on the lean skull of the lead-dog, then the heads of the puppies as they clamored for attention.

In the crook of Alan's right arm, she walked slowly back to camp where Noel had steaming tea and caribou broth waiting for them. Then Alan tucked her in her sleeping-bag before the roaring fire.

FOR two days the happy man and girl and the gaunt Ungavas ate and rested in a new camp across the river, for there was plenty of Naskapi dried caribou and fish on McQueen's sled with the eight bags of gold. There, while Heather rested in her sleeping-bag before the fire, she and Alan talked of John McCord and the long race up the Koksoak.

"You see, they didn't know I had a pistol, Alan," she explained. "I had no chance to help dad that morning. They caught me in my sleeping-bag. But, somehow, poor dad broke away from the tent and shot it out with them. When they took me away, I had my pistol under my coat. I knew I'd need it."

"It made me wild—the thought of it!" he said, his lean face bitter with memories.

"Then, during that drifter," she went on, "while McQueen and Slade slept, I woke up in my bag to see that evil-faced half-breed watching me. I tried to wake the others, but they were dead with sleep. I had—to shoot—him—Alan!"

"Slade was scared and wanted to take my gun," she continued, "but McQueen wouldn't let him. He told me to shoot Slade if he bothered me. I wouldn't have given it up—I'd have shot first! At the last they were both out of their heads—always watching the back trail, afraid you were coming. Yet they insisted they were fifty miles ahead of you. That's how they ambushed the Naskapi—watching for you."

"When we reached the Naskapi trail, Heather, I was almost kiakwew, as Noel says."

"They were terribly afraid of you, Alan," she said. "They had heard at Fort George that you were the best shot on the coast. We had such a long start it seemed almost impossible for you to catch us, and I wondered whether you had found my messages. I grew so tired. The last day I lost hope

and decided to shoot myself, as McQueen and Slade quarrelled. I couldn't stand their lashing the poor dogs any longer."

The man who listened beside her reached and held her tightly in his arms. "No, not that! Not that!" he protested. "You knew we were coming—coming with all the strength we had!"

"I knew, but I was so tired—and afraid. They went mad, both of them. I knew I'd have to use my gun—some day, soon. Then I woke to hear McQueen call your name and saw Noel leap from the shadows."

With the bribe of frequent feedings of fish, Noel had won over the shy Indian dogs, and, when the party started leisurely for the cache on the big lake, he followed Heather and the gold on Alan's sled with a team of his own. At the cache they rested again while they revelled in flour, sugar, and pemmican, and dogs and men rapidly put on weight.

Slowly but surely the superb vitality of the exhausted girl was working its cure. By the time they reached the cabin on the Talking, which, to their surprise, McQueen had not burned, she had recovered her strength. The shadows had left her violet eyes, and the dimples were again in her cheeks.

There they waited two weeks to hunt deer and net fish, under the ice, for dog-food for the long trip to the coast.

One night when the stars swarmed low over the valley and the aurora glowed in the north, Heather, Alan and Rough stood on the river ice as the frozen feather of a moon hung above the western tundra.

The girl in the hooded parka gazed for a space at the flickering lights on the horizon.

"He wanted this, Alan. Dad told me more than once he wanted it. He almost worshipped you. He wanted you and me to have this gold together—to be rich."

"He knew before he died I loved you," said the man. "I told him, and I promised him I'd get you. He smiled. It comforted him."

For a space the girl's grief swept her. Then she regained her self-control in the refuge of his circling arms.

"And now I've got you, Miss Heather McCord. No matter how hard you struggle you can never get away from me. Whether you like it or not, you're bound straight for Fort George with eight bags of nuggets and gold dust. What a terrible fate!"

"It sounds pretty wonderful to me!" she whispered.

"But I haven't told you the worst of it. A friend of mine by the name of Stanton, an awful man who wears black clothes, is going to take your name away from you. When he's through talking, you'll be poor Heather Cameron."

"Heather Cameron?" she repeated, her face radiant with happiness. "What a beautiful name!"

Noel, at the waterhole, smiled as he saw above him on the river a hooded shape take another hooded shape in its arms while two wolf-rimmed hoods were blended into one, and a great black dog, standing on his hind legs, pawed at the motionless figures, demanding attention from the two humans he loved.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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